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Contemporary Review.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

No phase of Christian antiquity speaks so little to the eye, and yet none is so full of significance for the mind, nor so important to high interests, as the Art found in Rome's Catacombs—the pictorial and sculptured evidence to the life of the primitive Church, supplying illustrations of inestimable value, and pleading with silent eloquence for much that has been laid aside, while opposed to much that has been adopted, in ecclesiastical usage. Here is indeed manifest to the thoughtful observer an ideal far from consistently conformed to at the present day by any religious system, Catholic or Protestant; for the conviction that the true manifestation of the perfectly evangelic Church is yet to be looked for as future, and that all institutions hitherto pretending to that character are destined eventually to give place to a reality nobler and purer, as the morning star fades before the lustre of the risen sun—this is what forces itself most strongly upon minds capable of bring-

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ing impartial judgment and independent reason to the study of such monuments. Lately exerted activity in the research and illustration of the records of ancient Christianity at Rome—fresh impulses given to learning and speculation in this sphere, and favored by the liberal patronage of Pius IX.—tend, perhaps without the consciousness of those immediately concerned, to prepare for a new era in faith and devotion, whose spirit will probably prove adverse, in various respects, to the teaching or practice of Rome, if not irreconcilable with her now admitted claims for the hierarchic order. That all which is holy, useful, morally beautiful, and adapted to humanity's requirements in that ably organized system of church government, whose triumphant successes are due to the talents and zeal exerted at this centre, and long assuredly favored by Providence with ever-renewed proof how invariably

“The way is smooth
For power that travels with the human
heart”—

that all this may, as to essence at least,

be retained in the final developments of divine religion, none can more earnestly desire or hope than those who look with full confidence for a more perfect acceptance and embodiment in the future of the truth taught by the world's Redeemer.

We have to observe the deeper significance attaching to this term *Catacomb*, than to any by which places of sepulture were known to paganism—from the Greek to *lull or fall asleep*; also to the phrase common to epitaphs above Christian graves, *depositus* (interred), implying *consignment*, the temporary trust of a treasure to the tomb, in hope of another life—with sense utterly wanting to the funereal terms *conditus*, *compositus*, and others of pagan use. The records these cemeteries contain cannot be appreciated from any sectarian point of view; but alike command interest from all Christians by their luminous and paramount testimony to those divine truths in respect to which the followers of Christ are universally agreed—here far more strikingly manifest than is aught that bears evidence to dogmas or practices around which discords have risen among those who acknowledge the same Divine Author of their faith. It is a noble presentment of one momentous phase in the story of humanity that these sacred antiquities afford to us. Amid circumstances of unexampled trial, amid all the provocations of calumny, persecution, the liabilities to degrading punishment and torturing death; while the Christians were accused of atheism, considered to be, as Tacitus says, convicted of hatred against the human race—not one expression of bitter or vindictive feeling, not one utterance of the sorrow that is without hope can be read upon these monumental pages, but, on the contrary, the intelligible language of an elevated spirit and calmly cheerful temper, hope whose flame never burns dim, faith serenely steadfast, a devotional practice fraught with sublime mysticism, yet distinguished by simplicity and repose—altogether a moral picture, evincing what is truly godlike in man!

At a glance we may go through the entire range of scriptural, and almost as rapidly through that of symbolic subjects in this artistic sphere, both circles obviously determined by traditions from

which the imaginative faculty was slow to emancipate itself. From the Old Testament—the fall of Adam and Eve, and the judgment pronounced on them before their expulsion from Paradise; Noah in the Ark; the sacrifice of Abraham; Moses receiving the tables of the Law on Sinai; Moses striking the rock; the story of Jonas in different stages; Daniel in the lion's den; the three Israelites in the fiery furnace; the ascent of Elias to Heaven, and a few others less common. From the New Testament—the Nativity; the adoration of the Magi; the change of water into wine; the multiplication of loaves; the restoring of sight to the blind; the healing of the cripple, and of the woman afflicted with a bloody flux; the rising of Lazarus; Christ entering Jerusalem seated on an ass; St. Peter denying Christ, between two Jews; the arrest of St. Peter; Pilate washing his hands; in one instance (on a sarcophagus) the soldiers crowning our Lord in mockery, but (remarkable for the sentiment—the preference for the triumphant rather than mournful aspect) a garland of *flowers* being substituted for that thorny crown mentioned in the Gospel narrative; in another instance, the Roman soldiers striking the Divine Sufferer on the head with a reed; but no nearer approach to the dread consummation being ever attempted—a reserve imposed, no doubt, by reverential tenderness, or the fear of betraying to scorn the great object of faith respecting that supreme sacrifice accomplished on Calvary. Among other subjects prominent in the fourth century (though not for the first time seen) are two persons whose high position in devotional regards henceforth becomes more and more conspicuous with the lapse of ages—the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter. The mother of Christ, as first introduced to us by art, is only seen in her historic relation to her Divine Son, nor in any other than the two scenes of the Nativity, and Adoration of the Wise Men—later she appears like other of those *orantes*, or figures in the attitude of prayer, and sometimes between the apostles Peter and Paul—occasionally, indeed, with naive expression of reverence, on larger scale than these latter—an honor not *exclusively* hers, but also given to certain other virgin saints, especially St. Agnes.

The first example of the "Madonna and Child" picture, destined for such endless reproduction and extraordinary honors, is seen over a tomb in the Catacombs of St. Agnes; Mary with veiled head, arms extended in prayer, and the Child, not apparently seated, but *standing* before her, on each side being the monogram of the holy name, XP, which symbol (rarely in use before the conversion of Constantine) suffices to show that this picture cannot be of earlier date than the fourth century, as the absence of the nimbus to the heads both of Mother and Child indicates origin not later than the earlier years of the next century, before which that attribute scarcely appears in Christian art. An event in ecclesiastical history explains how this pictorial subject, the Madonna and Child, attained its high importance and popularity; became, in fact, a symbol of orthodoxy, displayed in private houses, painted on furniture, and embroidered on garments. It was in the year 431 that the Council of Ephesus, in denouncing the adverse opinions of Nestorius, defined that Mary was not merely the mother of humanity, but to be revered in a more exalted sense as the mother of Deity in Christ.

Turning to the purely symbolic, we find most frequently introduced—the lamb (later appearing with the nimbus round its head), and the various other forms in which faith contemplated the Redeemer—namely, the good shepherd; Orpheus charming wild animals with his lyre; the vine; the olive; the rock; a light; a column; a fountain; a lion; and we may read seven poetic lines by St. Damascus, enumerating all the titles or symbols referring to the same Divine Personality, comprising, besides the above, a king; a giant; a gem; a gate; a rod; a hand; a house; a net; a vineyard. But among all others, the symbol most frequently seen is the *fish*, with a meaning perhaps generally known but too important to be here omitted—its corresponding term in Greek being formed of the initial letters of the holy name and title, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." We find also the dove for the holy spirit or for beatified spirits generally; the stag, for the desire after baptism and heavenly truth; candelabra, for illumination through the Gospel; a

ship, for the Church—sometimes represented sailing near a lighthouse, to signify the Church guided by the Source of all light and Truth; a fish, swimming with a basket of bread on its back, for the eucharistic sacrament; the horse, for eagerness or speed in embracing divine doctrine; the lion, for martyr fortitude, or vigilance against the snares of sin (as well as with that higher allusion above noticed); the peacock, for immortality; the phoenix, for the resurrection; the hare, for persecution, or the perils to which the faithful must be exposed; the cock, for vigilance—the fox being taken in a negative sense of warning against astuteness and pride, as the dove (beside its other meanings) reminded of the simplicity becoming to believers. Certain trees also appear in the same mystic order; the cypress and the pine, for death; the palm, for victory; the olive, for the fruit of good works, the lustre of virtue, mercy, purity, or peace; the vine, not only for the Eucharist and the Person of the Lord, but also for the ineffable union of the faithful in and with his Divinity. The lamp in the sepulchre implies both the righteous man and the true Light of the World; the house represents either the sepulchre or the mortal tenement we inhabit in life; and the anchor is taken not only in the sense understood by paganism, but also for constancy and fortitude, or as indicating the cross. Another less intelligible object, the wine barrel, is supposed to imply concord, or the union of the faithful, bound together by sacred ties, as that vessel's staves are by its hoops. The lyre, sometimes in the hands of its master Orpheus, is a beautiful symbol for the harmony and mansuetude produced by the subjection of evil passions through the divinely potent action of truth. The four seasons appear with higher allusion than could be apprehended by the Gentiles—winter representing the present life of storms and troubles; spring, the renovation of the soul and resurrection of the body; summer, the glow of love towards God; and autumn, the death by martyrdom, or life's glorious close after conflict, in anticipation of "the bright spring dawn of heaven's eternal year."

In order to understand such a subject as the Eucharist, in its supreme place as presented by this primitive

art, we must endeavor to realize what this ordinance was to the early Christians — the centre, and it seems daily recurring transaction of their worship; the keystone of the mystic arch on which their whole devotional system may be said to have rested. On every side appears evident the desire at once to convey its meanings through symbolism to the faithful, and to conceal both its dogma and celebration from the knowledge of unbelievers: never introduced with *direct* representation either of its institution or ritual, but repeatedly in presentment for the enlightened eye through a peculiar selection of types, as by the fish placed, together with loaves marked with a cross, on a table; or still more significant, the fish floating in water, with a basket containing bread and a small vessel of wine on its back—thus representing at once what I might describe in the words of the Anglican Catechism, “the outward and visible sign,” and “the inward part or thing signified,” the elements of the Eucharist with the very Person of the Redeemer. Another naïvely expressive symbol, less intelligible at first sight, is the pail of milk, designed to signify the celestial food prepared by the Good Shepherd for his flock: this mystic sense sometimes made more clear by the nimbus within which the pail is seen; or by its being placed on a rude altar, beside which is the pastoral staff, without the figure of the shepherd, who is elsewhere seen carrying this vessel; the lamb also being sometimes represented with the pail on its back. A symbolic picture of the Eucharist in the form of fish and bread, at the Callixtan Catacombs, is referable, beyond doubt, to antiquity as early as the first half of the third century; and a similar one in those of S. Lucina is assumed to be not more modern than the second century, perhaps of even earlier date. Another subject, in the same reference, though less directly conveyed, is the *Agape*, that fraternal (and once sacred) banquet, for whose practice in the apostolic age we must refer to a remarkable passage in one of St. Paul's Epistles, that at once explains, and is explained by, this ancient usage so often pictorially treated in catacombs. And a mournful testimony indeed are the Apostle's words to the rapid deterioration of

the holiest ordinance through the perverseness of men: “When ye come together into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper: for in eating every one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken. . . . Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another. And if any man hunger, let him eat at home, that ye come not together unto condemnation.” This feast with which, throughout the first century the eucharistic celebration was incorporated, is represented in the art here before us without any sign of religious purpose, a company either seated or reclining at a lunette-formed table, partaking of food, bread, and fish, sometimes with wine; the only symbolic detail being the cross marked on loaves, but not of a kind peculiar to Christians; such bread, called *panis decussatus*, thus divided by incisions into four parts, being of common use among the Romans.

As to the very complex indications of date, no era proper to Christians is found for our guidance in the earlier catacomb monuments; but about the end of the fourth century appears the year of the Roman bishops, for example, “*Salvo Siricio Episcopo*,” or “*temporibus Sancti Innocentii* :” the last formula, no doubt, adopted after the death of the pope named; or (proof of the comparative equality in episcopal rank according to primitive ideas) the date by the years of other bishops also, in inscriptions belonging to their several dioceses; and from the beginning of the sixth century are indicated the years, not only of bishops, but priests, deacons, or even the matrons presiding over female communities. Date by consulates was rarely adopted in these epigraphs before the third, but becomes common in the next two centuries, again falling into disuse after the middle of the sixth century; and the year of the emperor, which was enjoined for the dating of all public acts by Justinian, A.D. 527, scarcely in any instance occurs before that period. We follow with interest in these chiselled lines the last traces of the existence, and the gradual dying out, of that proud institution, the Roman consulate; the unostentatious language of these Christian epitaphs here supplying the last monumental evidence to this once

great historic reality. The consulate proper to Rome expired in the year 531, after being held in the last instance by Decius Paulinus; in the following year, however, reappearing when assumed by Belisarius after his Italian victories. From 534 to 544, only one consul (for the Eastern Empire) is on record; and in that last year the office was suppressed by Justinian, though once more assumed, in his own person, by an emperor, namely Justin, in 566: up to which date the computation, since the act of suppression, had been according to the years (as we see in these epitaphs) "post Consulatum Basilii" (after the consulate of Basilii), who had last held that office at Constantinople. Curious in this lapidary style is the use of the epithet "divus," long given to defunct emperors without scruple as a mere civil honor, by their Christian subjects. Together with characteristics of brevity and simplicity, we notice, in these epitaphs, a serene spirit of resignation that never allows vent to passionate utterance; the word "dolens" is the strongest expression of sorrow, and this but rarely occurring. As the colder formalities of the classic lapidary style were gradually laid aside, ecstatic ejaculations of prayer and hope were admitted—"Vivas in Deo," most ancient in such use; "Vive in aeterno;" "Pax spiritu tuo;" "In pace Domini dormias," frequently introduced before the period of Constantine's conversion, but later falling into disuse; "In pace" continuing to be the established Christian formula—though also found in the epitaphs of Jews; while the "Vixit in pace," very rare in Roman inscriptions, appears commonly among those of Africa and of several French cities—otherwise that distinctive phrase of the pagan epitaph, "Vixit" (as if even in the records of the grave to present life rather than death to the mental eye), does not pertain to Christian terminology. Various usages of the primitive Church, important to her history, are attested by these epigraphs—as the classification of the clergy into bishops, priests, deacons, acolytes, exorcists; and the recognition of another revered class, the pious widows, "matrona vidua Dei," of one among whom we read on her epitaph that she "never burdened the Church;" here also do we find proof of the dedication

of females, the "ancilla Dei," or "virgo Dei"—first type of the consecrated nun—sometimes, it seems, so set apart by the vows of their parents from infancy. Interesting is it to trace the growth of a feeling which, from the utterance of prayer for the dead, passed to the invoking of *their* intercession for the living—as "Vivas in Deo et roga;" and the recommending of their spirits to some specially revered saint, rather as a formula of pious valediction than the expression of anything like dogma in regard to human intercessors, as "In nomine Petri, in pace Christi."

The faith of the primitive Church as to the Divine Being, her Founder and Head, is clear, as in letters of light, on these monumental pages: we read it (to cite one remarkable example) conveyed in the strangely confused Latin and Greek not unfrequently found among Christian epitaphs, with the following distinct utterance—

ZHEHS IN ΔEO XPICTO TAH IN HAKE

that is: "Mayest thou live in God Christ, Sylva, in peace;" we read it in the formulas where this holy name is otherwise accompanied with what declares belief—as, "In Christo Deo," or "in D. Christo;" or in the Greek—*εν Θεω Κυριω Χριστω* (sic).

Again, alike distinctly expressed in other formulas, at the epitaph's close, as "in pace et in"—with a monogram XP, implying the obvious sequel, "Christo;" also in the rudely traced line with which one inscription finishes: "Nutricatus Deo Cristo marturibus;" in one curious example of the Latin language's decline: "Regina vibas in Domino zesu;" and in the Greek *ιχθvs*, sometimes at the beginning, evidently intended as dedication in the name of God. Alike clearly, though less frequently, enounced is the worship of a Divine Spirit, as an aspect, or in more strict theologic phrase, Person of the Deity, for example: "in pace cum spiritu sancta" (sic) "vibas in Spiritu sanc." And indeed no moral truth could be more convincingly established by monumental proof than the unanimous belief with which the Church, at this first and purest phase in her history, directed adoring regards to the "Logos,"

the perfect Image of the Father, as true and essential Deity.

Below the surface of the Roman Campagna, it is supposed that from eight hundred to nine hundred miles of excavated corridors, interspersed with chambers in various forms, extend their marvellous ramifications; and between six and seven millions is the assumed number of the Christian dead here deposited during primitive ages.* In much the greater part it is certain that these hypogees were formed for Christian worship, instruction, and interment, before the period of the first converted emperor: but it is also indisputably proved that they continued in use for devotional purposes, and received many pictorial decorations, long afterwards; likewise that works of excavating were in progress till so late as the beginning of the fifth century. The idea that they ever served for the habitation of numbers, during persecution, is erroneous, assuming indeed what is materially impossible, owing to the formation of their far-stretching labyrinths, small chapels, and story above story of narrow passages. We read, it is true, of the martyrdom of saintly bishops while in the very act of officiating at their humble altars; of several among the earliest Roman pontiffs, who, during extreme peril took refuge in such retreats—as did Alexander I. (A.D. 109–19), Stephen I. (253–7), and Sixtus II., who was put to death in one of these subterranean sanctuaries (A.D. 258); and Pope Cajus (283–96) is said to have actually lived for eight years in catacombs, from which he only came out to suffer martyrdom (296). With Mr. Northcote (whose work is a *vade mecum* for this range of antiquities) we may conclude that not the multitude of the faithful, but the pontiffs alone, or others especially sought after by myrmidons of power, were at any time resident for long periods in these retreats, in no part of which do we see anything like preparation for dwelling, or for any other purposes save worship and interment; though indeed an epitaph by St. Damasus, in the Callixtan Catacombs, implies the fact that at some period those cemeteries were inhabited:

* Father Marchi, who makes this conjecture, considers it to fall short of, rather than exceed, the truth.

"Hic habitasse prius sanctos cognoscere debes."

But that saint (elected to the papacy 366) cannot be cited as a contemporary witness to ages of persecution; at periods subsequent to which, however, we read of Pope Liberius taking refuge (352) in the cemetery called after St. Agnes, from the outrages and insolence of the then ascendant Arian sect; of Pope Boniface I., so late as between 418–22, passing some time in a similar retreat, to withdraw from the faction that supported his rival Eulalius; considering which facts, we cannot deny that the evidence as to the occasional habitation of catacombs is too conclusive to be set aside without rejecting much that claims belief in *Acts of Martyrs*, and other received authorities. Of St. Urban we read (*Acts of St. Cecilia*) "latebat in sacrorum martyrum monimentis;" of St. Hippolytus (*Acts of St. Stephen*, A.D. 259), "vitam solitariam agebat in cryptis." Baronius states that the same Pope Urban "used to celebrate masses and hold councils in the crypts of the martyrs;" and an epitaph to St. Alexander, in the Callixtan Catacombs, contains the sentence, "O tempora infausta, quibus inter sacra et vota ne in cavernis quidem salvara possumus!" In one terrific persecution a multitude of the faithful suffered death in catacombs on the Salarian Way, by order of the Emperor Numerianus; sand and stones being heaped up against the entrance, so as to leave buried alive those victims, of whose fate was found affecting proof long afterwards, not only in the bones of the dead, but in several silver cruets that had served for the eucharistic celebration. An impressive circumstance accompanied the martyrdom of Pope Stephen: the ministers of death rushed into the subterranean chapel, where they found him officiating, and, as if struck with sudden awe, waited till the rite was over before they slew him in his episcopal chair. As catacomb sepulchres became gradually filled, those sections or corridors no longer serviceable used to be blocked up with soil, in order thus both to separate the living from the dead, and to avoid the necessity of leaving accumulations outside. Granular tuffa, which, with lithoid tuffa and pozzolana, forms the material of the volcanic

strata around Rome, is the substance (easily worked, but quite unsuitable for building) in which all Roman catacombs are excavated, except those of St. Pontianus, outside the Porta Portese, and of St. Valentine, on the Flaminian Way, which are in a soil of marine and fluvial deposits, shells, fossils, etc.

From the ninth century till a comparatively late period most of these catacombs were left unexplored, perhaps entirely inaccessible, and forgotten. Mediæval writers usually ignored their existence. That strange compilation, so curious in its fantastic suggestions and blindness to historic fact, the *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ* (written, some critics assume, in the tenth, others in the twelfth century; first published about 1471), enumerates, indeed, twenty-one catacombs. Flavio Biondo, writing in the fifteenth century, mentions those of St. Callixtus alone; Onofrio Panvinio, in the sixteenth century, reckons thirty-nine; Baronius, at date not much later, raises the number to forty-three. Those of St. Priscilla, entered below the Salarian Way, belonging to that mother of the Christian Senator Pudens, who received St. Peter; also those of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, near the Appian Way, have been referred to an antiquity correspondent with the apostolic age; and if those called after St. Callixtus were indeed formed long anterior to that pope's election, A.D. 210, we may place them second in chronologic order. That several continued in use as cemeteries long after the first imperial conversion, is evident from the fact that Constantine's daughter ordered the embellishment and enlargement of those called after St. Agnes, which became in consequence more than ever frequented—so to say, fashionable—as a place of interment during the fourth century: a circumstance manifest in the superior regularity and spaciousness of corridors; in the more labored execution, but inferior style, of paintings seen in those catacombs. Other facts relevant to the story of later vicissitudes may be cited: Pope Damasus (v. Baronius, anno 384) ordered a *platonis* (pavement of inlaid marbles) for that part of the Callixtan Catacombs in which for a certain time had lain the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. Pope John III. (560-73), who

abode for a time (v. Anastasius) in the catacombs of SS. Tiburtius and Valerian, ordered all such hypogæes as had suffered from barbarian spoliation to be repaired; also provided that a regular supply of bread, wine, and lights should be furnished from the Lateran Basilica for the celebrations still kept up on Sundays at the altars of these subterraneans. Towards the end of the sixth century, St. Gregory the Great indicated, among places of assemblage for the faithful on the days of the Lenten "Stations," organized by him with much solemnity and concourse, some of the cemeteries as well as principal churches of Rome. The evidences of art may be here cited to prove comparative modernness in decorative details: the *nimbus*, for instance, around the heads of saintly figures, indicates date subsequent to the fourth century; and in the Callixtan Catacombs the figure of St. Cecilia, attired in cumbrous finery, jewelled head dress, and necklaces, as also those of SS. Urban and Cornelius, besides a sternly expressive head of the Saviour, with marked characteristics of the Byzantine school, suggest origin certainly not earlier than the sixth or seventh, if not so late as the eighth century.

The practice of frequenting these cemeteries for prayer, or for visiting the tombs of martyrs, continued common till the ninth, nor had entirely ceased even in the thirteenth century, being certainly more or less in prevalence under Honorius III. (1217-27.) Yet the process of transporting the bodies of martyrs from these resting places to the city, for safer and more honored interment, had begun under Pope Paul I. (757-67), who took such precaution against the pious frauds practiced by the Longobards, while investing Rome, led by Astolphus—a king particularly bent upon relic-stealing: so devout in this respect were the fierce invaders of papal territory. At later mediæval periods the Catacombs fell into oblivion, till their ingresses became, for the most part, unknown even to the clergy; and one of the earliest records of their being visited in later ages is found in the names of Raynuzio Farnese (father of Paul III.) and the companions who descended with him, still read, beside the date 1490, in the Callixtan Cata-

combs. Not till late in the next century was the attention of *savans* directed by new lights from science, and through the revived study of antiquity, towards this field of research; subsequently to which movement, excavations were carried on at intervals from 1592 to 1693; the most important and fruitful in results being the labors of the indefatigable Bosio, who, after patient toils, pursued enthusiastically for thirty-three years, died (1600) without completing the work projected for transmitting their profits to posterity. Its first publication was in 1632, under the title, *Roma Sotterranea*, compiled from Bosio's mss. by Severano (an Oratorian priest); and a few years subsequently another Oratorian, Arringhi, brought out, with additions, the same work translated into Latin. Next followed (1702) the *Inscriptiones Antiquae* of Fabretti, official *custode* to the Catacombs; and the learned work, *Cimiteri dei Santi Martiri* (1720), by Boldetti, the fruit of thirty years' labors, surpassed all hitherto contributions on this subject alike in vivacity of description, extensive knowledge, and well-sustained argument. Only next in merit and authority is the *Sculture e Pitture Sacre* ("Sacred Sculptures and Paintings from the Cemeteries of Rome"), by Bottari (1734-54), an illustrated work evincing thorough acquaintance with its theme. The *Manners of the Primitive Christians*, by the Dominican Mamachi, one of the most valuable archaeological publications from the Roman press (1752), comprises, though not dedicated to this particular range, a general review of catacomb-monuments, together with others that throw light on the usages or ideas of the early Church. Interesting, though incomplete, is the contribution of the Jesuit father, Marchi—*Architettura della Roma Sotterranea Cristiana*, or *Monuments of Primitive Christian Art in the Metropolis of Christianity* (1844), which the writer only lived to carry to the close of one volume, exclusively dedicated to the constructive and topographic aspects of his subject—this publication having been suspended, long before his death, owing to the defection of subscribers after that year '48, so fatal to the interests of his religious order. The merit of his argument, in throwing light on its

theme, is, that it entirely sets at rest the question of supposed connection between the Christian Catacombs and pagan *arenaria*; and establishes that in no one instance were the former a mere continuance or enlargement of the latter, as neither could the quality of soil in which these cemeteries were opened have served for building, nor their plan and dimensions have permitted the extracting of material for such purposes. One could not, indeed, desire clearer refutation of the theory respecting the identity of the two formations than that which meets the eye in the St. Agnes Catacombs—ascending in which from the lower story, that originally formed for Christian purposes, we enter the pagan *arenaria* above those corridors sacred to the dead, this higher part being totally distinct in plan and in the dimensions of winding passages, as requisite for extracting the pozzolana sand.

Another valuable illustration to the same range of sacred antiquities is the work by Padre Garrucci, *Vetri Ornati* ("Glasses adorned with Figures in Gold, from the Cemeteries of the Primitive Christians"), with engravings of 318 tazze, all presenting groups or heads, gilt by a peculiar process on glass. As to the use of these, Garrucci differs from Buonarrotti and others, who assume all such vessels to have served for sacramental purposes; his view referring many of them to remoter periods—to the second and third, instead of exclusively to the fourth century, as was the conclusion of previous writers. Among the figured designs on these glasses are several of great significance; and of their subjects one of the most frequently repeated is the group of SS. Peter and Paul side by side, usually as busts, and with not the slightest indication of superiority in one over the other apostle—rather, indeed, a perfect parity in honors and deserts, as implied in the single crown suspended, in some instances, over the heads of both; or in their simultaneous crowning by the Saviour, whose figure is hovering over the pair alike thus honored at the Divine Master's hand. Between these two apostles is often placed the Virgin, or some other female saint, especially Agnes, admitted to like honor; and in cer-

tain examples, either Mary or another female, in attitude of prayer, appears on a larger scale than the apostles: such naïve treatment being intended to convey the idea of *relative*, not, of course, absolute honor, and very probably (as indeed is Garrucci's inference), expressing the still loftier ideal of the Church, personified in the prayerful Mother as the great earthly intercessor, supported by the chief witnesses to divine doctrine. It may be assumed that the origin in art of that supreme dignity assigned to the Virgin Mother (a source of such anti-evangelic superstition in practice), may be referred simply to this tendency of idealizing, not so much her person, as her position amid the hierarchic grouping—thus to personify the intercessory office, the link formed by prayer between simple-minded faith and theologic infallibility. Mary also appears on other tazze, standing between two trees, or between two columns, on which are perching birds, symbols of the beatified spirit, or of the resurrection; and in one instance only do we see the nimbus round her head—proof that this representation at least must be of comparatively late origin.* Among other uncommon subjects, we see Daniel giving a cake to the dragon, from the book, "Bel and the Dragon," considered by Protestants apocryphal (found also among reliefs on Christian sarcophagi); and—striking evidence to the influence from that pagan art still overshadowing the new faith in its attempts at similar modes of expression—Dædalus and Minerva superintending groups of laborers at different tasks; Cupid and Psyche (no doubt admitted in appreciation of the profound meanings that illuminate that beautiful fable); Achilles and the Three Graces, here in-

troduced with some sense not so intelligible. This choice of a comparatively gay and mundane class of subjects seems to confirm what is conjectured by Garrucci, as to certain among these tazze being appropriated *not* to the sacramental solemnity, but to various occasions in domestic life—the nuptials, the name-giving, the baptism, and funeral, besides the *Agape*, that primitive blending of the fraternal feast with the eucharistic rite and communion, so frequently represented in catacomb paintings that show the symbolic viands, the lamp, or the fish, and loaves marked with a cross, spread before companies of the faithful, seated round a *sigma* (semicircular table).

As to the literature illustrative of Rome's Catacombs, the last and most precious addition—a yet incipient work which may be expected in its completeness to supply the fullest investigation of its subject—is De Rossi's *Subterranean and Christian Rome*, executed with all the ability and erudition to be looked for in a writer of such eminence. We find here the fullest history of researches carried out in catacombs from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century—the learned author assigning four epochs to the stories of these cemeteries, commencing from apostolic times, and successively extending over the third century—over the period of the newly-attained freedom and peace guaranteed to the Church through Constantine (A.D. 312)—and over the fifth century, whence dates the gradual abandonment and decay of all such sanctuaries, owing to their then condition, impaired by shocks of barbarian invasion, devastated by Goths and Lombards, till at last, towards the close of the ninth century, they fell into neglect or oblivion.

The first impression on descending into catacombs, when the light of day is suddenly lost, and the eye follows the dim perspective of corridors lined with tier above tier of funeral niches, partially shown by torchlight, is one that chills and repels. Imagination calls up what reason rejects, and sports, as if fascinated, with ideas of danger—mysterious, indefinable—corrected, indeed, by the higher associations and reminiscences that take possession of the mind in any degree acquainted with that past so

* The nimbus was originally given, in Christian art, to sovereigns and allegoric personages generally, as the symbol of power, distinction; but with this difference, that round the heads of saintly and orthodox kings or emperors, it is luminous or gilded; round those of Gentile potentates, colored red, green, or blue. About the middle of the third century it begins to appear, and earliest on these glasses, as the special attribute of Christ; later being given to the heads of angels, to the evangelists, to the other apostles; and, finally, to the Blessed Virgin and all saints, but not as their invariable attribute till the seventh century (v. Buonarroti, *Vasi Antichi*).

replete with noble examples from the story of those who *here*—

"In the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed."

We may, perhaps, descend into these abysses from some lonely spot, whence the Vatican cupola is distinctly visible; and certainly nothing could be more glorious, from a Roman Catholic point of view, than the confronting of such a monument to triumphant religion, with the dark and rudely adorned subterranean once serving as sanctuaries of the Church subsequently raised, at this same centre, to such proud supremacy. Another thought that may spring from this range of antiquarian study, and invest its objects with still deeper interest, is that of promise for something higher than either Catholicism or Protestantism, in the Christianity of the future.

As to the primitive mode of interment, the early Church may be said to have taken as model the Redeemer's sepulchre—a cavern, with entrance closed by a stone, in which but One Body lay; and in the especially honored tombs of martyrs, or other illustrious dead, the form called *arcosolium*, like an excavated sarcophagus with arched niche above, supplied the *norma* for the later adopted altar of solid stone (instead of the plain wooden table in earliest use), with relics inserted in a cavity under the *mensa*; the practice of consecrating the Eucharist over such martyr-tombs having passed into the universal discipline of the Latin Church through a decree of Pope Felix (269-75) ordering that henceforth the mass should ever be celebrated over such burial places of the holy dead—

"Altar quietem debitam
Præstat beatis ossibus"—

as Prudentius testifies to this ancient usage. From the same poet ("Hymn on St. Hippolytus") we learn that these subterranean were not originally, as now, in total darkness, but lighted, however dimly, by those shafts (*luminaria*) still seen at intervals piercing the soil above our heads, though no longer in every instance serving for such purpose. The circumstances under which they have been rediscovered within modern times, form a singular detail in their

vicissitudes; and it is remarkable that the period of greatest religious conflict among Christian nations was that which witnessed the revival of this long forgotten testimony, conveyed in monumental language, to the faith and practice of the primitive Church. Energetically as these hypogæes were explored in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, little was accomplished, in comparison with results quite recent, by any earlier undertakings; and much of the wealth secured was lost through Vandalic spoliation or inexcusable neglect. It was in December, 1593, that the first exploration was commenced by Bosio, in company with Pompeo Ugonio and others; and subsequently, between that year and 1600, were explored by the former all subterranean into which he could find access along the Appian, Salarian, Flaminian, Ostian, Latin, and Portuense Ways. In the library of the Oratorian Fathers at Rome are four large folio volumes of ms., entirely written by Bosio, comprising the vast material for the work he did not live to produce; and another example of industry, frustrated by fatal accident, was the compilation intended to comprise all the art objects, epigraphs, ect., from catacombs, on which Marangoni and Boldetti had been occupied for seventeen years, when the whole fell a prey to the flames in 1720—the few fragments saved being, however, turned to account by the former, and brought out as an appendix to his *Acta S. Victorini*, 1740.

Bosio, in the course of his long labors, discovered only one *group* of sepulchres historically noted (in 1619); another such was found by Boldetti in 1720; and in 1845 Father Marchi accomplished a like discovery in the tombs of the martyrs Protus and Hyacinthus. The catacombs called after the Christian matron Lucina, were reopened by the accidental sinking of the soil in 1688; and access to those of St. Tertullianus, on the Latin Way, was alike due to mere accident. In 1849 the Cavalier de Rossi began his task of directing excavations, for the costs of which a monthly subvention had been assigned by the Pope. Soon afterward, Pius IX. appointed an "apostolic visitation" for ascertaining the condition of all Roman Catacombs; and a more prac-

tically important step, that soon followed, was the creation of a "Committee of Sacred Antiquities," with charge and superintendence over all works and objects within that sphere, under whose direction the first excavations were commenced in 1851. By this arrangement was superseded the ordinance of Pope Clement X., dated 1672, intrusting the care of all these hypogees to the Cardinal Vicar, under the authority of whom, and that of the papal sacristan (a prelate), subterranean works used to be directed by *custodi*, as official deputies.

Even while that earlier organization continued, the loss and destruction of monuments from catacombs reflects most unfavorably on those responsible. Marangoni, after long experience as assistant *custode* with Boldetti, tells us that thousands of epigraphs were taken from these cemeteries to the church of S. Maria in Trastevere; seven cartfuls to S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini; two cartfuls to another church of S. Giovanni in Rome; yet at the present day, only about a score of epitaphs remain in the portico of the former, not one in either of the two latter churches. Mazzolari (*Vie Sacre*, 1779) describes what he had himself seen—the deliberate destruction of a corridor and *cubiculum* (sepulchral chapel) in the Catacombs of St. Lawrence, almost immediately after they had been reopened in the long inaccessible cemetery on the Tiburtine Way.

The works carried on within recent years have led to most interesting results. First of all may be classed for importance the discovery of the vast hypogee which took its name from St. Callixtus, though of origin still earlier; not founded, but enlarged, by that Pope, and in which all the Roman bishops were interred during the third century; the first mention of this, as a cemetery whose possession was legally guaranteed to the Church, occurring under the reign of Septimius Severus. About two miles beyond the Appian Gateway stands, on elevated ground, an old brick edifice with apse and vaulted roof, long used as a gardener's storehouse, now identified as the chapel raised for his own sepulture by Pope St. Damasus. Near this were begun, in 1844, the researches that led to the opening of those long unexplored

catacombs, at a short distance from the Basilica of St. Sebastian, below which extend other subterranean long supposed to be the real Callixtan. Some years previously had been found, near this spot, a broken marble slab, with the letters of an inscription, "NELIUS MARTYR;" and the discovery of the tomb of St. Cornelius soon rewarded the labors here undertaken; the missing fragment, with the letters "COR . . EP" [*iscopus*], within a *cubiculum* dimly lighted from above, being soon found near a tomb, beside which are the painted figures of St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian of Carthage, near the figures of two other saints; one designated by the written name "Sixtus," another martyred pope; the first two being thus associated, because commemorated by the Church on the same day, having both suffered on the 16th of September, and having in their lifetime held frequent correspondence. These four figures have all the nimbus, also the same characteristics of style; and a period not later than the sixth or seventh century can be assigned to these as to other paintings in the same subterranean.

In considering the selection to which this primitive art was so strictly confined, we are struck by two predominant features—the avoidance of those subjects invested with most awful sacredness, as the Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, the institution of the Eucharist; also the pervading mysticism, which ever led to prefer such themes, in miracle, type, or historic incident, as suggest more than they represent; for, in fact, the more frequently recurring scenes, as here treated, *always* imply a truth or principle addressed to the moral sense of the believer, lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiate. In sculpture this is more strikingly carried out; and in this walk of early sacred art we have the finest example in the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, prefect of Rome, who died a neophyte, A.D. 359, and was buried at St. Peter's, where his beautifully chiselled tomb was rediscovered, after ages of oblivion, during the works for the new basilica, still being left near its original place in the crypt.

In freedom of design, in conception as well as execution, these reliefs surpass

all others of the same epoch: ten groups are ranged along two files, divided by pilasters, the lower under canopies alternately circular and pointed; the subjects historic; the principal and central figure that of the Saviour, in form a beautiful youth, seated between two apostles, with his feet upon the earth, this latter being personified as an old man just emerging from the ground, and holding over his head a canopy of draperies. The Sacrifice of Abraham, the Sufferings of Job, the Fall of Adam and Eve, Daniel in the Lion's Den; Christ entering Jerusalem seated on an ass, again seen before Pilate, who is washing his hands; the Denial of St. Peter, and the Arrest of that Apostle, are the representations ranged around. But more curious still are the groups of sheep, minutely sculptured between the arches, serving to attest both the simplicity and earnestness of minds to which such art-treatment could be addressed; these animals being here seen to perform acts mystically selected from both the Old and New Testaments, and thus naively admitted to personify, in type, Moses, John the Baptist, and the Redeemer himself. A sheep strikes water from the rock; another performs the miracle of multiplying loaves; another gives baptism to a similarly typical creature of its kind; a sheep touches a mummy-like figure with a wand, to represent the raising of Lazarus; and a sheep receives the tablets of the Law on the mount. Turning to the collection in the Lateran Museum, we observe the most interesting sculptured series on a large sarcophagus brought from St. Paul's, where it was probably placed at the time of the building of that basilica in the fourth century, the groups in relief on its front presenting a valuable record of religious ideas; but we are shocked to find here the traditional reverence of earlier days so soon departed from in the admission, among the now larger art-range, of such a subject as the Supreme Being, manifest alike in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, under the aspect of humanity, with identity of type, strongly marked and severe, indicating middle age, in each of the co-equal Three. First in order is the creation of Eve out of Adam's side, by God the Son, in presence of the Father and

Spirit; the former seated, and in the act of blessing the new-born woman; the latter standing behind the Father's throne. Next appears the Son awarding to Adam and Eve the symbols of labor, which was part of their punishment—a sheaf of wheat to the man, a lamb (for spinning wool) to the woman; and it is remarkable that in this instance the second Divine Person wears a different aspect, more youthful and beautiful than when associated with the Father—thus to announce the mystery of his Incarnation. Successively follow the miracles operated by our Lord upon water, bread, and wine; the Adoration of the Magi (the Virgin of a somewhat severe matronly type), with the Holy Spirit (again in human aspect) standing beside the chair of the Mother and Child; the Restoring of Sight to the Blind; the Raising of Lazarus; St. Peter denying Christ; St. Peter between Two Jews (his arrest probably intended); Moses striking the Rock; the story of Jonas; Christ entering Jerusalem; Daniel between the Lions—and this last of very original treatment, for, besides the personages essential to the story, another is also introduced, on each side of Daniel, meant (as we infer) for the third Divine Person, holding by the hair of his head the prophet Habakkuk, who brings the bread (here an admitted type of the Eucharist) for Daniel's sustenance (see the book "Bel and the Dragon"). As to the selection from the miracles of our Lord (constantly repeated in others as in these reliefs), their deeper significance is admitted in the following instances: the healing of the paralytic implies absolution from sin; the giving of sight to the blind, illumination through faith; the multiplication of loaves and fishes, as well as the change of water into wine, the Eucharist; Moses striking water from the rock implies baptism; the adoration of the wise men, the calling of the Gentiles to Christ. Job is introduced as a witness to the resurrection of the body; and especially conspicuous is the type of the Saviour's resurrection in the story of Jonas. Elias carried up to heaven signifies the ascension of Him whose last sufferings and triumphs on earth are reverently shown under veils of symbolism. On two sarcophagi in the Lateran Museum is seen the Labarum, guarded by

soldiers, with birds (symbols of the apostles, or of beatified spirits) on the arms of the cross supporting the holy monogram; and on another such sculptured tomb here are details of architecture, where we recognize a Christian basilica and a baptistery of circular form, no doubt correct representations of such sacred buildings in the fourth or fifth century. Turning from this museum, we find another remarkable example of funereal sculpture in a small, almost dark chapel, no longer used for worship, at St. Peter's—the tomb of an illustrious wedded pair, Probus Anicius, prætorian prefect, who died A.D. 395, and of his wife Proba Falconia, whose virtues are commemorated, with those of her husband, in several poetic tributes still extant. On their sarcophagus here we see the Saviour, youthful and beardless, with the book of the Gospels, standing on a rock, from which issue the four rivers of Paradise (a type of the Evangelists); beside him St. Peter and St. Paul; and, divided by colonnettes, the other Apostles, in that attitude, with one uplifted hand, understood to express assent or reverential attention. Elsewhere, at St. Peter's, S. Maria Maggiore, S. Prassede, are to be seen ancient Christian sarcophagi, adorned by observable sculptures.

But the museum founded by Pius IX. at the Lateran contains so rich an abstract from this primitive art-range, that it is to that centre we should turn, rather than to any other, in order to study and appreciate. Here are the facsimiles of paintings that have been judiciously selected for their mystic interest; besides the most complete series of sculptured sarcophagi, in the greater number, no doubt, of the fourth century, though some may be supposed earlier—of the third, or even the second. Agincourt points out merits of treatment in some of these sacred reliefs—for example, the Ascent of Elias to Heaven (in this museum), the Crossing of the Red Sea, the Bestowal of the Keys on St. Peter—that led him to assume for them origin within the first two centuries of our era; and in the sarcophagi that stand first and seventh, left, in this gallery, one with vintage scenes divided into compartments by figures of the Good Shepherd in higher relief; also in one of the statues

here, "Pastor Bonus," are artistic qualities that seem to indicate date anterior to the fourth century. (Perkins, *Tuscan Sculptors*). The Christian Museum at the Vatican is rich in lamps, with sacred emblems, from catacombs; also in bronzes of early periods, and in terrific instruments of torture, that impress us with the reality of what has been suffered for our Faith. Here too is the most complete series of Christian glasses, with gilt figures, the very specimens so well explained by Padre Garrucci—objects rarely to be seen elsewhere, though a few are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and another set, from a Sicilian museum, were recently purchased at Rome by the British Government. The museum at the Collegio Romano contains, among antiques of various classes, some interesting art-relics of the primitive and mediæval Church—among the earliest, a marble vase, with the Adoration of the Magi in relief. In the Propaganda Museum are a few of those gilt glasses from catacombs, one with the group of the Virgin Mother between the two Apostles; and objects of various description from the same subterranean, as well as copies from paintings in their chapels, are to be seen at the "Custodia" of relics in the Apollinare College, made public for the Lenten Stations on the Thursday before Holy Week.

Besides those named, there is another remarkable range of subjects serving to illustrate doctrine or religious usages; and the judgment of competent critics, who assign to certain paintings antiquity so high as the first or second century, enhances the interest we naturally feel in such examples. Among these may be noticed the group of two men, one kneeling, supposed to record the story of some person *lapsed* during the period of persecution, or other notorious sinner, publicly reconciled to the Church before death. The five Wise Virgins (Catacombs of St. Agnes) are represented with torches instead of lamps, conformably to Roman practice, but each carrying also a vessel for oil. A group of the Saviour in the midst of the Twelve Apostles (Catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilleus)—two only, SS. Peter and Paul, being seated, while the others stand—seems evidence to the idea of su-

periority alike shared by those co-founders of the Church in Rome. A banquet, at which are seated guests waited upon by two allegoric personages, Peace and Love (Irene and Agape), whose names are written near, is supposed to represent the joys of Paradise. A group representing two persons, male and female, the latter with arms extended in prayer, beside a tripod table, on which are laid a fish and loaves marked with the cross (Catacomb of St. Callixtus), is a strikingly expressive illustration of the eucharistic doctrine, with not only the proper substance of that sacrament in one kind, but also the mystic emblem of our Lord's person—the Divine Presence—associated with it: another sacramental subject in the same catacomb, a man pouring water over the head of a boy, while both stand in a river, conveying proof that infant, or at least paedobaptism, was the practice of the ancient Church. It is, indeed, in the aggregate, a grand and affecting ideal of primitive Christianity that this monumental series, painted, sculptured, and chiselled, presents to us—a moral picture of purity and peace, earnestness without fanaticism—mystic ordinances undegraded by superstition, true devotion manifest in the supreme sacrifice of the heart, the mind, and life. The varied and mystic illustration of the sacraments, the select representation of such miracles as convey lessons of Divine goodness and love, or confirm belief in immortal life, may be said to revolve around one subject, that dominates like a star whose hallowed light illumines the entire sphere—namely, the Person and Office of the Redeemer, towards Whom all hope and faith tend, from Whom proceed all power, all strengthening and consoling virtue.

The idea of a headship vested in St. Peter appears occasionally with decided expression, though indeed tempered by other proofs of an admission to spiritual equality for those co-founders, SS. Peter and Paul. In the sculptures (the greater number referred to the fourth and fifth centuries) this idea of St. Peter's supremacy becomes more manifest, as natural at periods when the Roman bishopric was rapidly advancing in power and grandeur. Moses and the Apostle constantly appear in juxtaposition—the

one striking the rock, the other standing between two Jews; the aspect of both absolutely identical, and the wand, symbolic of authority, as often held by the Apostle as by the Lawgiver. In an enamel on glass this becomes an absolute interchange of offices, St. Peter (designated by name) striking water from the rock in place of Moses.

In regard to another vast range of monuments—the epigraphy of the Catacombs—we must turn for the best of authorities to De Rossi's *Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ*, an immense compilation, intended to comprise nearly eleven thousand epigraphs, all collected by the writer during twenty-one years of assiduous research, and to be eventually classified, under the same gentleman's direction, in the Christian Museum at the Lateran. De Rossi infers that numerous decorative details hitherto ascribed to the third century are really of much higher antiquity, approaching even the apostolic age; proof of which he sees in the classic style of various frescoes and decorations on stucco, also in the constructed (not merely excavated) chambers and corridors, provided with ample recesses for sarcophagi, instead of the usual sepulchral niches; lastly, in various epitaphs wanting the known Christian formulas, and with nomenclature quite classic, found in certain hypogæes. Till the latter years of the third century no spoliation had impaired these cemeteries, no intolerant edict had driven the faithful from their limits; but during the persecution by Diocletian all places of Christian assemblage were burned down or devastated, all ecclesiastical books given to the flames, the Roman See being left vacant for more than six (if not seven) years. That tempest was stilled by the relenting policy of Maxentius, A.D. 306, but the restitution of what the Church had lost did not ensue before 311.

The legalized possession of cemeteries, and that of their churches likewise, by the Christians under pagan government, is one historic point clearly established by De Rossi's arguments and proofs. Valerian forbid to the faithful even access into these sacred retreats, but Gallienus restored such sites to the bishops, implying the recognition of an aggre-

gate claim; and during the third century, at latest, that possession was generally guaranteed. The Christians of Antioch applied to Aurelian in order to compel a bishop deposed in council, the heretical Paul of Samosata, to quit "the house of the Church," and in the sequel the decree of a Catholic synod was enforced by a pagan magistrate. An ingenious suggestion in the *Roma Cristiana* is that originally, perhaps, it was under color of associations for mutual aid and charitable interment that the Christians obtained the first conceded tolerance, gradually extending to their places of worship as well as to those of sepulture.

The chronology of primitive Christian art cannot, of course, be brought within bounds of distinct definition, and has been the subject of various conjectures. Its earliest forms were purely symbolism—sacred emblems, the lamb, the dove, the ship, the lyre, worn on rings or bracelets, or embroidered on vestments (*vide* Clement of Alexandria, second century); if any human figures were represented, no other save the Good Shepherd, mentioned by Tertullian early in the third century, as sometimes seen, probably enamelled, on chalices. But it seems certain that all attempts at portraiture were prohibited till after the time of Constantine, and Mabillon concludes that ten centuries had passed before images were permitted to appear above the altar.

The beauty of the social picture presented by those ages of faith could indeed be little appreciated were we only to regard ritual and æsthetic aspects apart from life's daily realities and practical duties. It is well known how the economies and charities of the primitive Church were regulated—one third of ecclesiastical revenues going to the relief of the poor, another to the bishops and clergy, another to public worship and sacred edifices. Before the end of the fourth century existed hospitals for the poor and aged, founding asylums, and *xenodochia* for travellers—all supported by the several communities, and mostly founded by bishops, who were their local superiors. The Christian stranger was always at home among his fellow-worshippers, and maintained gratuitously if he brought letters of recommendation (*epistole formatæ*) from the bishop of his

diocese. In each city now rose, beside the episcopal residence, an ample edifice open to all strangers, with separate wings for the sick, for infants, and the aged, each under its proper administration. "There," says St. Gregory of Nazianzen, "disease is endured with calmness; adversity becomes happiness." In the observance of fast-days it was enjoined that the economies of the table should be set aside for the relief of widows, orphans, or others in want (*vide* the "Pastor" of Hermas.) The religious instruction of children was from an early period provided for on system. Proof how promptly was condemned by the Church, and to the extent of her means, put down, that great social evil of paganism, slavery, is supplied with striking force in Christian epigraphs: among the entire number, about eleven thousand, belonging to the first six centuries, scarcely six (and, as Mr. Northcote shows, two or three among these doubtful) containing allusion, in their brief and simple language, to this fundamental division of ancient Roman society, while *alumni* (adopted foundlings) are named in a greater number of Christian inscriptions than in the entire range of those from pagan monuments—a further proof of the prevailing beneficence, the new-born domestic virtues, to which so many outcast children owed their maintenance and even life, as members of the Christian community.

Before the nineteenth year of Diocletian—the date of the persecuting edict which enforced the destruction of all Christian churches—the new worship is said to have been celebrated in forty buildings publicly dedicated to sacred use in Rome.

The clergy, till the end of this primitive period, continued to officiate attired in the classic white vestments common to Roman citizens, but distinguished by the long hair and beard of philosophers; and not till the Constantinian period did the bishops begin to wear purple; not till the ninth century was that primitive white costume (which sometimes was slightly adorned in purple or gold) laid aside by the priesthood generally.

An example of superiority in the constructive character of a catacomb, conveying proof of comparatively late origin,

is seen in that of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, which communicates with the mausoleum of St. Helena, but can now be only entered, and to slight extent, penetrated, in the villa of Signor Grande, about two miles from Rome, on the Via Labicana; the portion of this cemetery here accessible having been reopened in 1838, as described by Marchi. Entering, we are struck by the unusual width and loftiness of the corridors, and the ample arched recesses, evidently destined for sarcophagi, instead of the narrow sepulchral deposits elsewhere seen; but most remarkable is an ornamental detail, not found in any other catacomb, of rich mosaic pavement, for the greater part in diamond-shaped cubes of black and white stone, one compartment adorned with a dove holding an olive branch, well designed in colored marbles. Diverging from this principal corridor are others now entirely filled with soil, one permeable to some extent, but becoming narrower and lower as we advance, till further progress is impeded. Above one of the two entrances, from each of which is a descent by marble stairs, are the ruins of an oratory in antique Roman brickwork, with some traces of architectural ornament—cornices, mouldings, fragments of sculptured frieze, broken columns of marble and peperino. Another instance of superior constructive style is seen in the Catacombs, reopened 1852, of Domitilla (entered from the estate of Flavia Domitilla, a Christian matron), where a façade and vestibule present characteristics of the best imperial period; and arabesque paintings here—birds and winged children—are distinguished by beauty and truthfulness entitling them to rank beside the most graceful fresco adornments in the columbaria of the Augustan age, or those recently discovered in the villa of Livia at Prima Porta.* The Catacombs of S. Priscilla, referred to the highest antiquity, are also remarkable for details of their plan and art works. Entered from a vineyard of the Irish College on the Salarian Way, these were found permeable in only one of the four stories into which they are divided, and in some

parts their interiors are supported by walls in firm brickwork that appears of the fourth century. Admirable among ornamental features here are various graceful stucco-reliefs, garlands, and designs of the *guilloche* character, reminding of the finest similar details in classic art. The largest oratory, in form a Latin cross, is called the Greek Chapel, from the inscriptions in that language there read. Among the most interesting paintings is a group where a veiled female is seen in act of being crowned by two others; and again in prayer, amid other figures, one of whom seems inviting her to enter a species of tabernacle—conjectured to represent the entrance of the soul, received by the Saviour, into eternal bliss; another group being formed of the Blessed Virgin and Child, with St. Joseph, who is bearded, but not aged looking—perhaps here for the first time introduced in sacred art.* Another is interpreted by Bosio (the first to explore these catacombs) as the ceremony of giving the veil to a consecrated virgin—namely, the daughter of S. Priscilla—by Pope Pius I., who is seated on a massive episcopal throne; St. Hermes, his brother, and Priscilla herself attending; and opposite these persons the Madonna seated with the Divine Child, as if manifest in order to give highest sanction to that religious act. Conjecture has assumed antiquity so high as the first century for some paintings in these catacombs, and in their treatment both composition and costume awaken classic reminiscences. In the winter of 1854 were discovered both the long-buried basilica and catacombs of Pope St. Alexander on the Nomentan Way—the hypogee in this instance extending on the same level with the ruined church from which we enter it; less interesting than others, as no monuments of artistic character are found here, but still well worthy of being visited.

There seems reason to conclude that both pictures and sculptures had begun to appear, though not in very common use, among the ornaments of sacred buildings prior to the last pagan persecution, and that it was in consequence of the outrage inflicted on such art objects under Dio-

* See De Rossi's report, in his *Bullettino di Archeol. Cristiana*, May, 1863.

* See De Rossi on the earliest representations of St. Joseph, *Bullettino* for April, 1869.

cletian, that the Council of Elvira, A.D. 303, passed the variously interpreted decree, "Ne quod colitur et adoratur in parietibus depingatur."

The actual number of catacombs has been very differently reported. Arringhi, followed by other writers, first raised it so high as sixty, but without proof adduced from personal experience. De Rossi sets the question at rest by supplying a list in which are reckoned forty-two—not more than twenty-six being of vast extent, and five shown to be of origin subsequent to the peace secured for the Church under Constantine—all within a circle three miles distant from the walls of Servius Tullius, though indeed other such hypogees are known to have been formed beyond that radius. The name *ad catacumbas* was originally given exclusively to that of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way; and *catacumbæ* was the title proper to a small oratory behind the extramural basilica of that saint, still extant, built about the middle of the fourth century, for consecration of the spot where, according to legend, the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul reposed for a time after the attempt to remove those revered relics to the East; a sacrilege thwarted (as the legend narrates) by a violent thunderstorm, which detained the emissaries from the East till certain Roman Christians arrived who rescued the bodies, and here gave them interment. To the same spot, it is said, the relics of St. Peter were for a time transported, in the fear of profanation, when a new circus, on the Vatican hill, above the Christian cemetery, had been projected by Heliogabalus. This ancient chapel, circular in form, and very inferior in masonry, has a plain altar in its centre, above the deposit in which the Apostles' bodies are said to have lain for a year and seven months, according to some writers;* for not less than forty

years, as one chronicler states. Round the walls are several *arcosolia*, apparently made to receive sarcophagi, and once adorned with painted stucco in style of an early mediæval period, but now barbarously covered with whitewash. Another oratory, at higher level, in form and construction similar, still retains fresco pictures on a low vaulted roof, evidently of very remote origin, described by Nibby as Greek works: the Saviour in act of blessing; SS. Peter and Paul; the Divine Master, represented in a large head of solemn expression, within a nimbus; a Crucifixion, not without merit in design, though indeed rude in execution.

The range of Christian Catacombs is not confined exclusively to the Roman neighborhood. Those at Naples, named after St. Januarius, and formed alike in tufa stratifications, are of great extent, but have hitherto been little worked or illustrated, though their corridors, and especially one large chapel here, contain many sacred paintings and symbolic ornaments, engravings from some of which are given by Agincourt, who ascribes the more remarkable among these pictures to Greek artists of periods earlier than the ninth century—not undertaking farther to determine date. More extensive, and still less known or illustrated, are the Catacombs of Syracuse, which communicate with, or diverge from, several churches both in the city and extramural—the most spacious and easily permeable being under S. Giovanni, beyond the walls. In their aggregate these have never yet been explored; and among their more valuable contents, the antique vases, found here from time to time, have been mostly removed, many to pass into the possession of the Duke Bonanni, as he tells us in his work, *Antiche Siracuse* (1717). Here also have been discovered numerous coins and Greek inscriptions; but not (that I can ascertain) any Christian paintings of remarkable character. These are probably the vastest in

* The sepulchre, now covered up, is a square aperture measuring between six and seven feet on each side, and the same in depth, lined in the lower part with marble, and divided into two equal compartments by a marble partition. This crypt-chapel is supposed to have been founded by Pope Liberius, and completed under Pope Damasus. The legend of the attempted theft of those apostolic relics, in the time of St. Cornelius, is given by Petrarch (*Lives of the Ancient Pontiffs*), with all its romantic embellishments: the sacrilegious Greeks had succeeded in bringing

their stolen treasure from the Vatican to this stage on the Via Appia, when voices were heard crying from the penetralia of all the pagan fanes in the city, "Hasten, Romans, your gods are being carried away!" Both Christians and heathens took the alarm (an anticipative idea of saint-worship as to the former), rushed in multitudes, overtook the spoilers on this road, and found the bodies thrown into the Catacombs.

extent among all subterraneans ever applied to sacred purposes by the Church; and are excavated entirely in the living rock, at different periods, and, as assumed, during the more flourishing epochs of the once great Sicilian capital—not therefore of Christian origin, as is indeed apparent from the pagan subjects of some designs, representing funeral ceremonies, rudely scratched on their walls. Throughout their whole extent, these hypogæes show characteristics totally different from the Roman, and are described as resembling a complete subterranean city, with streets, rectilinear or curving, several of which converge at open spaces, whence is descent to lower stories, or at spacious circular chambers, some twenty-four feet in diameter, under domical roofs pierced by orifices for giving light. The corridors are lined with arched recesses, divided into parallel tombs by stone partitions; but many of the deposits are sarcophagi, placed isolate on the ground, or at different heights along the rock-walls. Though generally, no doubt, formed anterior to Christianity, characteristics of the first centuries of our era are apparent in the barbaric attempts at architectural detail in some chambers (perhaps used for worship); and still more clearly in the sacred symbols on certain tombs. But in other respects, the singularities of formation are such as to have led antiquarians to conjecture different races as the authors, and different epochs for the date of these extraordinary works. The artist traveller, Houel, who explored them to a considerable extent, and gives the fullest report I have met with, tells that he found the corridors throughout lighted by shafts communicating with the open air; but that at many points progress was impeded by the falling-in of the scaly rock. When at Syracuse, before the late political changes, I could find no *cicerone* capable of acting as guide to any extent, or giving any desirable information, in these mysterious subterraneans. That such retreats were early required amid the perils of the primitive local Church, we may infer from the religious history of this island. We know that martyrs suffered under Nero; that the Decian persecution raged with utmost violence, giving occasion to the self-sacrifice of many heroic witnesses, in Sicily; and the tradition seems credible

that it was in that range of more spacious corridors below the S. Giovanni church that the faithful of Syracuse used to take refuge from the persecuting storm; that it was there one of their first bishops, St. Marcellian, died a martyr's death. Pagan worship is believed to have been suppressed, or at least, its principal temples for ever closed, in Sicily, under the reign of Honorius.*

CHARLES J. HEMANS.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONVENTIONAL LAWS OF SOCIETY.

BY FRANCES POWER CORBR.

"LA bienséance est la moindre de toutes les lois, et la plus suivie," says La Rochefoucauld; and hundreds of moralists and preachers who differ from him on every other point are found to echo his complaint. The world's laws, they say, are obeyed, while those of religion are disregarded. The transitory fashions of social life receive respectful observance, while the eternal principles of morality are set at defiance. The "mint, anise, and cummin" of courtesy and etiquette are scrupulously paid. The weightier matters of justice and truth are ever in arrears.

It is a true statement undoubtedly. The preacher and the satirist are in accord, and few will challenge their veracity. Probably not many of us, looking into our own hearts sharply, could honestly say that he shrank more from a small act of selfishness or unkindness than from such a dereliction from the proprieties of demeanor, dress, language or manners, as would expose us to the charge of offending against these same *bienséances*. But a perversity of this kind cannot be so general without reason, or at least

* For the history of Persecutions, vide Ruinart, *Acta Sincera*; Tillemont; and Milman, *History of Christianity*. For the Catacombs and Primitive Art (besides the works above cited), Gerbet, *Esquisses de Rome Chrétienne*; Gournerie, *Rome Chrétienne*; Martigny, *Diction. des Antig. Chrétienues*; Didron, *Iconographie*; Guénebaud, *Diction. Iconog.*; Houel, *Voyage Pittoresque des Isles de Sicile*, etc.; Raoul Rochette, *Catacombs de Rome*; Pelliccia, *Christ. Eccles. Politia*; Cantù, *Storia Universale*, Appendix on Archæology.

without excuse. If men constantly prefer a small law which they know to be small, to a great law which they know to be great, it must be because the small law appeals to their feelings or their interests in a way which the high sanctions of the great law fail to do. The nature and cause of the power of the minor moralities generally seems to be a subject worthy of some investigation. We shall endeavor to elucidate it as best we may, and afterwards inquire what substantial ground of reason may be found for some of the special rules which at first sight appear purely arbitrary and conventional, but which not unfrequently are very logical applications of true ethical principles.

The reasons why the *bienséances* have obtained their actual importance are doubtless some of them deplorable enough. In the first place, the rules which concern dress and behavior all appeal more or less to Taste—to the æsthetic element in our nature. Now it asks small knowledge of life to discern that this same Taste is in some occult way allied with Pride more closely than any other faculty. Why it should be so, it is not easy to guess; but the fact of the alliance is indisputable, and constitutes one of the most curious of what we may call the by-laws of our nature. To quote again that seer into the dark places, La Rochefoucauld: "On souffre plus impatiemment la condamnation de nos goûts même que de nos opinions." He might have added, "and even of our conduct." Bad taste, vulgarity, lack of refinement, are things which to the cultivated classes in our stage of civilization are more shameful than heartlessness or intellectual stupidity. The unpardonable sin in the nineteenth century is to have—not a bad heart or a bad head—but a bad taste. To say and do things *de mauvais genre*, to have a bad eye for colors in dress and equipage, a bad ear for the regulation of laughter and pronunciation, a love for coarse food, drinks, perfumes, an indifference to the delicacy of personal habits—these are all things which we not only dislike, but *despise*, and that in a way we hardly despise any vice except meanness. It is a thing nobody is ashamed to confess, that a man who is honest, brave, good, and wise, cannot be admitted to our friendship, because he offends our

taste, because he mispronounces a letter, or uses an awkward trick at the dinner table. Nay, why talk of individual prejudice? What are the professed grounds of that dislike which nearly the whole patrician class in England evinces for America? Is it not the head and front of the offence of the North that Yankee habits and modes of expression offend English taste? What again is the charm by which the High-Church party holds sway over thousands who in the largest charity we can hardly suppose interested in questions of theology? Is it not that good taste of which the body claims to be the peculiar depository?

Laws which more or less remotely concern matters of taste are therefore supported by all the pride which connects itself with our æsthetic sentiments. A man would not feel *repentance* for infringing them, but he would feel *mortification*. His self-love would be hurt, his vanity wounded, and as things are constituted the dread of such mortification is to the majority far worse than the dread of having cause for repentance. The former is a very real and certain penalty; the latter it is extremely doubtful whether they will feel at all. Another curious fact is that the proudest of us accept another's condemnation of our *taste* with somewhat of a sense of rebuke, a certain degree of misdoubting and uneasiness. But a moral condemnation an honest man will rarely take from any. He shrugs his shoulders if his *conduct* be blamed; he winces if his *taste* be pronounced meretricious.

A second reason for the strange preponderance of authority of the minor moralities may be found in the littleness of many of the minds which espouse them. There is indeed in the human soul, healthily developed, an innate tendency towards the grand, the sublime, the noble. A mind which has not been warped and bound down in childhood like a Chinese woman's foot, till all natural growth is stopped by petty thoughts, petty ambitions and worldliness, will spontaneously rise to the call of great ideas, and respond to heroic sentiments as to things naturally akin to the divine spark within. To this true human state, everything *great* bears a certain attraction—a forest, or mountain, or vast cathedral, the ocean, the sky, the rushing

of mighty armies to the battle, the lofty thoughts of prophet and of poet, the sublime conceptions of religion. Nay, even great sorrows and tragic woes are not wholly uncongenial—the desolation of death and the tremendous gloom of the terrors of eternity. But on the other hand there are thousands on whom the cramping process of a worldly education has been effectually performed, and who live ever afterwards “cabin’d, cribb’d, confined” in pitifullest circles of little pleasures and little pains, little vanities, and little mortifications. To such persons a great idea is *per se* unacceptable; nay, almost inadmissible. They shrink from it, or if forced to look at it in the face, turn away again to some trifling gossip or detail of business. They pass along the thoroughfares of mortal life, amply lighted, so far as they desire, by the lamps of the streets and the gas-burners of the shops. Rarely if ever do they look up to behold, above and beyond them, the calm moon sailing through the night, and the solemn stars glittering far off in highest heaven. Duty and religion seem to such persons things too lofty to be invoked as the regulators of the details of daily life. Like the child who is astonished and incredulous when he hears that the great law of gravitation moulds the drops on the window-pane no less than it rolls suns in their courses, many a man thinks of justice as a matter pertaining only to courts of law and decrees of senates, and is startled if some one bid him remember it may possibly be concerned in his attention to his wife’s request or his reply to his son’s arguments. But precisely to those minds for whom Justice and Love are things too big, Politeness and Etiquette are things of the right size. The same man who will rob a reputation will scrupulously return the courtesy of a morning visit. He who will break a woman’s heart by unkindness, will anxiously open the door for her whenever she leaves the room. Pope’s Satire may be applied to the whole tribe alike:

“Virtue they find too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.”

Thirdly, men are lured and goaded by rewards and punishments, and chiefly by those whose effect is immediate. Society rewards obedience to its laws, and

punishes disobedience to them, with a promptness and (in ordinary cases) with a liberality or severity making the matter extremely important to the comfort of the individual. A man who squares all his actions, looks, dress, and language, by the rules of custom and good taste, will receive all the thousand little pleasures society has to bestow. He will float with the stream down the river of life. Another man, who rebels against fashion, is boorish in manner, eccentric in dress, or incorrect in language, will be daily and hourly fretted and *froissé* (to use another inevitable Gallicism) by the silent or outspoken disapproval of everybody around him. He will find the voyage of life a perpetual rowing against the stream, and even good and generous qualities, short of extraordinary gifts of genius or fortune, will hardly enable him to make headway against prejudice. These things being notoriously so, where is he who can profess indifference?

A question which here meets us is this: Why should society trouble itself so much about things like these? Why should men and women, in other things most various, unite with such singular unanimity in running down the unlucky being who chances to wander from the herd? Why should people who are lenient towards offenders against sincerity, sobriety, chastity, be so rancorous against harmless oddities who are merely guilty of habits and ways of life different from those of their neighbors?

The reasons are probably these. First, people feel a little insulted by the defiance of laws of which they themselves have accepted the yoke. Secondly, they have a common prejudice that such infractions of conventional laws are in some occult way very mischievous to the community. Society, in so far as it is a moralist, is thoroughly utilitarian, and punishes, accordingly, not by the scale of guilt, but by the scale of mischief—such mischief as it perceives and holds in account. And this is especially the mischief of disorder, of disturbing the social machine by any eccentricity. The large sweep of vision which enables a true prophet to see that every good and just and noble deed is a benefit, and every evil and base and selfish deed an evil to all and for all for ever, is not in the least

the view which the mole-eyes of Society take of events.

"Stick to your daily rule; the breach of custom
Is breach of all,"

is the cry of the world—however Shakespeare, of all men, ever came to give it utterance. Society commonly thinks itself less hurt by selfishness, however gross—be it only orderly and well-regulated selfishness—than by the "Enthusiasm of Humanity," which acts irregularly. It has laid down its beaten track and built its vehicle on the assumption that oxen are to bear the draught, impelled in their slow and steady course by the constant goad of self-interest. A blood horse, ready to dash forward unimpelled, is a most unwelcome addition to the team. Nine people out of ten think regular selfishness a form of virtue, and irregular self-sacrifice very nearly a vice. Of course, the orderly principle holds good completely when (as in the case of infractions of the laws of good manners) there is no reason to suppose any good motive whatever in the case. The offender disturbs the social routine for nothing, or for his own gratification. Society indignantly chastises him—if not with the sword of justice, at least with the cat-o'-nine-tails of ridicule.

Lastly, there is the true and right reason why the minor moralities, though not placed beside the great laws of duty, should yet receive respectful attention. A vast number of rules which at first sight appear purely arbitrary and conventional, are in reality just and logical applications to the details of ordinary life of the great eternal canons of morality, or of principles readily deducible from those canons. They are valid in ethics precisely in proportion to the importance of the departments of human virtue and happiness to which they apply. If it be really a small corner of existence, a trifling detail of comfort or ease which they concern, they must be accounted small also, and to elevate them to stringent duties is absurd and ridiculous. If the department they regulate involves a large share of the well-being of men and women (like so many supposed little pleasures and pains), then they are more than small moralities—they become real and even important duties.

Take the rules of courtesy for instance. They forbid us to hurt anybody, to disgust anybody; they bid us aid the weak, protect those who need protection, and spread over life the delicious atmosphere of gentleness and suavity. Surely all these are simple deductions from the canon of love to our neighbor, and of the golden rule? Morality lays down the general law, and the common sense and tradition of millions has worked it out into a series of cases applicable to every imaginable detail. We must not "hurt" any one; then we must avoid all those rude speeches and rough movements which might "hurt." We must "disgust" no one; therefore this, that, and the other habit—every habit recognized in the nation or class as "disgusting"—must be forsworn. We must "aid the weak;" therefore a man must help a woman whenever she may need his greater strength. And so on through all such rules of courtesy.

Take self-respect. The *bien-séances* requires us to presume a certain personal dignity, to guard ourselves from insult, to act, speak, move, dress, in a way becoming our age, sex, rank. We offend these laws if we act like a merry-andrew, or lay ourselves open in any way to scorn. What is all this again, but the application, in detail, of the true principle of personal virtue—self-reverence?

Take decency and decorum. Conventional rules require the vices of ill-temper, inebriety, and unchastity to be, if not renounced (for here is the weakness of these rules), yet hidden out of sight. It is an offence to good breeding to parade vice. Too weak to kill the demon, the minor moralities at least banish him, so that where they reign, even among the saddest victims of sin, he can appear only under a cloak. Even association with the vicious is forbidden to those (namely, to women) who come most strictly under the rules of decorum; or the entering of places where there is danger of such association. The conventional rule of decency is here the extravagant interpreter of the true moral principle of purity.

A thousand more cases might be cited—the rules of precedency of rank, the rules of hospitality, the rules of social

intercourse, which may all, without violence, be traced to the general laws of benevolence, applied in each country and class of society, in accordance with local customs and ideas.

All these rules exemplify what is *true* in the conventional laws of society. They all represent real obligations, though some are infinitesimally small and others so largely influential on human happiness as to deserve to be called not so much "minor" moralities as the moralities of domestic and social life. When Bishop South said that nine tenths of Christianity was temper, he might have added that ninety-nine hundredths of morality went to constitute a perfect gentleman.

But the true rules, great and small, which we have reviewed are far from forming the whole code of *les bienséances*. There are conventional laws of society which are not to be deduced from any real moral obligation, and which are therefore *false* rules, against which it behooves us to rebel. These rules attach themselves—not like those of courtesy, or self-respect, or decorum—to the moral principles of benevolence, or self-reverence, or purity, but to the *immoral* principles of worldliness and selfishness.

Of the evils of class exclusiveness we have heard in the last fifty years far more than enough. In the prevalent Darwinian "struggle for existence" (that is, for existence as recognized members of the higher ranks), the miserable efforts of one class to push itself away from that next beneath it, and into that next above it, have been the favorite themes of novelists and satirists unnumbered. Sometimes we have been shown the comedy of the manœuvring mother striving through adverse trade-winds to land herself and her daughters in the "fortunate isles" of aristocratic drawing rooms. Sometimes we have been called on to sympathize with the tragic wrongs of refined and intellectual shopkeepers' daughters on whom country gentleness neglect to leave their cards. Sometimes again, we have beheld (in a novel) the encouraging spectacle of the happy intermarriages of the families of blacksmiths and baronets, and a dozen other modern versions of the tale of King Cophetua. Now the fact

seems to be that, so far from the upper classes in England being justly open to censure for exclusiveness, it may fairly be maintained that in the year of grace 1866 there is a more universal intermixture of classes than has ever existed before. Political elections, money interest, the power acquired by the press, have all served on different sides to break down walls of partition between the educated and influential orders, till the distinctions which remain are no longer the chance distinctions of birth or rank, but the real and ineffaceable distinctions between refinement and coarseness, education and ignorance, the ease and grace of high culture and the stiffness and dulness of imperfect civilization. When it is equally pleasant to converse with a well-read man and an illiterate one, with a man possessing the light easy tone of good society and with one who hammers out heavily his thoughts, with a woman graceful and gentle and suave of manner and with one awkward and stiff and unable to talk of anything beyond gossip and her household concerns—when, we say, it is equally pleasant to converse with these different kinds of people, then, and not till then, the millennium prophesied by the novelists aforesaid will take place, and the nobleman make a bosom friend of his shoemaker, and the gentleman's daughter find felicity in becoming her footman's wife. It is not here, though many would have it so, that the conventional rules of society are false. Every one has a right to avail himself of laws which guard his leisure and privacy from the intrusion of those uncongenial to him. A democracy which should oblige us to spend our days—walk, ride, drive, breakfast, dine, and sup—with people of different education, habits, and manners, would be the most obnoxious despotism the world ever saw.

The false conventional laws of society are those which institute distinctions, not between one rank and another, and not between virtue and vice, or even between one kind of vice and another—but between vice in high places and vice in low; between vice in man and vice in woman; between vice cloaked by some transparent gauze of respectability (seen through by every eye and only adding hypocrisy to shame) and vice whose

cloak has been torn off, and which stands shivering in the blast of infamy. Let a man be very wealthy—a powerful statesman—a brilliant writer. How does society condone his debts and his dishonesties, his drunkenness, gambling, profligacy, domestic cruelties? The same faults would make an ordinary man a social outlaw in a week. Or let a man contrive to throw some appearance of decency over a life of vice. How does the world innocently pretend to believe him a saint, even while every one whispers to his neighbor the scandal which lies under the semblance of honor! The very same vice, not one feather's weight worse, only chancing to be exposed in such manner that the pretence of not knowing it can no longer be kept up, is enough to make society stop its ears with holy horror, and cry "Crucify him," with true pharisaic malignity.

We will not dwell on these ugly themes. Let it suffice that we have indicated where there exist false rules amid the many true ones which form the conventional laws of society. We resume our conclusions thus.

The smaller moralities receive disproportionate obedience partly from their alliance with Taste, and so with Pride—partly from the littleness of many minds which rest in them in preference to more solemn duties—partly from fear of the punishments which infractions of them may bring—and lastly, partly also from the right reason, because many of them constitute true and serious moral obligations.

Those conventional laws are *true* which may be deduced from the great principles of ethics, from benevolence, self-respect, and the like, and of such kind are nearly all the rules of courtesy, dignity, hospitality, etc. To these true laws we owe obedience—an obedience in each case proportioned to the importance of the special rule to human welfare, or (as we may express it) to the extent to which it represents the great principle from which it is deduced.

Those conventional laws, on the other hand, are *false* which are not deduced from such principles, but from evil sentiments of interest, pride, or pseudo-indulgence, seeking itself to be indulged. To these false rules we owe no obedience,

but rather are we morally bound to disobey them, and, in so far as our influence may permit, to expose their meanness and counteract their power.

Could the pharisaic horror of *low* vice and *exposed* vice but be transferred for a year to lofty vice, and vice cloaked in the garb of decorum, more would be achieved for the regeneration of society than by any laws invented by puritan legislators. Let this marvellous rule of which we have been speaking—this law of *bien-séances*, which is more obediently followed than the holiest laws—be so applied as to convey the terrible penalties of the social ban to *all* vice actually recognized in high or low, in the triumphant hypocrite as in the convicted offender: then indeed the "minor moralities" will accomplish for us their proper work, a work which in the rapid progress of moral sentiment we do not despair of finding them ere long perform.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE IN WINTER.

BY W. F. RAE.

PART I.

EVEN those who are oppressed with too much leisure would hesitate to seek variety in change of scene by starting in the month of January for a tour on the Continent. There is a special inducement to go forth in the spring-time, for Nature is then charming in her new robe of fresh and tender green. In summer, to move about from place to place is considered by many to be a social duty, and which they discharge with reluctance. During that second and far more enjoyable summer which is named autumn, there are few who do not regard travelling, either at home or abroad, as a delight. Being forced by circumstances to break through the regular order of life, and travel at a time when innkeepers are unprepared to welcome guests, I had as a compensation the pleasure of beholding several places under an aspect alike novel and curious. These places are visited in summer by the passing tourist, and in winter are the chosen abodes of invalids. They are to be found in our own island and elsewhere;

but in no country are they so numerous and varied in character as in France. Some are situated on the shore of the tideless Mediterranean, some within sound of the surging Atlantic, and others within sight of the snow-clad Pyrenees. The invalid who has wintered in any one of them, is either enraptured or disgusted with it. If his health be improved, the place gets all the credit; if he be feebler, it gets all the blame. Whatever be the result, his impressions are certain to be exaggerated. Hence the contradictory stories told by different persons about the same place. Should the account which I am about to give differ from any other, it will be attributable to the absence in my case of the usual reasons for writing in a strain of excessive eulogy, or unfair carping.

I.

At any season of the year, Paris falls rather short of being a second Paradise. In winter, however, the visitor who has left gloomy London behind him is apt to fancy that the French metropolis is the finest of earthly places of abode. He will often find there, it is true, that fog which the French assert is an exclusively English product: he will sometimes shiver with cold, and be drenched with rain, as at home. On the other hand, he will be able to see the sun at least weekly, and enjoy many of those exquisite days, when the sky is bright and the air buoyant, which in London are as exceptional as Christmas. Journeying southward, by the Paris and Lyons railway, the contrast, between the land he has left and that in which he is, becomes still more marked. At no other time is the south of France more attractive in appearance. In summer, the tourist finds it to be the reverse of what he desires. He is blinded by the glare of the sun, half stifled by the dust-laden air, and disappointed with the view of a soil resembling burnt bricks, and of plants withered for lack of rain. In winter, on the contrary, the sun shines with a brilliancy which is not dazzling, the air is either tempered by the moisture with which it is saturated, or is dry and exhilarating, and the fields are tinted with the delicate green of sprouting herbage.

When half the journey between Paris

and Marseilles is over, two kinds of trees diversify the landscape—the mulberry and the olive. At this season, the former is leafless and the latter heavy with foliage. It is not till Avignon is reached that olive trees are to be seen in large numbers, but even there they are huge shrubs rather than stately trees. Avignon is usually a temporary resting place for the traveller: although the climate is milder here than at home, yet it is too rigorous to be bearable by the delicate in winter. Indeed, this is one of the many places which is visited chiefly on account of its associations. It owes a great deal to Petrarch, and quite as much to the Popes. Had not Petrarch possessed the power of embalming in immortal verse the feelings he entertained for Laura, the very name of Avignon would be unknown in quarters where it is now familiar. Curiosity of another kind attracts people who wish to see the place where the Popes showed, by their lives, how they could combine the parts of successors to Peter the fisherman with that of rivals to Sardanapalus the voluptuary. The castle in which they used to hold their courts is now converted into a barrack. The walls, which were built around the town to protect their independence, are now preserved as historical monuments. Among the populace, the fruit of papal teaching still survives. The inhabitants of Avignon are notable among the natives of France for their bigoted attachment to the Church, and for the cruelty they display when an opportunity offers.

No other French province is so different in reality, from what we should expect it to be, as Provence. As the land of minstrelsy, it might be supposed to be the land of beauty. The majority of those who see it for the first time are affected in the same way as was Victor Hugo when he paid a visit to Lamartine at Saint-Point. The latter wrote a versified invitation to the former. The poetical epistle contained a minute account of the mansion of which Lamartine was the master. Victor Hugo consented: undertook the long journey, and reached the dwelling of his brother poet. He looked about, but in vain, for the "embattled summits," the "bushy ivy," and the "stones tinted by the hand of time," of which he had read. What he saw

was an ordinary house roofed with flat tiles, unmantled with ivy, and painted a dirty yellow. At first, he thought the coachman had blundered. But Lamartine appeared to welcome him, so that there could be no mistake. On asking where was the house which had been so beautifully described in the invitation, Lamartine replied, "You see it before you: I have but rendered it habitable. The bushy ivy made the walls damp and gave me rheumatism, so I had it removed. I had the battlements pulled down, and the house modernized: its gray stones made me feel melancholy. Ruins are nice things to write about, but not to inhabit." Now, Provence is a splendid topic for description. It is a home of the troubadours, and a land literally flowing with milk and honey. Every one is prepared to hear that it is a favored spot when Nature is lovely, and man is not vile. Of the natural richness of Provence there can be no question. But fertility is not always conjoined with beauty. The most prolific wives are seldom the most comely. In one sense, the Chincha Islands are the richest spots in the world, yet who would care to visit them? The name of no place recalls more gloomy associations than that of the Black Forest; however, more picturesque scenery is to be seen in a portion of Baden than in the whole of Provence. On the other hand, Provence is not merely one of the gardens of France, but it also contains more marvels in the shape of the remains of Roman architecture than any other tract in Europe, Italy of course excepted. Moreover, it can boast of having within its limits one of the most ancient and important cities in France.

Marseilles is not only the largest but it is the most prosperous of southern cities. At present it is being transformed. The old streets, wherein the pestilence was always at home, are being swept away, and others, at once more commodious and healthy, are being traced on their ruins. But the bustle of Marseilles is not enough to make a stranger linger there for his gratification. He would as soon think of doing so, as he would think of taking up his abode in Liverpool or Manchester. Not that Marseilles has the drawbacks of those cities, for it is remarkable for the clearness of its

air and its freedom from rain. On the other hand, if devoid of the gloom and rain of the English cities, Marseilles is, at times, rendered almost uninhabitable by the keen blasts of the *mistral*, a wind which is even more unbearable than our terrible east wind. In order to enjoy the bright sunshine of Marseilles, and escape the blasts of this dreaded wind, it is necessary to proceed along the coast towards Italy, and settle in one of the nooks where the sun always shines in winter as in summer, which are sheltered from all cold breezes by mountain ranges, and which are washed by the blue waters of the glittering Mediterranean. These places are very numerous. Only a few, however, have become famous. Among them, Cannes is known by the double title of being the spot where the First Napoleon landed when he left Elba, and the chosen winter residence of the versatile and venerable Lord Brougham.

The original town is small and uninteresting. It occupies the middle of a semicircle, the remaining portions on either side being covered with detached houses, most of which are surrounded with gardens. As many of the houses are quite new, it is evident that Cannes is yearly becoming a more favorite place of resort for invalids. It is distinguished for one thing which, as far as I have seen, is not common on this part of the Mediterranean coast. The beach is formed of sand instead of shingle. Neither here nor elsewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean can the pedestrian enjoy the pleasure of walking, or the horseman of galloping, along hard brown sand when the tide has receded. But, on the other hand, no one who sits here on the sea-shore is wearied with the rasping noise of waves falling in endless succession on loose stones. Instead of this the spectator witnesses the foam of the water melt upon the sand, and hears a murmur which, though monotonous, is not devoid of melody. Here, too, the eye, when looking seaward, does not long but in vain for some object to break the uniformity of the heaving waste of water. The Lerins Islands are out in the bay, and prominent among them is St. Margaret's Isle, where the Man in the Iron Mask underwent a punishment more cruel than even the fertile brain of a

Spanish Inquisitor had ever devised. Between this island and the shore boats are continually passing, and their sails gleaming with increased whiteness, owing to the intense splendor of a sunlight such as in England is never beheld, make a striking contrast with the water, here gleaming with a vivid blue, and there with a bright purple; the whole forming a spectacle of animated beauty which thrills the soul of every beholder, and sometimes makes the weary invalid forget his woes. It may be that Cannes is less warm than other places on this coast, but it has certain charms which none of the others possess. One of the walks near the shore is exceedingly pleasant. Sheltered on each side by walls from the wind, and exposed to the rays of a mid-day sun, the visitor can well forget, while passing along, that the month is January. It is not the sensation of warmth which alone helps to deceive him. What he sees is more likely to produce an illusion than what he feels. For the gardens on either hand are resplendent with shrubs in full flower, and the air is fragrant with rich perfume. Chief among the plants are the much-loved rose trees, covered with flowers in every stage of development, from the half-formed bud, to the flowers whereof the leaves are borne away by every breeze. Certainly he who spends one half of the year in England and the other in Cannes, may form an adequate notion of that endless summer which is usually to be enjoyed in the pages of the poet alone.

An hour's ride by rail brings the visitor to Nice. This place has suffered in the same way as the writer who is hailed by enthusiastic friends as a genius when, in fact, he is but a man of talent. The laudation being proved to have been excessive, the subsequent judgment is apt, however, to be unnecessarily depreciatory. There was a time when Nice was extolled as the finest of all places of abode for Europeans whose lungs could not bear the winter's cold. After a time, it was found that the lives of many were shortened owing to a sojourn at Nice. Accordingly, its climate was at once pronounced to be treacherous, and those who used to send patients thither warned others against the risk of so doing. What may be the true state of the case does not

fall within my province to determine. I think, however, that, as a winter residence, Nice is neither more nor less suitable now than formerly. The mistake that has been made consists in prescribing one place as adapted to all constitutions, on the principle of the quacks who will cure every malady with a pill which is chiefly composed of bread crumb and brick dust.

Seen for the first time, and with the appearance of other places still fresh in the memory, Nice produces an impression of the most pleasing kind. The amphitheatre of mountains in which it is situated; the vastness of the space which it covers; the extent of the bay in which it lies; the expanse of azure water which is bounded only by the horizon, when beheld in the sunshine for which Nice is so famous, combine to arouse in the spectator's mind commingled sentiments of grandeur and loveliness. He may even forget that he is in France. As he walks along he sees palm trees, with their gnarled trunks and delicate foliage, cacti and aloes, which he has never seen flourishing save under a glass roof: in short, the vegetation of the tropics lit up by a tropical sun. A still more beautiful and unaccustomed sight will be witnessed should he proceed up the one side of the river on which Nice is built. During an hour's walk he will perceive in the gardens on one side thousands of orange trees heavy with golden fruit. Of all sights this, to a stranger, is the most curious. The plants of the East growing in the open air do not afford him much pleasure; on the contrary, they seem out of keeping with the scene. Besides, to a European, Eastern vegetation seems rank. An orange tree, however, is not so. Its foliage is as graceful as it is exquisite in tint; its fruit recalls the most pleasing of associations alike to the youth and the man. Even in a hothouse, an orange tree covered with ripe fruit is a beautiful sight; but the beauty is increased beyond conception when hundreds of trees are clustered together in the open air, their branches gently moved by the wind, their leaves and fruit bathed in sunshine. To heighten the effect, it must be borne in mind that this could be seen in those awful days of last winter when London was almost impassable on

account of the snow, when the wind was howling destruction over land and sea, and noble ships freighted with precious lives were being engulfed in the ocean.

Judging from appearances, the invalids would seem to have definitely abandoned Nice. Strangers of every nationality are plentiful enough; but they appear as much bent on enjoyment as the crowds who, in the afternoon, give animation to Hyde Park in London, and the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Indeed, the favorite lounge here, which is called the "Promenade des Anglais," is thronged every day with pleasure seekers, who seem satisfied to find so good an opportunity for exhibiting their dresses and indulging in very small talk. The gentlemen as well as the ladies shade their faces from the sun by means of a white umbrella lined with yellow or blue. At night, the same persons go to the opera, the theatre, or a ball. For Nice has the reputation of being a gay place, and is therefore as fascinating to some as it is shunned by others.

The dark side of the picture is literally the shady side of the street. So long as the visitor or sojourner keeps in the sun, he rejoices in his absence from a Northern home. But let him walk in the shade, and the consequences will cause him to regret that he has quitted the North. The heat is wholly in the sun's rays, not in the air. It is like some of those spring days in London when the cutting east wind is sweeping along the streets, and the sun is shining over head — days from which medical men and apothecaries reap a harvest of which the sexton has a rich gleanings. It is after experiencing the results of this sudden variation of temperature that any one can fully appreciate the truthfulness of the saying that beauty is a fatal gift. If what I refer to, be characteristic of Nice when the weather is said on all hands to be lovely, what must occur when the *mistral* rages, and the strongest dread its violence? I have less difficulty in understanding how this place should have fallen into disrepute as the winter residence for invalids than in furnishing an explanation of the reputation it so long enjoyed. To a vast number it may be said without much exaggeration—"See Nice and die."

II

It is well known that, among the alleged benefits the present Emperor has conferred on France, the annexation of the slopes of the Alps is the most conspicuous. That Chambery and Nice have become French is, at least, a fact easily understood, though not, perhaps, quite so easy to defend. Very different is the condition of Monaco, which has the title of a principality, is supposed to be independent, has never been annexed to France, yet is subject to the regulations of French officials. Recently a treaty of navigation was concluded between France and Monaco. Certain advantages were thereby ceded by the former to the latter, and which other nations had a right to claim. Thereupon it was announced that the treaty was a binding one on the two parties to it only, and the natural inference was that Monaco was sufficiently independent to sign treaties, but not to give them a real sanction. Indeed, this tiny principality seems to resemble the lady to whom Sheridan said, as an excuse for not taking her out for a walk, that the weather was fine enough for one, but not for two.

Among principalities, Monaco is what Tom Thumb is among men. It is curious because of its smallness; it deserves a visit, however, because of its beauty. A few houses, perched on the top of a lofty rock jutting into the sea, constitute at once the principality and its capital. The population is rated as high as fourteen, and as low as six hundred persons. The army used to number fifty men: it is now understood to number eight privates, and as many or more officers. There is a great difficulty in getting correct information on this head; but it would not materially affect the balance of power in Europe, did the army of Monaco consist of double the highest number of men I have stated. The artillery is disproportionately in excess of the other branches of the service. For every man there is at least one cannon; unfortunately, however, all the cannon are dismounted, and the whole force of the army would barely suffice to get one into position. Of rusty cannon balls and empty shells there are several piles in the principal square.

No one who walks through the streets

or round the ramparts of this little town can think long about war and its horrors. Nature is here too lovely to permit the mind doing other than admire. Several hundred feet down, the Mediterranean ripples against the rock; and so clear is the water that it resembles a liquid glass, revealing rather than hiding the bed it covers. The harbor is a natural one. On the side opposite to that whereon stands the town are a few detached houses, and a large building which the spectator at first supposes to be one of the prince's palaces. On inquiry he learns that it belongs to the real, though not the titular, prince of Monaco; to him whom Hamburg has to thank for the half of its renown, and the whole of its infamy. The gaming house (for such is the imposing edifice) is now the chief attraction here. Formerly, gaming used to be carried on in the town, but, on the lease of the rooms being granted to M. Blanc, he removed the tables to where they now stand, expending in the erection of a gaming house, a hotel, and several villas, upwards of forty thousand pounds. For having done this, no rational man will thank him; yet he deserves credit for having caused the formation of the finest winter garden I ever saw, and perhaps the finest in Europe. On a terrace facing the sea, the visitor may spend his winter days in the open air, with the bright sun overhead, the Mediterranean on one side, and the choicest flowers on the other. Were not dates too stubborn things, I might maintain that Tennyson had visited this garden before he composed the "Lotos Eaters." The beauteous visions which he conjured up from a few lines in Homer, may be here found to accord with the reality. After all, however, the poet's Elysium is the one which alone can be fully enjoyed, without bitter reflections. The end does not justify the means here employed. That many should be allured to their ruin, all the artificial charms of the spot have been created. By the people of Monaco, M. Blanc is regarded as a benefactor. They are as fully justified in so thinking as are the priests who laud the piety of the pirate or of the brigand who saves his conscience by sacrificing a portion of his booty to the Virgin.

As regards climate, Monaco is more

favoured than Nice. At the latter orange trees grow: at the former lemon trees flourish and bear good fruit. The lemon is more delicate than the orange tree, but it is less beautiful. A grove of lemon is to a grove of orange trees what a group of pale-faced children, born and nursed in a city, is to a group of rosy-cheeked and robust country children. There is not a sufficient contrast between the light hue of the fruit and the green tints of the leaves; moreover, the leaves of the lemon tree are devoid of that exquisite tinge of yellow and green which is so lovely when lit up by a strong light. Sheltered from biting winds, gay with flowers, placed on an eminence which commands an extensive prospect, it might be supposed that Monaco was a fairy-land. But it is a place which it is pleasanter to read about than to inhabit. Like those Oriental lands which would be terrestrial paradises were it not for the ravening monsters which fill the waters, the poisonous serpents which cover the ground, the seeds of dire maladies which float in the air, Monaco has a drawback, quite as serious as the cold and fog and rain which render an English winter almost unendurable. The curse of Monaco is moisture. Were it not for the humidity of its atmosphere, the flowers and plants which flourish there would neither germinate nor wear a summer garb in the month of January. As it is, there is as much dew deposited by night as if a shower of rain had fallen. Small pools of water may be seen in the hollows of stones. The soil is moistened to the depth of an inch or two. In the morning the spot on which the sun had shone is easily known by the difference between its color and that of the portion still in the shade. While, then, nothing can be pleasanter than the soft air at mid-day, the damp air at nightfall is of all things the most unpleasant and prejudicial to health. That such a climate should be other than insalubrious I cannot believe.

About five miles along the coast, going towards Italy, is a place to which as yet few resort who are not suffering from one of the maladies which attack the chest. Now, before visiting Mentone, I had heard a great deal in its praise, and had been assured that no place on this coast could vie with its beauty of situa-

tion and balminess of climate. I had not then read the able work in which Dr. Henry Bennet sets forth its advantages; but I had casually seen the volume, and looked at the beautiful chromo-lithograph which forms its frontispiece. Although the view of Mentone there given is very faithful, yet it produces a false impression, for the point from which it is taken is the opposite from that whereon the traveller coming through France first gets a glimpse of the town. To this must be attributed the disappointment which I felt. The place seemed inferior to the picture. It was some time before I could acknowledge that those who had spoken with rapture of Mentone were fully justified in their enthusiasm.

The old town is built on a promontory between two bays. On each of those bays are erected the houses and hotels in which the health-seekers reside. Behind the town is a range of mountains, which shelter it from the cold winds so completely, that it is warm there when the blast is blowing which raises the waves a few miles out at sea, and makes the sailor shiver with cold as well as quake with fear. The eastern bay is the more sheltered of the two; indeed, it is a sort of natural hothouse. From all winds, excepting the south, southeast, and southwest, Mentone is entirely protected. On the other hand, it is exposed to every ray of a sun which burns like a globe of fire in the heavens for a portion of nearly every day in winter. Here, as elsewhere in the south, the air is cooler in the shade than it is where the atmosphere is less pure, and the sun's warmth less directly transmitted. Here are to be seen olive trees of a size which, when contrasted with that of the bushes of Avignon, may be called gigantic. At the western entrance to the town are some of the beautiful stone pines, which are conspicuous in an Italian landscape, but which do not flourish in other parts of France. Groves of orange and lemon trees are found here as a matter of course, yet, if they are recognized as natural objects in such a spot, they give as much pleasure as when witnessed for the first time.

As I wish to give the result of personal experience, I must state one thing which is at variance with what Dr. Bennet tells his readers. He mentions, as

one of the charms of the climate, that, notwithstanding the warmth and sunshine of the days, there is an all but complete immunity from all venomous insects, gnats, or mosquitoes during the winter, after the first cold nights in December. This is, no doubt, owing to the general coolness of the night temperature. Previous to that time, in the autumn, the mosquitoes are very troublesome. Now, I have not seen more mosquitoes in a room at Verona during the month of October than I did in my room at Mentone during the last week in January. Moreover, not expecting to be so annoyed, I was surprised when the landlord of the hotel, in reply to my objection about its northern exposure, assured me that, as a compensation for the greater cold during the night, I should suffer less from mosquitoes. Within a very short space of time I killed six. Of course, the one escaped which gives all the annoyance, and does all the mischief. Consequently, when I afterwards read, in the seventy-sixth page of Dr. Bennet's *Winter in the South of France*, that Mentone enjoys an "all but complete immunity from all venomous insects, gnats, and mosquitoes during the winter, after the first cold nights in December," I thought that the state of things prior to December must be very unsatisfactory alike to the delicate and the strong. Even in this matter I should not cite my own limited experience as a conclusive answer to the statements of Dr. Bennet, based on an experience of six winters. The passing traveller is often unfortunate in meeting with exceptions, which he takes as the rule. Without generalizing so rashly as he who, alighting for the night at a country inn, and remarking that the landlady's hair was red, set down in his notebook that all the women of the district had red hair, I may infer that mosquitoes are among the drawbacks to life at Mentone.

A more serious drawback to this and other places in the south of France, is the occasional bad weather. At times, there are falls of snow and days of frost which kill thousands of delicate plants, and ruin those to whom the produce was their sole means of subsistence. These visitations are the more disastrous, because they are so unfrequent. The pro-

prietor of a lemon grove, who for twenty years has looked to his annual crop as an Englishman does to his dividend from the Three per Cents., is wholly unprepared for the entire destruction of his capital by frost. Unless this possibility be kept in mind, an erroneous notion will be entertained of the several places of winter resort in the south of France. As Dr. Bennet very justly says, the ordinary statements in guide books are gross delusions. Neither perpetual spring nor eternal summer can be counted upon with certainty at Cannes, Nice, or Mentone. "Wind, rain, a chilly atmosphere, and occasional cold weather, with snow on the mountains and flakes of ice in exposed situations, have to be encountered." These are the dark shades in the picture. But without the shade the colors would seem less bright. What makes the climate of the places referred to the more enjoyable is not only the contrast between it and wintry weather at home, but also the knowledge that the clear sky may at any moment be darkened, and the darts of winter piercing even to the marrow. While it lasts, the fine weather of which I have spoken is a greater luxury to the English visitor than any other enjoyment which his wealth can command.

If this be true of the man in comparatively robust health, what must be the effect on the unhappy invalid whom consumption has marked out for a prey? Even were the beams of a southern sun incapable of doing more than restoring a temporary animation to the languid frame, the English invalid would do well to exchange the gloom of his native land for the brightness and variety of the south of France in winter. I can thoroughly understand, then, the confidence with which some invalids look forward to regaining lost health on the shores of the Mediterranean.

All the Year Round.

THE BATTLE OF REICHENBERG.

Nor much more than a hundred years ago, Prussia and Austria were engaged in a deadly war, as they were but recently. The causes of that war were very similar to those of the struggle

which has cast such a stain of blood over the records of last summer; and some of the minor episodes exhibit curious coincidences. On the one hand, we find Prussia, strong in its compactness and nationality, pursuing a course of ambition and aggrandizement; on the other hand, we see Austria, jealous of and alarmed at the expanding power of her rival, vainly opposing to her advance the mere material strength of a great military organization which had not the still mightier force of an united people at its back. The Third Silesian or Seven Years' War, commencing in 1756 and ending in 1763, was the inevitable result of a state of things which had been developing itself ever since Prussia became a kingdom and a Power of magnitude and importance, at the commencement of the century. Frederick the Great had himself already engaged in two successful wars with Austria, and had wrested Silesia from the House of Hapsburg. Bad blood existed between the two leading German Powers, and the peace from 1746 to 1756 was little better than an armed truce. Austria, chafing under her defeats, watched for any opportunity which might present itself for recovering her lost territory and retrieving her damaged honor; Prussia also prepared herself for emergencies, augmented her resources, and disciplined her armies. The old empire and the new kingdom thus stood jealously fronting each other for a considerable time, until Prussia, with her greater energy, took the initiative, as she did a few months ago. Frederick the Great, though he had been actively getting ready for war himself, chose to fasten a quarrel on Austria on the score of *her* armaments. He demanded explanations; and, getting none that he considered satisfactory, bore down at once on Saxony (which was in alliance with the empire), and struck blow upon blow, much as his successor has just done under the guidance of Bismarck. This was in 1756, and in the following year he advanced from Saxony into Bohemia, which then, as now, was the scene of desperate fighting. There was much talk then of Federal Execution against Prussia, as there was in May and June of last year; but the Federal armies of 1757, like those of 1866, very speed-

ily evaporated into space. The same energy which we have so recently seen with something of admiration and more of astonishment, was exhibited, a hundred and odd years ago, by Frederick and his generals; and Austria, though she subsequently recovered herself, was for a while paralyzed by the audacity of her enemy's proceedings. The battle to which in this paper we desire to call the reader's attention, was the first fought on entering Bohemia, though it was not the last nor the most important. Towards the end of April, the Prussians poured into that part of the Austrian dominions in three columns: one under the command of Frederick himself, another under that of the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern, and the third headed by Marshal Schwerin. It was the second of these columns which first crossed swords with the Imperial troops; and the affair took place near the little town of Reichenberg, on the 21st of April, 1757.

Bohemia is completely girdled by a chain of mountains, often very wild and desolate, and in many parts covered with thick forests. The country would seem to be well protected against invasion, and in the late struggle it was made a charge against Field-Marshal Benedek that he did not defend the passes of the hilly barrier, instead of waiting for his enemy in the comparatively open ground. The Austrians committed exactly the same mistake in 1757. They seem to have disbelieved in the advance of Frederick. Accordingly, his three divisions were speedily across the frontier in three separate places, and Bohemia was in his possession. The column commanded by the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern, consisting of eighteen thousand foot and five thousand horse, started on the 20th of April from near Zittau, a little place in Saxony on the borders of Bohemia, and on the evening of that day came upon the Austrians posted in a woody hollow not far from Reichenberg. The town so named is prettily situated among hills and trees on the banks of the river Neisse, at the foot of the Riesengebirge, as that part of the Bohemian mountain chain is called which lies to the north-east of the kingdom. At no great distance, to the southeast of Reichenberg, lie

Josephstadt, Königgrätz, and Sadowa—henceforward to be memorable in history as the scenes of that sanguinary battle of July 3d, 1866, the echoes of which are yet sounding in our ears. At the present day, Reichenberg is a flourishing town, with a population of about fifteen thousand, with four great manufactories of woollen cloth, and with divers other factories, altogether producing goods to the annual value of half a million sterling. The town is the chief seat of all the woollen, linen, and cotton manufactures of that part of Bohemia, and even in the last century was a place of importance. Twenty thousand pieces of cloth are said to have been made there in one year, in days before steam power was known; so that when the opposing armies drew up in order of battle near the mills and warehouses of these peaceful burghers, they had some things of value to tremble for, over and above their lives, and those of their women and children. The battle, however, took place on the other side of the Neisse, and therefore did not touch the town. The country all round is truly pastoral and picturesque. The spurs of the Riesengebirge (the Giant Mountains) here dwindle down into undulating hills and valleys—soft waves and folds of turfy ground, dotted with single trees, with clumps of wood, and here and there with little groves, darkening to shadowy green the lighter verdure of the fields. Such is the country as we see it represented in an old print of the battle published at the time. A pleasant rural country, not unlike the wilder parts of England; with leafy lanes climbing the hill-sides, and a bright placid river winding through the landscape—a bridge in the far distance. Near at hand are the scattered houses of the suburbs of Reichenberg, and a corner of the walled town itself, with sloping roofs, watch-towers, and pinnaced church. This nameless artist of a century ago has contrived to make quite a charming picture out of his battle-piece; one might look at it apart from its historical interest, and forget the smoke of mortal conflict in the comfortable serenity of nature. Strange to say, the artist has given all the firing to the Prussians.

The Austrian general, Count Königseck, having determined to offer the in-

vader battle, posted himself, at the head of twenty thousand men, in a position which, according to military critics, was one of the best an army could occupy. At his back, he had a line of woody hills; to his right, the river Neisse; to his left, a hollow which could be readily defended. In this hollow he stationed the greater part of his army, planted batteries, and felled trees. At half-past six on the morning of the 21st of April, the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern crossed a marshy brook on which he had encamped the previous night, assaulted the left wing of Königseck, which, as we have seen, was strongly posted in a hollow with artificial defences, and soon reduced the Austrians to extremities. The Prussian dragoons and grenadiers cleared the intrenchments and wood, and entirely routed the Austrian cavalry. At the same time, the redoubts covering Reichenberg, on the left flank of the Prussians, were captured by General Lestewitz, and, after a brief but furious hand-to-hand combat, the Austrians were driven back. Königseck, however, would not readily confess himself beaten, but made two attempts to rally, both of which ended in discomfiture. Finally, he was obliged to make a precipitous retreat, leaving on the field about a thousand dead and wounded, and in the enemy's hands some five hundred prisoners, together with guns and standards. At the close of the action (which terminated at eleven A.M.), the Prussians had seven officers and one hundred men killed, fourteen officers and a hundred and fifty men wounded. The far greater loss of the Austrians is extraordinary, considering that their infantry fought behind intrenchments, all of which the Prussians had to carry. There was no needle-gun in those days to account for the discrepancy, and one can only explain it on the supposition that the greater impetus of the Prussians carried them unscathed through dangers before which the more stolid Austrians fell. Königseck, moreover, seems to have been disheartened by the non-arrival of a detachment under General Macguire, an Irish subordinate of his. On the other hand, the Prussian commander was obliged to detach eight thousand of his army to watch Macguire, and keep him off; which they did so ef-

fectually that the Irishman has been made the subject of much satirical comment, reflecting on his ability, or his courage, or both. Whatever the cause, however, the Austrians were as completely beaten as they were again and again in the late war, and the Prince of Bevern was enabled to effect a junction with the third column of the invading army under Marshal Schwerin, who rapidly made himself master of the circle of Buntzlau, and joined the forces under Frederick. The battle of Reichenberg, though not a great fight in itself, was thus instrumental in preparing the way for Frederick's brilliant triumph at Prague, on the 6th of May.

Comparing the battle of Reichenberg with the recent battles fought on nearly the same ground and between the same Powers, we find some points of similarity which are worth noting. The Prussians of to-day have exhibited the same vigorous initiative as that by which their forefathers achieved so many successes under the leadership of the Great Frederick and his lieutenants. The Austrians of to-day are as were the Austrians of 1757—courageous, devoted, not deficient in good generalship according to the set rules of war, yet constantly liable to be scattered by the superior dash and animation of their Northern foes. In the eighteenth century, as in the nineteenth, the Austrian cavalry was among the best in the world; but it appears to have done nothing of importance at Reichenberg, while at Sadowa it was hardly employed at all, though ready to hand. Dr. Russell, in his picturesque and vivid account of the latter engagement, furnished by him to the *Times* newspaper as its special correspondent, says that even at the last the day would probably have been saved to the Austrians had they brought their cavalry into action; but, as we have seen, the cavalry of 1757 was rolled up and dissipated by the fury of the Prussian charge, and so might that of 1866 have been. It should be observed that the ground on which both battles were fought (to compare great things with small) was very similar in character. The chief features of the country round Sadowa are, according to Dr. Russell, "undulating plains fretted with wooded knolls (generally sites of villages), vast

corn-fields studded with substantial farm-houses and hamlets, and watered by inconsiderable rivulets, by the side of which now and then rises a tall factory or mill chimney. It is not so much wooded in the immediate proximity of the fortified city as it is to the west; but there are trees around every village and every farmhouse, and the roadside, and even paths across the corn-fields, are lined with them." At Sadowa, as at Reichenberg, the Austrians cut down trees to defend their position; but they made no other intrenchments—an omission which Dr. Russell is inclined to blame.

Of dissimilarities, over and above the different magnitude of the battles, there are of course many. The modern development of artillery, and the greater range and power of the needle-gun, have revolutionized the art of war; and we now probably kill ten men where formerly we killed but one—sad triumph of a civilization which has not yet learned how to supplant organized murder by reasonable discussion. One difference, however, between the Seven Years' War and that of the last summer, may or may not in the end prove to the greater credit of our era. The former struggle left the European system at its close exactly what it had found it at the commencement; the modern war may lead to changes of which it is impossible as yet to foretell the limits, or estimate the worth

of the attention; and the almost equally sad and far more humiliating results of Captain Cameron's consulship—have invested the story of British intercourse with Abyssinia with a romantic interest, extremely rare in the annals of our diplomatic service. The story of the past and the present in the remote country, allied to us by a common tie of Christianity, however debased its form, and inconsistent its practices—the most fertile of all the known provinces of the mysterious African continent, peopled by a race more marked by contradictory traits of character and anomalies of custom than any other in the world; a race, holding its own in the midst of savage tribes, which cut it off on the land sides, and barred by the hostile power of Islam from the sea: such a story has interest of no ordinary kind, and is told in the curt, formal pages of the *Further Correspondence* for which the House of Commons called last August.

Mr. Palgrave's revelations of the model government, by a sovereign of quite ideal virtue and wisdom, of a splendid, prosperous, and enlightened community, in a portion of Arabia popularly believed hitherto to be a trackless desert, will have hardly taken the world more by surprise than Mr. Plowden's dispatch to Lord Clarendon respecting the accession of King Theodore to sovereign power in Abyssinia; and the ambitious projects of that prince—a true hero of the Carlylian stamp—for the reconstruction of the Ethiopian empire, and the consolidation of the Ethiopian races. All this so long before Sadowa too, and when the nationalities on this side of the world were by no means having it all their own way. Few stranger documents can, by any possibility, be lying hid amid the archives of the Foreign Office than this dispatch, which ought to be added as an appendix to all modern geographies, and included in the school courses of instruction, which, it is strongly to be suspected, mostly stop short at Bruce, in the article of Abyssinia.

The geographical position of Christian Abyssinia, its political institutions, its religious condition, are fully described in a singularly able paper, inclosed in Mr. Plowden's dispatch of the 20th June, 1852. The first of these is simple and

Chambers's Journal.

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA.

CERTAIN correspondence, recently presented to the House of Commons, by command of her Majesty, respecting the British captives in Abyssinia, over whose liberation we rejoiced prematurely, and whose position is still a subject of grave uneasiness, sets before the European world an extraordinary picture. The disastrous story of Mr. Plowden's sojourn in Abyssinia, the violent death which terminated it, in the moment most full of the promise of success; the tremendous revenge taken by King Theodore, who executed fifteen hundred men to avenge the murder, and propitiate the English Government, who showed itself duly sensible

easily defined. The northern boundaries do not reach within a hundred miles of the Red Sea at any point; and the interval is occupied by various savage tribes, all Mohammedan, all, except the Gallas, totally without government, living by their flocks and camels, and engaged in incessant feuds. The only good harbor in the Red Sea is Massowah; and the Turks own the island, and claim the coast for sixty miles inland. So much for the north. The western boundary is the pashalic of Sennaar. To the southwest, vast forests frequented by wild beasts, or hot plains inhabited by negro races, exclude Abyssinia from the navigable part of the Blue Nile, whose impetuous torrent, on the other hand, protects the country from the daring and dauntless Gallas, a fine race, whose men are brave and honest, and whose women are beautiful. On the east and southeast, are various tribes of fierce and fanatic Mohammedans, who are themselves barred from the sea by the savage Adaiel, by whose hordes, led by the famous chief, Mohammed Grayne, Abyssinia was nearly destroyed, when Portugal interposed, and saved it by the introduction of firearms. Stretching all along the eastern boundary, again, to join the north, are other savage tribes, once Abyssinian, and still speaking the ancient Ethiopic tongue, but all lawless and inimical. The country which lies within this pleasant border is a range of vast table-lands and fantastic mountains, varying from four thousand to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Deep valleys, the beds of the larger rivers, intersect this, but however circuitous their course, all these streams finally join the Blue Nile. They are nowhere navigable, and only a few mountain torrents, swollen by the rain, find their way to the Red Sea. The valleys teem with the richest produce; and the soil is capable of growing everything which will grow anywhere; but there is little cultivation in proportion to the extent of territory. The scenery is varied and beautiful, and the country combines mineral resources, a delightful climate, tropical luxuriance, and such salubrity that no waste of European life need be apprehended from frequenting it. Such is the general result of Mr. Plowden's statement in 1852, but he concludes in these

words: "While nature has done so much, human energy or skill has done nothing. The utter want of roads and bridges—the stagnant or lawless nature of the social system—the obstinate attachment to ancient customs—the multitude of rulers, indifferent to everything but their personal enjoyment—the constant wars, and consequent insecurity of life and property, are fast ruining a country of whose beauty and fertility its inhabitants may with some reason boast."

The political condition of the country at this date bore resemblance, in some particulars, to that of feudal Europe, without the latent element of progress, and with the disadvantage of decadence from a former standard. Preserved from a complete lapse into barbarism by the existence of a written Law, the execution of its decrees was almost abrogated, the will of the chiefs being in reality supreme. The chiefs, each holding the rank of "Dejajmateh"—a title somewhat analogous to that of duke—nominally subject to the Ras, or prime minister to the emperor, were like the turbulent vassals of Louis XI., the barons of King John, and those semi-fabulous daimios, of whom we occasionally hear, in connection with a few murders and a bombardment or so. Turbulence among rulers and people then prevailed, constant strife for power, but without extraordinary bloodshed or much cruelty, and marked by a certain classical kind of military grandeur. The war councils and camp feasts have a flavor of the *Iliad* about them. Soldiering was and is in high repute; and as each man knows that personal prowess may lead him to the height of power, the soldiers are high-spirited, independent, and full of *esprit de corps*. They have neither knapsacks nor bâtons, but they have the equivalent of both, and a proverb to match the Gallic boast. Corruption, confusion, adherence to tradition, sluggishness, and pride, more than oriental, but less than the average misery, suffering, and oppression of oriental countries, marked the social system of Abyssinia when the first attempt at making a treaty on the part of Great Britain with the Ras was made; and altogether the description reads like a medley of all the histories of feudal times, and all the

books of eastern travel ever written in modern days. The hardest thing to realize is, that the country is nominally Christian, and that, when King Theodore pathetically invites Queen Victoria to consider how Islam oppresses the Christians, he is lamenting his own misfortunes. Morals there are none among the Abyssinians. Every sensual pleasure is indulged without scruple and without shame. The interests or convenience of the moment are the only rule of conduct; want of tact and ill-temper are the only crimes in their code. They are decidedly a happy people, and of a kindly nature, knowing and caring nothing for the world outside Abyssinia. In Plowden's time, they hardly knew that any other nation existed, and were persuaded that the lands beyond the sea were but a succession of barren deserts. When Europeans came among them, they would ask the strangers whether corn grew in their country, or if there were any women there; and, on the whole, betrayed a singular indifference to the prospects of trade and the increase of wealth held out to them by the enlightenment of their minds on the subject of foreign nations. Of course it is always surprising and unpleasant for Great Britain to learn that she is not wanted or wished for; but it cannot be denied that the Abyssinians and the Japanese were of one mind as to not ardently desiring the blessings of English civilization.

The people of Abyssinia possess in their own land all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life in profusion; they have great freedom of speech and action, and they are constitutionally and systematically gay. They meet misfortune and death with perfect fortitude; they are not violent or emotional; when it suits their interests or convenience to commit what we should consider very serious crimes, they go and do it, and tell all the particulars with good-humored laughter. It is difficult to our minds to realize all the influences and results of a social system in which neither crime, detection, nor punishment is recognized as disgraceful, in which, in fact, there is no such thing as disgrace, and consequently no susceptibility, sensitiveness, or shame; but, if we could succeed in realizing these influences and results, we

should understand the people over whom King Theodore assumed his sway, and the wonderful work he is doing. They are sensible, witty, superstitious, dirty, proud, litigious, intensely obstinate, and singularly averse to new ideas. The Jewish origin of many of their institutions is unmistakable, and several of their characteristics are strongly Jewish. They have a written language, but they never use it; all affairs are transacted verbally; in the rare case of a letter being written, it is neither signed, sealed, nor dated. Marriage is a civil contract, dissolved at pleasure, and no distinction is made, in station or provision, between legitimate and illegitimate children. The ties of relationship are strong, from interested motives, as a barrier to the exactions of rapacious governors, and the violence of the soldiery. They do not carry their sentiments to the practical point of sharing their means; on the contrary, incessant lawsuits are carried on between relatives, for land and property; and they will muster in thousands to bewail and avenge the death of one whom they would cheerfully have permitted to starve.

Their religion is as anomalous as everything else about them; it is difficult to make out whether they believe anything, but their observances partake of the absurdities of Islamism, the severities of Judaism, and the lowest superstitions interpolated into debased Christianity. Their priests are extremely despotic, and have met all attempts to introduce the Roman Catholic creed with admirably organized massacres, by which the Jesuits have been the chief sufferers. As a nation, they never had any element of progress within themselves, and they never appear to have desired any. Egyptian and Assyrian monarchs spent their lives in erecting huge monuments to their own memory, and the greatest marvels of Indian architecture were reared with a similar purpose. But the Abyssinian kings, practical philosophers in their way, sought only for the daily splendor and enjoyment within their reach, and were perfectly satisfied to be forgotten after their death. No purely national antiquities exist; there is absolutely no record of the history of two thousand years. Coinage and architecture in solid stone have never been attempted, though

the Ptolemies set them the example of both, as shown by the remains of Axum, and the gold and copper coins found in these ruins to this day. The Portuguese introduced the art of brick-burning, and built towers and bridges of excellent workmanship; but in 1852, no person in Abyssinia could make mortar. The mercantile portion of the community are not numerous, and are regarded by the agricultural classes and the military with much contempt. White cotton cloth is the sole material used by the people for their dress, and every other kind of costume is eyed with dislike and ridicule. Every kind of merchandise is transported on horses, mules, or donkeys, and the caravans travel with exasperating slowness. Mr. Plowden states, that they frequently consume a whole year between Enarea and Massowah, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles. To be sure, there are no roads, no bridges, abundance of robbers, and each tribe to be encountered on the way has its own peculiarly embarrassing institutions, and offers some especial bar to the progress of the journey.

In 1854, the condition of Abyssinia was thus summed up: "The wasteful government of a military oligarchy, the incessant struggles for mastery, and uncertain tenure of all power, the careless sensuality of the chiefs, the wretched administration of the law, the utter decay of learning, and the corruption of the priesthood, have ruined a nation that has suffered little from national convulsions or foreign conquest. Individuals are found who feel that the nationality is lost, that internal feuds are fast dissolving them into petty tribes as savage as their neighbors, and that their chiefs, still claiming the high-sounding title of kings, are no better than powerful robbers. But it is to be feared that this decay cannot be checked by any efforts of their own, and that the boast of the Mohammedan, who points at the few remaining Christian provinces for his, will be verified." When this was written, four competitors were struggling for power, of whom one was Ras Ali, with whom the first negotiations for a treaty had been commenced by the English Government, and the other three, all remarkable men, though we have only one to deal

with, bore the title of Dejjaj. This one man was named Kasai, was married to the daughter of the Ras, and is described by Mr. Plowden in glowing terms. Of him, he says that he is subtle and vigorous, daring to a fault, and disposed to innovation. He had then abolished in his army the practice of mutilating dead bodies; taught his soldiers some discipline, made war without camp followers, and encouraged foreigners. Though proud, his manner was all humility; he was severe, liberal, and usually just, though he would sometimes break out into unaccountable acts of violence, indicating an unsettled temperament. Mr. Plowden closed his speculations upon the contest between the chiefs as follows: "Upon the whole, Dejjaj Kasai would be the most desirable." Now, this Dejjaj Kasai is King Theodorus of Abyssinia.

The story of his elevation to a rank to which he always believed himself destined, is the most brilliant and the most romantic conceivable. In this confidence in his destiny, and in the prudence with which he concealed his designs until they were ripe for execution, there is a similarity between him and his brother of France; and the results of his reign will be no less remarkable in their sphere and degree than those of the rule of Napoleon III.

The first step taken by Dejjaj Kasai was the denial of the authority of the Queen, mother of Ras Ali, under whom he governed the provinces near Sennaar. He defeated all the troops she sent against him; but when the Ras sent an immense force, after much treating and manoeuvring, he surrendered, and the Ras, not wishing to injure him, accepted his submission, and restored all his former honors. After a while, Kasai again threw off the mask, and fought desperately, against the immensely superior force of the Ras, whom he utterly routed. Some time was consumed in collecting fresh soldiers and materials, and then Kasai beat the two contending "Dejjaj," and all their strongholds surrendered to him. The fruits of the last victory were large treasures, accumulated for three generations, the submission or imprisonment of almost all the chiefs in Abyssinia, and the coronation of Kasai, under the title of Theodorus, King of Kings of Ethiopia.

Before the murder of Mr. Plowden shut us out from knowledge of the progress of events in Abyssinia, and during the halcyon period when it seemed likely that England would make a good thing in money of his friendship, many interesting particulars were furnished respecting King Theodore. The triumph of his cause was marked by clemency and generosity, and he applied himself, within a week of his coronation, to the succor of the outlying districts of his kingdom, where the Mohammedans were, as usual, persecuting the Christians. At one of those outlying places, Mr. Plowden came up with the new king, whose army consisted of sixty thousand men. He described King Theodore as a young man, vigorous in all bodily exercises, of a striking countenance, peculiarly polite, gentle, and engaging in manner, and possessed of great tact and delicacy. His bodily and mental energy are untiring, his personal and moral daring are boundless; and he proved them amply from the first by the unrelaxed severity with which he treated his soldiery, even when mutinous, and in the face of the foe; by pressing forward extensive reforms, in a country unused to any yoke, even while engaged in unceasing hostilities; and also by his suppression of the power of the great feudal chiefs, when a man less confident in himself, his destiny, and his power, would have sought to conciliate and make use of them. He is terrible in anger, but has great self-command. He is indefatigable in business, his language and ideas are clear and precise, and he manages all his affairs himself; he has neither councillors nor go-betweens. He is fond of splendor, and receives in state, even on a campaign. He is unsparing in punishment, accessible to all, gravely courteous to the meanest, strictly moral in his domestic life, excessively generous, free from cupidity, element towards the vanquished, to whom he always offers his friendship. Surely a kingly king, is this destined ruler of the Ethiops.

The fatalism of King Theodore is a curious trait in his strange character. His pride in his royal and divine right is excessive, and his fanatical religious zeal violent. His faith is of the strongest. Without Christ he declares himself to be nothing; with His aid, he believes that

nothing can stay him; and he carries this belief to the point of indifference to external human aid or foreign alliance. If England, or France, or Russia, any, or all, would drive away Islam for him, he would no doubt be well pleased; but as they will not, he resolves to keep "hammering away," undaunted and undiscouraged, on his own account.

Such of the earlier proceedings of his reign as are known to us are admirable. He suppressed the slave trade in all its phases, only permitting slaves already purchased to be sold to such Christians as should buy them for charity, and set the example in his own case by paying the Mussulman dealers what prices they pleased to ask for any slaves brought to him. Then he immediately baptized his new purchases. He abolished the barbarous practice of handing over murderers to the relatives of their victims, and had them solemnly put to death by his own executioners instead. He directed his attention largely to military discipline, drilling the soldiers himself, and repressing plunder by instituting a regular system of payment for his troops. He began to encourage commerce by abolishing vexatious exactions, and decreeing that duties should be levied at only three places in his dominions. One of his first declarations was, that in time he would disarm the people, and create a regular standing army, armed with muskets only, and that he would convert swords and lances into ploughshares and reaping-hooks, and cause a plough-ox to be sold dearer than the noblest war-horse. A wonderful sample of the administrative ability of this extraordinary man is afforded by the system which has created generals in place of feudal chieftains, and organized a new nobility, a legion of honor dependent on the king, and chosen for their daring and fidelity.

This is but a brief and faint sketch of the great man who has appeared in the little known kingdom of Abyssinia, to rescue the country from a rapid relapse into hideous barbarism, and to secure for himself a niche in the temple of Fame. A totally uneducated man, so ignorant as hardly to be aware that Europe existed, until Europeans came to treat with him in his sovereign capacity, and still difficult to convince that any king so great

as King Theodore reigns upon earth; alone, without a counsellor, unaided save by his own genius—well might Mr. Plowden say of him, in the measured language which he doubtless did violence to his own feelings of admiration in using: "A man who, rising from the clouds of Abyssinian ignorance and childishness without assistance and without advice, has done so much, and contemplates such large designs, cannot be regarded as of an ordinary stamp." To reform and regenerate his kingdom, was the work that lay to his hand when his reign began. He has pursued the task with wonderful courage and ability, proving himself a man whom, notwithstanding the unhappy disputes which have arisen between him and the British Government, Englishmen must heartily admire, and whose greatness they would be the

first to acknowledge. This sage and powerful monarch, practical, politic, hard-working man of business as he is, has a dream, a fair vision of the future. Something is to be done when Abyssinia has been raised to the pinnacle of prosperity and greatness, when the empire of Ethiopia is "consolidated"—when the Mohammedan tribes are reduced to submission, and Islam driven from the seaboard: then, Theodorus, King of Kings, will issue forth in irresistible might, at the head of his legions, to conquer Egypt, and march in triumph to the Holy Sepulchre.

There is grandeur in the wildness of such an ambition; and the romance and imaginativeness of his disposition aid the solid, daring, and practical character of his genius, in setting the true heroic stamp upon the extraordinary career of King Theodore.

IN A GONDOLA.

(Suggested by Mendelssohn's *Andante in G minor*, Book I., Lied 6, of the "*Lieder ohne Worten*.")

I.

In Venice! This night so delicious—its air
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,
And quick cries, and perfume of romances, which throng
To my brain, as I steal down this marble sea-stair,
And my gondola comes.
And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the oar
Drawing near and more near—and the noise of the prow—
And the sharp, sudden splash of her stoppage—and now
I step in; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,
As my gondola glides
Away, past these palaces silent and dark,
Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases, where clings
Rank seaweed that gleams flecked with light as it swings
To the plash of the waves, where they reach the tide-mark
On the porphyry blocks—with a song full of dole,
A forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

II.

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice rust-gnawn
A low dirge for the past; the sweet past when it played
In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who stayed
But one shrinking half-minute—her mantle close-drawn
O'er the swell of her bosom and cheeks passion-pale,
Ere her lover came by, and they kissed. "They are clay,
Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play;
They are dust!" sighs the wind with its whisper of wail:
"Those women snow-pure, flower-sweet, passion-pale!"
And the waves make reply with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

III

Dust—those lovers! But Love ever lives, ever new,
 Still the same: so we shoot into bustle and light,
 And lamps from the festal casinos stream bright
 On the ripples—and here's the Rialto in view;
 And black gondolas, spirit-like, cross or slide past,
 And the gondoliers cry to each other: a song
 Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies along
 The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast
 Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes leap
 Through chill gloom from the marble, then moonlight once more,
 And laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,
 And sonorous bass-music of bells booming deep
 From St. Mark's. Still those waves with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

IV.

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs
 From verandahs o'erstarred with dim jessamine flowers,
 Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous showers
 Of a nightingale's notes as his song swells and dies—
 While my gondola glides.

V.

Dust—those lovers!—who floated and dreamed long ago,
 Gazed and languished and loved, on these waters—where I
 Float and dream and gaze up in the still summer sky
 Whence the great stars look down—as they did long ago;
 Where the moon seems to dream with my dreaming—disc-hid
 In a gossamer veil of white cirrus—then breaks
 The dream-spell with a pensive half-smile, as she wakes
 To new splendor. But lo! while I mused we have slid
 From the open—the stir—down a lonely lane-way
 Into hush and dark shadow: fresh smells of the sea
 Come cool from beyond; a faint lamp mistily
 Hints fair shafts and quaint arches, in crumbling decay;
 And the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

VI.

Then the silent lagoon stretched away through the night,
 And the stars—and the fairy-like city behind,
 Domes and spires rising spectral and dim: till the mind
 Becomes tranced in a vague, subtle maze of delight;
 And I float in a dream, lose the present—or seem
 To have lived it before. Then a sense of deep bliss,
 Just to breathe—to exist—in a night such as this,
 Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But the gleam
 Of the lights, as we turn to the city once more,
 And the music, and clangor of bells booming slow,
 And this consummate vision, St. Mark's!—the star-glow
 For a background—crowns all. Then I step out on shore:
 The Piazzetta! my life-dream accomplished at last,
 (As my gondola goes).
 I am here: here alone with the ghost of the Past!
 But the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola goes;
 And the pulse of the oar swept through silvery spray
 Dies away in the gloom, dies away, dies away—
 Dies away—dies away—!

AUREOLUS PARACKLSUR.

Saturday Review.

INTERNAL CONDITION OF AUSTRIA.

MOST Englishmen are beginning to suspect that the diagnosis of the actual symptoms of the sick Austrian man is significant less of convalescence than of collapse. It may be less generally known that his days are threatened, not only by political troubles, but also by complications of a sort likely to put his case beyond the reach of mere diplomatic diachylon. Six years of quasi-liberal government have done little to better the material prospects of the Empire. Public expenditure has grown without a corresponding increase in the sources of legitimate revenue. New Ossas have been heaped on the old Pelions of taxation and debt. Agriculture languishes, and landed property is falling in value. Almost every important branch of trade, industry, and commerce suffers stagnation and decay. Despite her boundless command of the sinews of national power and wealth, Austria is smitten with a malady that has fastened on her vitals. Skalitz and Sadowa were sword-cuts from which her diseased frame might perhaps easily recover. Poverty and bankruptcy are wounds which have paralyzed healthier bodies than hers.

Evils of this class, and all the cohort of woes which follow in their train, have doubtless been complicated by the destructive incidents of the late war. But, looking to the simple statistical aspect of things, what is true now would still have been true, if in a less aggravated degree, had the Giant Mountains never echoed to the ring of the Zündnadelgewehr. At the close of last year the sum annually owing to the public creditors of Austria, under the joint head of ordinary national debt and land redemption dues, was computed by the official Commission of Control at above fourteen and a half millions sterling. The fiscal receipts of the Empire have, on an average of recent years, reached the nominal amount of forty millions sterling per annum. There has been a mean annual deficit of about eight millions sterling, for which it has been sought, not always with success, to provide by foreign loans. The charge for the army and navy being only eighteen per cent. of the whole expendi-

ture, no considerable relief can be expected from reductions in the item of defence. Austrian financiers have, in fact, been unable to suggest any effectual diminution of the burdens thus increasingly incurred, which press on the inhabitants of the Empire with a weight utterly disproportionate to the means of payment. All authorities agree that existing charges must be reduced, and there are not wanting intelligent Austrian statesmen who think that the time is coming when the taxes will have to be collected at the bayonet's point. But resistance has, in truth, already begun. The returns of the arrears of direct taxation go far to elucidate this matter. The amount at present levied in Austria under the head of direct taxation should be £12,500,000, or very nearly the sum paid by so much richer a country as France. Now the arrears in question were £1,500,000 in 1862, £2,000,000 in 1863, £2,600,000 in 1864—above twenty per cent. of the whole. The defalcations of particular provinces were reckoned at twenty-seven, thirty-eight, and forty per cent. Even in the most favored parts of the Empire arrear is the rule. Vienna itself is generally behindhand to the extent of from ten to twelve per cent., a result which will surprise no one who has looked into the inner life of that glittering but almost bankrupt city.

Austrian agriculture is in the condition natural for a country where capital for improvements cannot be obtained unless at ruinous rates (and hardly even then), where roads, railroads, and water communications are so deficient that produce often rots upon the ground. During the last Hungarian famine it actually happened that, while the people of one district were dying of hunger, in another and neighboring district swine were turned into the fields to save the waste of the surplus corn. In Hungary real property has been selling within the last five years at a third of its former value. A similar decline is observed in other parts of the Empire, while in the more prosperous central crown lands good estates are often brought to the hammer without finding a bidder. Small proprietors and peasants are not unfrequently obliged to sell their little holdings in order to pay arrears of taxation, since it is difficult to raise even a few florins by

way of loan or mortgage. Comparing the case of Austrian agriculture with that of France, it is noteworthy that in Austria the State takes above twenty-six per cent. of the net returns from produce, against eight per cent. in France. In France the average value of an acre of land is forty pounds, in Austria nine. Yet, whereas the French acre pays thirteen shillings to the State, in Austria the deduction is about thirteen shillings and sixpence. Again, Austrian agricultural profits are liable to further subtractions by reason of that insecurity of outdoor property which, except near the greater towns, prevails over the Empire. It is a characteristic fact that there are districts devoted to orchard and garden culture where heavy losses of produce are every year sustained from depredators organized under a regular system of Austrian *dacoitee*.

There seems, then, little prospect that the successors of Count Larisch will be able to apply the screw here. But the £14,500,000 above given as the interest on the national debt falls far short of the yearly total which it will be necessary to raise hereafter on account of this chapter of the Budget. There will be another annual million on account of the so-called French loan of 1865; besides the interest on the loans which will be wanted for squaring the war balance of 1866, and indemnifying the railroad companies and the Northern provinces for the losses incurred during the Prussian invasion. Moreover, there is a loud cry for roads, canals, harbors, and other public works, which, if made at all, must be constructed at the cost of the Treasury. From Italy Austria receives, it is true, a temporary financial lift; but, looking to the before-named items, the Empire will hardly put its ledger straight without adding to the national debt another £3,000,000 of annual charge. Even before the late war, Austrian financiers took a hopeless view of the future of their country. The language held for some time past by the money kings of Vienna has consistently pointed to bankruptcy as the only possible issue from present troubles. They do not recommend insolvency as a resource, but they contemplate it as a leap that must be taken under "necessity's sharp pinch."

Even official optimism does not dare to be confident, and is contented with a thin pretence of hoping against hope. Respectable brokers generally advise their clients to avoid serious investment in the Austrian funds, alleging that the reduction of interest from five to three or two per cent. is a mere question of time.

The contemplation of commercial and industrial figures gives no better ground for comfort. Before 1848 the Austrian Government neglected, if it did not proscribe, inquiry into such vulgar details. The Chancery of State exhibited a laudable energy in foiling impertinent efforts to foist a sixteenth quarter into a heraldic shield, and left to private ingenuity the wretched arithmetic of sugar, iron, and ships. After the revolution, the Imperial officials were compelled to compile for publication the facts so long ignored, and the present results, though they amount only to a beginning, are creditable enough to Ægean brains. Five years ago the exports and imports were ordered to be valued on a new system. This move, added to the violent and perpetual perturbations of the Austrian exchanges, makes a comparison of present and past mercantile transactions a very obscure equation, even to persons whose familiarity with the necessary technicalities enables them to check the subtle shifts of statistical cookery. The foreign trade has a tendency to advance at a rate of about four per cent. per annum, when no specially disturbing causes interfere. This advance, however, is partly nominal, being dependent on fluctuations in the foreign exchanges. The whole amount may be taken at £32,000,000 for exports, and £24,000,000 for imports. Setting these results against those noted for other European countries, the exports of Austria, population being taken into account, are smaller than those of Turkey and Portugal; the imports rank below those of Turkey and Spain. While exports grow, imports steadily decrease. Some persons maintain that the balance is paid by a huge clandestine importation across the Bohemian frontier. However this may be, Austrian statisticians concur in declaring the consuming powers of the Empire to have diminished of late years. From the octroi returns and other sources of evidence it is gathered that the an-

nual scale of consumption prevailing in the Empire for meat, sugar, coffee, iron, cotton, and beer, is lower than that which prevailed some few years ago. A glance at the sums paid as Verzehrungs-steuer at the barriers of the so-called "closed towns" shows that in many of these reduced rates of expenditure are now the order of the day. In Vienna itself, despite increase of population, the amount of the necessities of life brought across the lines remains at a stationary figure. It cannot be said that any great branch of industry is in a flourishing state. Wages, prices, rents, and accumulation, are on the wane. Large exports are made under some heads, but some of these consignments represent business transacted on barely remunerative terms. The whole circle of mining industry is suffering complete stagnation. Even the production and manufacture of the matchless iron of Styria and Carinthia is declining. The sugar industry yields on a large scale, but its profits are almost entirely destroyed by an excise of twelve shillings the hundred weight. Similar complaints are rife among the distillers, and even the brewers have heavy grievances to tell. Perhaps the only branches of manufacture that are tolerably flourishing are those of paper, leather, glass, pipes, canes, and, in general, the ornamental sorts of Vienna handiwork. The introduction of free trade, guaranteed to take effect hereafter under Lord Bloomfield's Commercial Treaty, may eventually exercise a beneficial influence by causing the abandonment of much enterprise that now rests on the artificial basis of protection. But the pressure of such a transition, though ultimately advantageous, will tell heavily among a people peculiarly destitute of industrial intelligence and energy. And years must roll by, even under the most fortunate political system, before Croats and Czechs can produce and consume on anything like the ordinary European scale. Nor would it be wise to expect too much from the advent of that foreign capital which alone, as Austrians truly say, can develop the dormant energies of the Empire. Gold will not flow freely to lands where revolution is a daily menace, where the tax-gatherer takes away the profits of stock, where speculation is hampered by usury

laws and the other cobwebs of an absurd commercial code.

London Quarterly Review.

SWINBURNE AND HIS APOLOGIST.

WE are getting pretty well tired of the question of Mr. Swinburne's indecencies and profanities; but Mr. Swinburne is a strong man, sure to make his mark, whether for good or for evil, and when a writer of Mr. Rossetti's abilities comes forward in his defence, one is bound to take some notice of the plea, and of the general considerations on which it is founded. In doing so in the present case, we are fortunately enabled to speak with respectfulness of the tone adopted by the advocate. Mr. Rossetti has had a difficult task to perform; but he has performed it in the very best spirit—in a much better spirit, indeed, than Mr. Swinburne conducted his own defence. This is perhaps but natural. We know of old that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client; and, notwithstanding his great intellectual powers, Mr. Swinburne, in his recent pamphlet, narrowly escaped placing himself in that undignified position. He fairly lost his temper, and "called names" with all the volubility of a scold. A large part of his remonstrance with the critics was altogether beside the question; and one could not but feel that something better might have been done, even for his unfortunate case, by an "outsider" of ability and good manners. That something has been effected by Mr. Rossetti. We do not agree with his reasoning, nor see the least occasion for modifying the opinions we have already uttered on the moral obliquities of the *Poems and Ballads*; but we must acknowledge that the critic writes with great candor and fairness, that he does not insult those who think differently, that he outrages no principles of decency himself, and that he conducts his argument throughout like a gentleman who has something to say which the general public may not be disposed to accept, but which it is as well that they should hear stated, and which is accordingly stated in the way least offensive to foregone conclusions. For our part, we are willing to have all opinions discussed, when they are dis-

cussed in this mood. We will place absolutely no limits on the freedom of honest debate; but poetry is not a debating club at all, and when it descends to the merest incitement of animal passion, or the wildest ravings against the order of things, and claims to do this on the score of human freedom, we must use our own freedom to say that it is no better, morally, than the literature contemplated in Lord Campbell's act, however much it may be illuminated by the baleful fires of a genius not wholly sane.

Mr. Rossetti's criticism was originally written for the *North American Review*; but, that publication having already expressed a different opinion of Mr. Swinburne's poetic powers, it became inadmissible, and its author at once determined on publishing it in the form of a small separate volume. Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Rossetti's friend; but that fact—though it may be fairly taken into the account—does not seriously prejudice the critic's judgment, as he has not written in the manner of a partisan. He is an ardent admirer of the genius of this the youngest of the veritable poets; but he sees his faults, and regrets, though he too readily palliates, the moral corruptions of the *Poems and Ballads*. Of the latter work he says: "We are certainly far from justifying Mr. Swinburne's course in publishing to a world which was pretty well known not to want them such performances as 'Dolores,' 'Fragoletta,' and some others; to have done so was both a miscalculation and an *inconveniance*, for which he has had to pay the penalty which might have been foreseen;" and dissent is expressed (though somewhat mildly) from the really absurd argument of a contemporary, that Mr. Swinburne is a very moral writer, because he shows the bitter retribution which attends on vicious indulgence. Both his immoralities and his blasphemies are therefore disavowed by Mr. Rossetti, who must, accordingly, not be identified with either. But it seems to us that he has endeavored to explain away too much, and there are passages in his vindication (if that is the proper word to apply to it) which appear to amount to an assertion of the right of genius to do whatever it will, by virtue of its exceptional powers. We are told that the poem bearing the

name of "Anactoria" is "one of the most glorious exhibitions of fervent imagination and poetic execution" in Mr. Swinburne's last volume. No doubt, the power and poetry of that unfortunate production are extraordinary; but how the word "glorious" can be applied to it, we are at a loss to conceive. Indeed, Mr. Rossetti himself goes on to say: "The Lesbian loves of Sappho are not germane to the modern mind: let them by all means remain un-germane. Yet let not the artificer or the student of poetry be a mark for the mere mud of nineteenth-century high-roads, if some elective affinity prompts him to penetrate somewhat further than parson or pedagogue into moods of mind and aberrations of passion which were vital enough to some of the great of old, however dead and putrescent they may now most legitimately have become." We conceive that Mr. Rossetti has here quite misunderstood the question at issue. The critics and the public have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Swinburne's "elective affinities," as such. If he derives pleasure in private from inquiring into Lesbian loves, no one has a right to say anything about it; but if he comes out into the public ways, and exposes "dead and putrescent" matter, he must expect to be told that he is making a nuisance of himself, and he must not be surprised if some people use rather strong expressions of disgust. A vigorous objection to a stink held up to our noses under pretence of offering a bouquet, can hardly, with justice, be described as the pelting of an innocent man with mud. Surely, if Mr. Swinburne has a right to publish obscenities which even his friend considers objectionable, it would be hard to deny others the right of saying that such conduct is a literary offence. It is indeed as much an offence in art as in morals. Poetry has nothing whatever to do with "dead and putrescent" subjects. It is concerned with life, energy, health, and beauty; and for a poet to employ himself in raking up forgotten abominations, is a degradation of his genius, no less than an outrage on generally accepted canons of decency. Speaking of a French poet of extravagant immorality—Baudelaire—Mr. Rossetti says: "With squeamishness, whether applied to the criticism of a Baudelaire

laire, Swinburne, or any other man of genius, we have no sympathy" (nor have we); "but, as to approval, we must, with Newman Noggs's barber, 'draw the line somewhere,' and we draw it before Baudelaire." Well, opinions differ: we draw it before Mr. Swinburne's insanities. Mr. Rossetti's plea that his friend has no ideas of morals whatever—that he is simply negative on the subject, recognizing no sort of distinction between right and wrong—is effectually barred by Mr. Swinburne's own pamphlet in reply to his critics. He there accuses his accusers of "unspeakable foulnesses" of imagination in conceiving anything wrong of such poems as those which have provoked so much opposition; so that it is evident he has a standard of some kind, though we admit it is extremely difficult to discover, or even guess, its nature.

With regard to Mr. Swinburne's religious views, we agree with Mr. Rossetti that they amount to a belief in some Supreme Intelligence who takes a frightful pleasure in torturing and tyrannizing over his creatures; but a poem is not the proper place for entering on such grave and momentous matters, and mere reviling neither proves nor disproves anything, while causing needless pain and exasperation.

We trust we have now done with this distressing controversy; and, in dismissing Mr. Rossetti's essay, will only add that we cordially agree with all the author says, on literary grounds, of the power of Mr. Swinburne's genius.

North British Review.

KEBLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

THE closing chapter of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* begins with these words: "We read in Solomon, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy;' and a wise poet of our own time thus beautifully expands the saying:

'Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.'

On glancing at the footnote to see who the wise poet of our own time might be, the reader saw the name of *Keble and The Christian Year*. To many in Scotland this was the earliest intimation of the existence of the poet, and the work that has immortalized him. On obtaining a copy of *The Christian Year*, and studying it, readers could not but be struck by a lyric here and there, which opened a new vein, and struck a note of meditative feeling, not like anything they had heard before. But the little book contained much that was strange and unintelligible, some things even startling. Very vague were the rumors which at that time reached Scotland of the author. Men said he belonged to a party of Churchmen who were making a great stir in Oxford, and leavening the University with a kind of thought which was novel, and supposed to be dangerous. The most definite thing said was that the new school had a general Romanizing tendency. But this must be a mistake or strange exaggeration. Folly and sentimentalism might no doubt be for a time in vogue at Oxford. But as for Romanism, the revival of such antiquated nonsense was simply impossible in this enlightened nineteenth century. Such was the kind of talk that went on when Scott's *Life* appeared in 1838. For more exact information, young men who were inquisitive had to wait, till a few years later gave them opportunities of seeing for themselves, and coming into personal contact with what was actually going on in Oxford.

It was a strange experience for a young man trained anywhere, much more for one born and bred in Scotland, and trained within The Kirk, to enter Oxford when the religious movement was at its height. He found himself all at once in the midst of a system of teaching which unchurched himself and all whom he had hitherto known. In simplicity he had believed that spiritual religion was a thing of the heart, and that neither Episcopacy nor Presbyterianism availed anything. But here were men—able, learned, devout-minded men—maintaining that outward rites and ceremonies were of the very essence, and that, where these were not, there was no true Christianity. How could men, such as these were re-

parted to be, really go back themselves and try to lead others back to what were but the beggarly elements? It was all very perplexing, not to say irritating. However, there might be something more behind which a young man could not understand. So he would wait and see what he would see. Soon he came to know that the only portions of Oxford society unaffected by the new influence were the two extremes. The older dons, that is, the heads of houses, and the senior tutors, were unmoved by it, except to opposition. The whole younger half of the undergraduates generally took no part in it. But the great body that lay between these extremes—that is, most of the younger fellows of colleges, and most of the scholars and elder undergraduates, at least those of them who read or thought at all—were in some way or other busy with the new questions. When in time the new-comer came to know some of the men who sympathized with the movement, the first impression was of something constrained and artificial in their manners and deportment. High character and ability many of them were said to have; but to a chance observer it seemed that, in as far as their system had moulded them, it had made them the opposite of natural in their views of things, and in their whole mental attitude. You almost longed for some free breath of mountain air to sweep away the stifling atmosphere that was about you. This might come partly no doubt from the feeling with which you knew that these men must from their system regard you, and all who had the misfortune to be born outside of their sacred pale. Not that they ever expressed such views in your hearing. Good manners, as well as their habitual reserve, forbade this. But, though they did not say it, you knew quite well what they felt. And if at any time the "young barbarian" put a direct question, or made a remark which went straight at these opinions, they would only look at him, astonished at his rudeness and profanity, and would shrink into themselves. Now and then, however, it would happen that some adherent, or even leading man of the movement, more frank and outspoken than the rest, would deign to speak out his

principles, and even to discuss them with undergraduates and controversial Scots. If to him urging the necessity of Apostolic Succession, and the sacerdotal view of the Sacraments, some young man ventured to reply: "Well! if all you say be true, then I never can have known a Christian. For up to this time I have lived among people who were strangers to all these things which, you tell me, are essentials of Christianity. And I am quite sure that, if I have never known a Christian till now, I shall never know one." To this the answer would probably be: "There is much in what you say. No doubt high virtues, very like the Christian graces, are to be found outside of the Christian Church. But it is a remarkable thing, those best acquainted with Church history tell me, that outside of the pale of the Church the saintly character is never found." This naïve reply was not likely to have much weight with the young listener. It would have taken something stronger to make him break faith with all that was most sacred in his early recollections. Beautiful examples of Presbyterian piety had stamped impressions on his memory not to be effaced by all the subtleties of theology or all the arguments of the schools. And the Church theory which began by disowning these examples placed a barrier to its acceptance at the very outset.

But however unbelievable their theory, further acquaintance with the younger men of the new school, whether junior fellows or undergraduate scholars, disclosed many traits of character that could not but awaken respect, or something more. If there was about many of them a constraint and reserve which seemed unnatural, there was also in many an unworldliness and self-denial, a purity of life and elevation of aim, in some a generosity of purpose and depth of devotion, not to be gainsaid. Could the movement which produced these qualities, or even attracted them to itself, be wholly false and bad? This movement, moreover, when at its height, extended its influence far beyond the circle of those who directly adopted its views. There was not a reading man, at least in Oxford, who was not more or less indirectly influenced by it. Only the very idle or

the very frivolous were wholly proof against it. On all others it impressed a sobriety of conduct and seriousness not usually found among large bodies of young men. It raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which perhaps it never before reached. You may call it over-wrought and too highly strung. Perhaps it was. It was better, however, for young men to be so, than to be doubters or cynics.

But if such was the general aspect of Oxford society at that time, where was the centre and soul from which so mighty a power emanated? At that time it lay, and had for some years lain, mainly in one man—a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century—John Henry Newman.

The influence he had gained, apparently without setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as though some Ambrose or Augustine of elder ages had reappeared. He himself tells how one day, when he was an undergraduate, a friend with whom he was walking in the Oxford street cried out eagerly, "There's Keble!" and with what awe he looked at him! A few years, and the same took place with regard to himself. In Oriel-lane light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, "There's Newman!" when, head thrust forward, and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift noiseless step he went by. Awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed. For his inner circle of friends, many of them younger men, he was said to have a quite romantic affection, which they returned with the most ardent devotion and the intensest faith in him. But to the outer world he was a mystery. What were the qualities that inspired these feelings? There was of course learning and refinement, there was genius, not indeed of a philosopher, but of a subtle and original thinker, an unequalled edge of dialectic, and these all glorified by the imagination of a poet.

And then there was the utter unworldliness, the setting at naught of all things which men most prize, that timelessness of soul, which was ready to essay the impossible. Men felt that here was

"One of that small transfigured band
Whom the world cannot tame."

It was this mysteriousness which, beyond all his gifts of head and heart, so strangely fascinated and overawed—that something about him which made it impossible to reckon his course and take his bearings, that soul-hunger and quenchless yearning which nothing short of the eternal could satisfy. This deep, resolute ardor of soul was no doubt an offence not to be forgiven by older men, especially by the wary and worldly-wise; but it was the very spell which drew to him the hearts of all the younger and the more enthusiastic. Such was the impression he had made in Oxford just before he relinquished his hold on it. And if at that time it seemed to persons at a distance extravagant and absurd, they may have since learned enough to make it plain to them that there was that about him who was the object of it to justify the impression.

But it may be asked, What actions or definite results were there to account for so deep and widespread a veneration? Of course there were the products of his pen—his various works, controversial, theological, religious. But none of these were so deep in learning as some of Dr. Pusey's writings, nor so widely popular as *The Christian Year*; and yet both Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble were at that time quite second in importance to Mr. Newman. The centre from which his power went forth was the pulpit of St Mary's, with those wonderful afternoon sermons. Sunday after Sunday, year by year, they went on, each continuing and deepening the impression made by the last. As the hour interfered with the dinner hour of the colleges, most men preferred a warm dinner without Newman's sermon to a cold one with it; so the audience was not crowded—the large church little more than half filled. The service was very simple—no pomp, no ritualism; for it was characteristic of the leading men of the movement that they left these things to the weaker brethren. Their thoughts,

at all events, were set on great questions which touched the heart of unseen things. About the service the most remarkable thing was the beauty, the silver intonation of Mr. Newman's voice, as he read the lessons. It seemed to bring new meaning out of the familiar words. Still lingers in memory the tone with which he read, "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." When he began to preach, a stranger was not likely to be much struck, especially if he had been accustomed to pulpit oratory of the Boanerges sort. Here was no vehemence, no declamation, no show of elaborated argument, so that one who came prepared to hear a "great intellectual effort" was almost sure to go away disappointed. Indeed, we believe that if he had preached one of his St. Mary's sermons before a Scotch town congregation, they would have thought the preacher a "silly body." The delivery had a peculiarity which it took a new hearer some time to get over. Each separate sentence, or at least each short paragraph, was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation; and then at its close there was a pause, lasting for nearly half a minute; then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause. It took some time to get over this, but, that once done, the wonderful charm began to dawn on you. The look and bearing of the preacher were that of one who dwelt apart, who, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From his seclusion of study, and abstinence and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. Those who never heard him might fancy that his sermons would generally be about apostolical succession or rights of the Church, or against Dissenters. Nothing of the kind. You might hear him preach for weeks without an allusion to these things. What there was of High-Church teaching was implied rather than enforced. The local, the temporary, and the modern was ennobled by the presence of the catholic truth belonging to all ages that pervaded the whole. His power showed itself chiefly in the new and living way in which he touched old truths,

moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel—when he spoke of "Unreal Words," of "The Individuality of the Soul," of "The Invisible World," of a "Particular Providence;" or again, of "The Ventures of Faith," "Warfare the Condition of Victory," "The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World," "The Church a Home for the Lonely." As he spoke, how the old truth became new! how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropped out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style yet what strength! how simple yet how suggestive! how homely yet how refined! how penetrating yet how tender-hearted! If now and then there was a forlorn undertone which at the time seemed inexplicable, if he spoke of "many a sad secret which a man dare not tell lest he find no sympathy," of "secrets lying like cold ice upon the heart," of "some solitary incommunicable grief," you might be perplexed at the drift of what he said, but you felt all the more drawn to the speaker. To call these sermons eloquent would not be the word for them; high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings as of a prophet rapt, yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high Gothic building the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High-Church system; but you would be harder than most men, if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness, if you did not feel the things of faith brought nearer to the heart.

There was one occasion of a different kind, when he spoke from St. Mary's pul-

pit for the last time, not as Parish minister, but as University preacher. It was the crisis of the movement. All Oxford assembled to hear what Newman had to say, and St. Mary's was crowded to the door. The subject he spoke of was "The Theory of Development in Christian Doctrine," a subject since then much canvassed, but at that time new even to the ablest men in Oxford. For an hour and a half he drew out the argument, and perhaps the acutest there did not quite follow the line of thought, or felt wearied by the length of it, illustrated though it was by some startling examples. Such was the famous "Protestantism has at various times developed into Polygamy," or the still more famous "Scripture says the sun moves round the earth, Science that the earth moves, and the sun is comparatively at rest. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is true, till we know what motion is?" Few probably who heard it have forgot the tone of voice with which he uttered the beautiful passage about music as the audible embodiment of some unknown reality behind, itself coming like a strain of splendid music out of the heart of a subtle argument:

"There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? . . . Is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voices of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distin-

guished above his fellows, has the power of eliciting them."

This was preached in the winter of 1843, the last time he appeared in the University pulpit. His parochial sermons had by this time assumed an uneasy tone which perplexed his followers with fear of change. That summer solved their doubt. In the quiet chapel of Littlemore which he himself had built, when all Oxford was absent during the long vacation, he preached his last Anglican sermon to the country people, and poured forth that affecting lament and farewell to the Church of England. The sermon is entitled "The Parting of Friends." The text was: "Man goeth forth to his work and his labor until the evening." He went through all the instances recorded in the Bible of human affection sorely tried, reproducing the incidents in the very words of Scripture—Jacob, Hagar, Naomi, Jonathan and David, St. Paul and the elders of Ephesus, and last, the weeping over Jerusalem, and the "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate"—and then he bursts forth:

"A lesson, surely, and a warning to us all, in every place where He puts His name, to the end of time, lest we be cold towards His gifts, or unbelieving towards His word, or jealous of His workings, or heartless towards His mercies. . . . O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil on the coming of the bridegroom? Where is now the ruler in Sion, and the doctor in the temple, and the ascetic on Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market place? Where are thy 'effectual fervent prayers' offered in secret, and thy alms and good works coming up as a memorial before God? How is it, O once holy place, that the 'land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth, because joy is withered away from the sons of men?' Alas for the day! how do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks are made desolate. . . . O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest chil-

dren, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a miscarrying womb, and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel to thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle' as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome, or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?

"Scripture is a refuge in any trouble; only let us be on our guard against seeming to use it farther than is fitting, or doing more than sheltering ourselves under its shadow. It is far higher and wider than our need, and it conceals our feelings while it gives expression to them. . . . And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants and feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed, if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him, remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it."

Then followed the resignation of his fellowship, the retirement to Littlemore, the withdrawal even from the intercourse of his friends, the unloosing of all the ties that bound him to Oxford, the two years' pondering of the step he was about to take—so that when in 1845 he entered the Church of Rome, he did it by himself, making himself as much as possible responsible only for his own act, and followed by only one or two young friends who would not be kept back. Those who witnessed these things, and knew that, if a large following had been his object, he might, by leaving the Church of Eng-

land three years earlier, in the plenitude of his power, have taken almost all the flower of young Oxford with him, needed no *Apologia* to convince them of his honesty of purpose. And the moral power his presence had been in Oxford was proved by nothing more than by the tremendous reaction that followed his departure—a reaction from which we know not if that University has yet recovered. Such was the impression made by that eventful time on impartial but not uninterested spectators—on those who by early education and conviction were kept quite aloof from the peculiar tenets of High Churchmen, but who could not but be struck by the moral quickening which resulted from the movement, and by the marvellous character of him who was the soul of it.

But Dr. Newman himself tells us that all the while the true and primary author of it was out of sight. The Rev. John Keble was at a distance from Oxford, in his vicarage at Hursley, there living in his own life, and carrying out in his daily services and parish ministry those truths which he had first brought forward, and Newman had carried out, in Oxford. But though out of sight, he was not out of mind. *The Christian Year* was in the hands of every one, even the youngest undergraduate. Besides its more intrinsic qualities, the tone of it blended well with the sentiment which the venerable aspect of the old city awakened. It used to be pleasing to try and locate in the neighborhood of Oxford some of the descriptions of nature with which the poems are inlaid. During these years, the poet-priest's figure was but seldom seen in the streets of Oxford—only when some great question affecting the Church, some discussion of No. 90, or trial of Mr. Ward, had summoned Convocation together. Once, if our memory serves, we remember to have seen him in the University pulpit at St. Mary's, but his voice was not strong, and did not reach many of the audience. His service to his party had lain in another direction. It was he who, by his character, had first awakened a new tone of sentiment in Oxford, and attracted to himself whatever else was like-minded. He had sounded the first note which woke that sentiment into action, and embodied it in a party. He

had kept up, though from a distance, sympathetic intercourse with the chief actors, counselled and encouraged them. Above all, he gave poetry to the movement, and a poetic aspect. Polemics are in themselves dreary work. They do not touch the springs of young hearts. But he who, in the midst of any line of thought, unlocks a fountain of genuine poetry, does more to humanize it, and win for it a way to men's affections, than he who writes a hundred volumes, however able, of controversey. Without disparagement to the patristic and other learning of the party, the two permanent monuments of genius which it has bequeathed to England may be said to be Newman's *Parochial Sermons*, and Keble's *Christian Year*.

All that was known of Keble at that time to the outer world of Oxford was vague and scanty. The few facts here added are taken from what has since been made public by his two friends, Sir John Coleridge and Dr. Newman—the former in his touching sketch, the latter in his *Apologia*. Yet these facts, though few, are well worthy of attention, both because Keble's character is more than his poetry, and because his poetry can only be rightly understood in the light of his character. For there is no poet whose poetry is more truly an image of the man himself, his inner nature, and his outward circumstances. His father, whose name the poet bore, was a country clergyman, vicar of Coln-St.-Aldwynd's, in Gloucestershire, but the house in which he lived, and in which the poet was born, was at Fairford, three miles distant from the cure. John was the second child, and eldest son of a family which consisted of two sons and two daughters. His mother, Sarah Maule, was, we have heard, of Scottish extraction. The father, who lived till his ninetieth year, was a man of no common ability. Of him his son, we are told, "always spoke not only with the love of a son, but with the profoundest reverence for his goodness and wisdom." It would seem that this was one of the few clerical homes in England in which the opinions, traditions, and peculiar piety of the Nonjurors lived on into the present century. Unlike most sons distinguished for ability, John Keble never outgrew the period of absolute

filial reverence, never questioned a single opinion or prepossession which he had imbibed from his father.

Some of his less reverential companions used to think that this was an intellectual loss to him. The father's ability and scholarship are proved by his having himself educated his son, and sent him up to Oxford so well prepared, that at the age of fifteen he gained a Corpus scholarship, an honor which seems then to have held the same place in university estimation that Balliol scholarships have long held and still hold. This strictly home training, in the quiet of a Gloucestershire parsonage, placed in the very heart of rural England, under a roof where the old High-Church tradition lived on, blended with what was best in modern piety, makes itself felt in every line the poet wrote. On all hands one hears it said that there is no education like that of one of the old English public schools. For the great run of ordinary boys, whether quick-witted and competitive, or lazy and selfish, this may perhaps be true; but for natures of finer texture, for all boys who have a decided and original bias, how much is there that the rough handling of a public school would ruthlessly crush? From all the better public schools coarse bullying, we know, has disappeared; but for peculiarity of any kind, for whatever does not conform itself to their received standard—a manly and straightforward one we admit—they have still but little tolerance. If Keble had once imbibed the public-school spirit, *The Christian Year* would either never have been written, or it would have lacked some of its tenderest, most characteristic traits.

But if he was fortunate in having his boy-education at home, he was not less happy in the college which he entered and the companions he there met. It is the happiness of college life that a young man can command just as much retirement and as much society as he pleases, and of the kind that he pleases. All readers of Arnold's life will remember the picture there drawn of the Scholar's Common Room at Corpus, by one of the last survivors, the venerable Sir J. Coleridge. He tells us that, when Keble came into residence, early in 1807, it was but a small society, numbering only

about twenty undergraduate scholars, and these rather under the usual age, who lived on the most familiar terms with each other. The Bachelor scholars resided and lived entirely with the undergraduates. Two of Keble's chief friends among the Corpus scholars, though younger than himself, were Coleridge, afterwards Judge Coleridge, and Arnold. But Keble must have already graduated before Arnold came into residence. Besides these were many other men distinguished in their day in the University, but less known to the outer world. It was a stirring time when Keble was an undergraduate. News of the great Peninsular battles was arriving from time to time. Scott's trumpet blasts of poetry were stirring the young heart. In Corpus Common, as elsewhere, the battles were fought over again, and the classical and romantic schools of poetry were vehemently discussed. And among the more exciting subjects, the young scholar Coleridge would insinuate the stiller and deeper tones of Wordsworth's lyrical ballads, which, then but little known, he had heard of from his great uncle. These two, Scott and Wordsworth, were to the end Keble's first favorites of contemporary poets, and those who most moulded his taste and style. Most of the scholars were high Tories in Church and State, great respecters of things as they are; none, no doubt, more so than Keble. The great questioner of the prevailing creed was Arnold, who often brought down on his own head the concentrated arguments of the whole Common Room. But youth's genial warmth healed these undergraduate disputes, as, alas! the same controversies could not be healed when taken up by the same combatants later in life. In that kindly atmosphere Keble's affectionate nature expanded as a flower in the sun. His was a temperament to drink in to the full the two finest influences of Oxford—the charm of congenial society, and the romance of all the imagery with which life there is surrounded. Even then Keble seems to have been much the same in character as he was in after years; so that, when a fifty-five years' friendship had come to its earthly close, his early college friend could say of him: "It was the singular happiness of

his nature, remarkable even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified, as it were, by reverence—reverence that did not make the love less tender, and love that did but add intensity to the reverence."

In Easter term, 1810, Keble obtained double-first class honors, and this success was soon afterwards followed by another still greater—his election to an Oriel Fellowship. The Oriel Common Room numbered among its Fellows, then and for some time afterwards, all that was most distinguished in Oxford for mental power and originality. Copleston, Davison, Whately, then belonged to it, and were among Keble's electors. Arnold, Newman, Pusey, were soon afterwards chosen Fellows of the same college. "Round the fire of the Oriel Common Room," we are told, "there were learned and able, not rarely subtle and disputatious conversations, in which this lad of nineteen was called to take his part. Amid these he sometimes yearned for the more easy, yet not unintellectual, society of his old friends at Corpus." He found, no doubt, that undergraduate days are more congenial to warm friendships, than the highly rarefied atmosphere of an intellectual Common Room. Where men touch chiefly by the head, they find that this is the seat as frequently of a repulsive as of an attractive force. While he was an undergraduate, and during the early days of his fellowship, he wrote a good many beautiful little poems, which his friends still possess, and the year after his election to Oriel, he gained the University prizes for the English and Latin essay.

The interval from 1810 to 1815 he spent in Oriel, taking part in college tuition, and acting as an examiner in the Degree Schools. Was it some time during these years, or at a later date, that the incident recorded by Dr. Newman took place? "When one day I was walking in High-street, with my dear earliest friend, with what eagerness did he cry out 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account, how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so

as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding, that somehow he was strangely unlike any one else."

In 1815 he was ordained Deacon, the following year Priest; and soon afterwards left the University, and never again permanently resided there. He had chosen the calling of a clergyman, and though within that sphere other paths more gratifying to ambition lay open to him, he turned aside from them, and gave himself to parochial work as the regular employment of his life. He became his father's curate, and lived with him at Fairford, engaged in this duty for twenty years, more or less. This rare absence or restraint of ambition, where it might have seemed natural or even right to have followed it, was quite in keeping with Keble's whole character. "The Church," says Sir J. Coleridge, "he had deliberately chosen to be his profession, and he desired to follow out that in a country cure. With this he associated, and scarcely placed on a lower level, the affectionate discharge of his duties as a son and brother. Calls, temporary calls, of duty to his college and university, for a time and at intervals diverted him (he was again Public Examiner from 1821 to 1823); but he always kept these outlines in view, and as the occasion passed away, reverted to them with the permanent devotion of his heart. Traces of this feeling may be found again and again in *The Christian Year*." This book was first given to the world on the 23d of June, 1827, when Keble was in his thirty-fifth year. This, the great work of Keble's life, which will keep his name fresh in men's memory when all else that he has done will be forgotten, had been the silent gathering of years. Single poems had been in his friends' hands at least as early as 1819. They had urged him to complete the series, and by 1827 this was done. No record of the exact time when each poem was written has yet appeared. We should imagine that more of them were composed at Fairford than at Oxford. The discussion and criticism natural to a university are not generally favorable to poetic creation of any kind,

least of all to so meditative a strain as Keble's was. But it may have been that in this, as in other things, he was "unlike any one else." It was only at the urgent entreaty of his friends that he published the little book. He was not anxious about poetic fame, and never thought that these poems would secure it. His own plan was "to go on improving the series all his life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, only when he should be fairly out of the way." Had this plan been acted on, how many thousands would have been defrauded of the soothing delight these poems have ministered to them! But even those who most strongly counselled the publication little dreamt what a destiny was in store for the little book. Of course, if the author had kept it by him he might have smoothed away some of its defects, but who knows how much it might have lost too in the process? "No one," we are told, "knew its literary shortcomings better than the author himself. Wisely, and not in pride, or through indolence, he abandoned the attempt at second-hand to amend this inharmonious line, or that imperfect rhyme, or the instances here and there in which his idea may be somewhat obscurely expressed. Wordsworth's acute poetical sense recognized such faults; yet the book was his delight." Probably it was a wise resolve. All emendation of poetry long after its first composition runs the risk of spoiling it. The author has to take up in one mood what was written in another. His first warm feeling of the sentiment has gone cold, and he cannot at a later time revive it. This is true of all poetry, more especially of that which deals with subtle and evanescent emotions which perhaps never recur exactly in the same form. Once only in a lifetime may he succeed in catching

"Those brief unisons, which on the brain
One tone that never can recur has cast,
One accent never to return again."

In 1833 Keble was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The Statutes then required the professor to give two or three lectures a year in Latin. The ancient language was required to be spoken from this chair longer than from any other, probably from fear of the trash men might talk if fairly unmuzzled.

However prudent this may have been when a merely average functionary filled the chair, it is greatly to be regretted that when there was placed there a true poet, who was intent on speaking the secret of his own art, he should be so formidably weighted. The present gifted occupant of that chair has fortunately been set free, and has vindicated the newly acquired freedom by enriching our literature with the finest poetical criticism it has received since the days of Coleridge. But Keble had to work in trammels. He was the last man to rebel against any limitations imposed by the wisdom or unwisdom of our ancestors. Faithfully he buckled himself to the task of translating into well-rounded Latin periods his cherished thoughts on his own favorite subject. Of the theory of poetry embodied in the two volumes of his published lectures, something may yet be said. The Latin is easy and unconstrained, the thought original and suggestive. A great contrast to the more than Ciceronian paragraphs of his predecessor Copleston, bristling as they are to weariness with all the refinements of Latinity, but underneath these containing little but outworn commonplaces.

With slight interruptions, Keble continued to live with his father at Fairford, and to assist him as his curate till 1835. "In that year this tie was broken. At the very commencement of it the venerable old man, who to the last retained the full use of his faculties, was taken to his rest; and before the end of it Keble became the Vicar of Hursley, and the husband of Miss Charlotte Clarke, second daughter of an old college friend of his father's, who was incumbent of a parish in the neighborhood of Fairford. This was the happy settlement of his life. For himself he had now no ungratified wish, and the bonds then tied were loosened only by death."

Only two years before Keble left Fairford, and at the very time when he entered on his poetry professorship, began what is called the Oxford movement. Of this, Dr. Newman tells us, Keble was the real author. Let us cast a glance back and see how it arose, and what it aimed at. With what feelings Newman, when an undergraduate, looked at Keble, we have seen. Some years afterwards,

it must have been in 1819 or 1820, Newman was elected to the Oriel Fellowship which Arnold vacated. Of that time he thus writes: "I had to hasten to the Tower to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed, and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed quite desirous of sinking into the ground. His had been the first name I had heard spoken of with reverence rather than admiration when I came up to Oxford." This was probably the first meeting of these two. "When I was elected Fellow of Oriel," Dr. Newman continues, "Keble was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years, in consequence of the marks I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828. It is one of his sayings preserved in his Remains: 'If I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.'" Thus made friends, these two were to work great things together.

It naturally occurs to ask how far is *The Christian Year* identified with the principles of the Tractarian movement. On the one hand, *The Christian Year* was published in 1827—the movement did not begin till 1833. The former, therefore, cannot be regarded as in any way a child of the latter. And this accounts for what has often been remarked, how little of the peculiar Tractarian teaching appears in the book. On the other hand, it is easy to see how the same nature which, in a season of quiet, when controversy was at a lull, shaped out of its own musings *The Christian Year*, would, when confronted with opposing tendencies, and forced into a dogmatic attitude, find its true expression in the Tractarian theory. Keble was by nature a poet—living by intuition, not by reasoning; intuition born of, fed by, home affection, tradition, devout religion. His whole being leaned on authority. "Keble was a man who guided himself," says Dr. Newman, "and formed his judgments not by processes of reason, by inquiry or argument, but, to use the word in a broad sense, by authority." And by authority in its broad sense he means conscience, the Bible, the Church, an-

tiquity, words of the wise, hereditary lessons, ethical truths, historical memories. "It seemed to me as if he felt ever happier when he could speak and act under some such primary and external sanction; and could use argument mainly as a means of recommending or explaining what had claims on his reception prior to proof. What he hated instinctively was heresy, insubordination, resistance to things established, claims of independence, disloyalty, innovation, a critical or censorious spirit." Keble then lived by authority, and hated the dispositions that oppose it. There is a temper of mind which lives by denying authority—a temper whose essence, or at least whose bad side, is to foster these very dispositions which he hated. With that tone of mind and the men possessed by it, sooner or later he must needs have come into collision. For such a collision, Oxford did not want materials. During Keble's time of residence, and after he went down, the University had been awakening from a long torpor, and entering on a new era. "The march of mind," as it was called, was led by a number of active-minded and able men, whose chief rallying point was Oriel Common Room, whose best representative was Whately. These men had set themselves to raise the standard of teaching and discipline in the Colleges and in the University. They were the University Reformers of their day, and to them Oxford, when first arousing itself from long intellectual slumber, owed much. As they had a common aim, to raise the intellectual standard, they were naturally much thrown together, and became the celebrities of the place. Those who did not belong to their party thought them not free from "pride of reason," an expression then, as now, derided by those who think themselves intellectual, but not the less on that account covering a real meaning. It is, as it has been called, "the moral malady" which besets those who live mainly by intellect. Men who could not in heart go along with them thought they carried liberty of thought into presumption and rationalism. They seemed to submit the things of faith too much to human judgment, and to seek to limit their religious belief by their own powers of understanding.

They seemed then, as now, "to halve the gospel of God's grace," accepting the morality, and, if not rejecting, yet making little of the supernatural truths on which that morality is based. Such at least was the judgment of their opponents. From men of this stamp, energetic but hard, upright but not very humble or reverent, a man of deeper religious seriousness, like Keble, instinctively "shrank into himself." "He was young in years when he became a University celebrity, and younger in mind. He had the purity and simplicity of a child. He had few sympathies with the intellectual party, who sincerely welcomed him as a brilliant specimen of young Oxford. He instinctively shut up before literary display, and pomp, and donnishness—faults which will always beset academical notabilities. He did not respond to their advances. 'Poor Keble,' H. Froude used gravely to say, 'he was asked to join the aristocracy of talent, but he soon found his own level.' He went into the country, but he did not lose his place in the minds of men because he was out of sight." It could not be that Keble and these men could really be in harmony—they, "sons of Aufklärung," men of mere understanding, bringing all things to the one touchstone of logic and common sense, and content with this; he, a child of faith, with more than half his nature in the unseen, and looking at things visible mainly as they shadow forth and reveal the invisible. They represented two opposite sides of human nature, sides in all but some rare instances antagonistic, and never seemingly more antagonistic than now. Dr. Arnold, indeed, though belonging in the main to the school of liberalism, combined with it more religious warmth than was common in his own party. It is this union of qualities, generally thought incompatible, which perhaps was the main secret of his great influence. But the combination, which was almost unique in himself, he can hardly be said, by his example, to have rendered more easy for his followers in the present day.

The Catholic Emancipation was a trying and perplexing time for Keble. With the opponents of the measure in Oxford, the old Tory party of Church and State, he had no sympathy. He saw that they

had no principle of growth in them, that their only aim was to keep things as they were. His sympathy for the old Catholic religion, that feeling which made him say in *The Christian Year*,

"Speak gently of our sister's fall,"

would naturally make him wish to see Catholic disabilities removed. But then he disliked both the men by whom and the arguments by which Emancipation was supported. He would rather have not seen the thing done at all, than done by the hands of Whiggery. A few years more brought on the crisis, the inevitable collision. The Earl Grey Administration, flushed with their great Reform victory, went on to lay hands on the English Church, that Church which for centuries had withstood the Whigs. They made their attack on the weakest point, the Irish Church, and suppressed three of its bishoprics. This might seem to be but a small matter in itself, but it was an indication of more behind. Lord Grey had told the Bishops to set their house in order, and his party generally spoke of the Church as the mere creature of the State, which they might do with as they pleased. The Church must be liberalized, the last teeth pulled from those fangs which had so often proved troublesome to Whiggery. This was too much for Keble. It touched him to the quick, and made him feel that now the time was come when he must speak and act. By nature he was no politician nor controversialist. He disliked the strife of tongues. But he was a man; he had deep religious convictions; and to change what was ancient and catholic in the Church was to touch the apple of his eye. When he looked to the old Tory party he saw no help in them. To the aggressive spirit they had nothing to oppose but outworn Church and State theories. The Bishops, too, were helpless, and spoke slightly of apostolical succession and the nonjurors. Was the Establishment principle, then, the only rock on which the Church was built? Keble and his young friends thought scorn of that. This feeling first found utterance in the assize sermon which Keble preached from the University pulpit, on Sunday, the 14th of July, 1833, and afterwards published under the title

of "National Apostasy." "I have ever considered and kept the day," says Dr. Newman, "as the start of the religious movement of 1833." That sermon itself we have not seen, but the tone of it may be gathered from those lines in the *Lyra Apostolica*, where Keble speaks of

"The ruffian band,
Came to reform where ne'er they came to
pray."

That was a trumpet-note which rallied to the standard of the Church whatever of ardor and devotion young Oxford then contained. These virtues have never been greatly countenanced in the Church of England. To staid respectability it has always been, and still is, one of the chief recommendations of that Church that it is an embodied protest against what one of its own Bishops is said to have denounced, as "that most dangerous of all errors—enthusiasm." In the last century she had cast out enthusiasm in the person of Wesley; at the beginning of this, she had barely tolerated it in the Newtons and Cecils, and other fathers of evangelicism. But here was a fresh attempt to reintroduce it in a new form. The young men who were roused by Keble's note of warning—able, zealous, resolute—flung aside with disdain timid arguments from expediency. They set themselves to defend the Church with weapons of more ethereal temper, and they found them, as they believed, in reviving her claims to a heavenly origin and a divine prerogative. That these claims sounded strange to the ears even of Churchmen at that time was to these men no stumbling-block—rather an incentive to more fearless action. True, such a course shut them out from preferment, hitherto the one recognized aim of the abler English Churchmen. But these younger men were content to do without preferment. They had at least got beyond that kind of worldliness. If self still clung to them in any shape, it was in that enlarged and nobler form in which it is one with the glory of the Church Catholic in all ages. The views and aims of the new party soon took shape in the *Tracts for the Times*. If Keble was the starter of the movement, J. H. Newman soon became its leader. In all his conduct of it, one of his great

aims was to give to the sentiments and views which had originated with Keble a consistent logical basis. The sequel all men know. The inner working of the movement may be read in *The Apologia*.

As for Keble, during the eventful years that followed, though his place was still in his country cure, his sympathies and coöperation were with Newman and other friends in Oxford. He contributed some of the most important tracts; poems of his embodying the sentiments of the party appeared from time to time, and were republished in the *Lyra Apostolica*. In 1841, when the famous No. 90 was published, to the scandal of the whole religious world, Keble was one of the few who stood by Newman. What, then, must his feelings have been when that younger friend, by whom he had so stood, with whom he had so often taken counsel, abandoned the Church of England and sought refuge in that of Rome? As late as 1863, a friend of his, when walking with him near Hursley, drew his attention to a broken piece of ground—a chalk-pit, as it turned out—hard by. "Ah," he said, "that is a sad place connected with the most painful event of my life." I began to fear that it had been the scene of some terrible accident which I had unwittingly recalled to his mind. "It was there," he went on, "that I first knew for certain that J. H. N. had left us. We had made up our mind that such an event was all but inevitable; and one day I received a letter in his handwriting. I felt sure of what it contained, and I carried it about with me through the day, afraid to open it. At last I got away to that chalk-pit, and there forcing myself to read the letter, I found that my forebodings had been too true; it was the announcement that he was gone."

It seems natural to ask how it came that, when Newman left, Keble adhered to the Church of England. They were at one in their fundamental principles. What, then, determined them to go different ways? Of many reasons that occur this one may be given. The two friends, though agreeing in their principles, differed widely in mental structure and in natural temperament. They differed scarcely less in training and circumstances. Keble, as we have seen,

cared little for reasoning, and rested mainly on feeling and intuition. Newman, on the other hand, though fully alive to these, added an unresting intellectual instinct which could not be satisfied without a defined logical foundation for what it instinctively held. Not that Keble was without a theory. Taking from Butler the principle that probability is the guide of life, he applied it to theological truth. Butler, by a very questionable process, had employed the maxim of worldly prudence, that probability is the guide of life, as an argument for religion, but mainly in the natural sphere. Keble tried to carry it on into the sphere of revealed truth. The arguments which support religious doctrine, he said, may be only probable arguments judged intellectually; but faith and love being directed towards the Divine Object, and living in the contemplation of that Object, convert these probable arguments into certainties. In fact, the inward assurance which devout faith has of the reality of its Object, makes doctrines practically certain which may not be intellectually demonstrable. Newman tells us that he accepted this view so far, but, not being fully satisfied with it, tried, in his University sermons and other works, to supplement it with considerations of his own. In time, however, he felt it give way in his hands, and either abandoned it, or allowed it to carry him elsewhere.

But besides difference of mental structure, there were other causes which perhaps determined the divergent courses of the two friends. In the case of Keble, whatever is most sacred and endearing in the English Church had surrounded his infancy and boyhood, and gone with him into full manhood. With him home affection was hardly less sacred than loyalty to the Faith. These two influences were so intertwined in the inner fibres of his nature that it would have been to him very death to separate them. Of Dr. Newman's early associations we know no more than the little he has himself disclosed. It would appear, however, that the Anglican Church never had so invincible a hold on him as it had on Keble. By few perhaps has it been seen in so winning an aspect as it wore in the quiet of that Gloucestershire parsonage.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Macmillan's Magazine.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS:" A COMMENTARY.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"IDLE tears" they may be—for what tears in this world are not idle?—but still the saddest that ever flowed from human eye. Tears of joy, tears of pity, are to be found elsewhere; but such tears of desolate, hopeless, unrelieved misery, are recorded in no literature, are preserved in no lachrymatory, ancient or modern. Each stanza contains an image or images, and each hopelessly, irretrievably mournful, drawn from the very abyss of sorrow. Even the "happy autumn fields" and the bright beam of morning, glorifying our friends' return, borrow the despairing hues of the rest.

The theme is the irrecoverable past—"the days that are no more"—exhibited to us in the several aspects of their freshness, their sadness, their strangeness, their dearness, their sweetness, their depth, and their wild regret.

The keynote is clearly and beautifully struck in the first stanza. Nothing moves the spirit of man so profoundly as some of the appearances of nature; more profoundly, because it is often impossible to explain why it should be so. The vague but intense yearning, the feeling of vastness and longing, which possesses one at the sight of certain aspects of the sunset, has been felt by almost every one. It is a mere commonplace, but a commonplace that is unexplainable, and which is a stronger evidence, to those who feel it, of the immortality of the soul than all the demonstrations of natural theology. So it is, too, with the awe excited in the mind

by the starry heavens in all their clearness and immensity; by the rare and most touching spectacle of the waning moon; or by the ascent of the dawn, in the hush and chill of daybreak. The same kind of feeling, only more personal, and less vast, and colored rather by wild passionate human regret, is apt to seize the mind in autumn, in viewing some scene of sweet rich peaceful beauty, like the "happy autumn fields" of this poem. The feeling may be due in part to the universal spectacle of things passing away—corn ripe and cut, leaves gradually "reddening to the fall," all things drawing slowly but surely to their appointed end. The very look of the clouds in the autumn afternoons, so round and calm and still, so ethereal in their tints, so unutterably soft and mellow in their lights and shadows, contributes to the general impression of rest and peace. But the real ground of the melancholy which autumn inspires is something deeper, some instinct of which we know only the effect, and cannot even conjecture the working, and which, from that very vagueness, stirs the spirit more deeply than any more definite cause would do.

However this may be, certain it is that, at such moments, the transitoriness of life and all around will suddenly impress itself on the mind. The keynote of "some divine despair" in the heart is touched. Persons and incidents, fraught with unutterable recollections, and worth all the world to one—a dead child, a lost love, a sudden look, a parting, a difference, a reconciliation—present themselves with peculiar power. It is, perhaps, long since we had to do with them, but they come back as "fresh" as if it were yesterday; they fill the mind as if present, in all their sweetness and familiar tender dearness, and the pang of absence, and the maddening sense of the utter irrecoverableness of the past rushes in after them with a "wild regret," and the tears, the "idle tears"—not idle in themselves, but idle only because "we know not what they mean"—"rise from the depths" of our "divine despair"—"divine" because so utterly beyond all human reason or knowledge—and gather, smarting, in the eyes of the gazer.

The images in which this grief of the mind is presented are not only very original, but they succeed one another in a progression as subtle and delicate as it is admirable. The key, so to speak, in which the poem starts, is adhered to, with a slight departure only, through the second and third stanzas. The natural and external image of the "happy autumn fields" is continued in the wide expanse of the ocean, the ships, and the sunbeams striking across the world, all external to the observer. It is again continued in the next stanza, in the rising of the "dim dawn," "loud with voices of the birds" outside the casement, though here intensified and made more solemn by the introduction of the slowly dying man, on whose dull eyes and feeble ears these sights and sounds strike for the last time. The outward-bound ship, bearing off "all we love," is mournful enough, as in the chill damp air which foreruns the night we watch the last red tint on the sails, and wait for the sun to drop below the sea-line, and all to assume, as if by magic, one dull, leaden, indistinguishable hue. This is mournful, but the picture which follows it—the dying man on his deathbed, watching the faint beginnings of his last day on earth—is surely one of the most desolate in all literature or art.* Even this, however, can be surpassed. So far we have been spectators only—looking at that which is outside of us. In the fourth and last stanza we encounter a sudden modulation; and by a transition, than which Beethoven himself never imagined anything at once more sudden and less violent, we are landed in a region quite remote from the former one—the region of our own selves, and among images

* Wallis's picture of Chatterton is full of desolation; but it is far below this poem, because *there* the struggle is over—*here* it is still going on. Schumann's Overture to Manfred is equally gloomy and equally touching. It is, however, a more extended work in every way. The nearest parallel in music must, perhaps, be looked for in Schubert's works—at the base of which, almost without exception, there lies a profound melancholy. The Songs of "Das Wirtshaus," or the "Todesmusik" (Op. 108), are those which occur to me as the most suitable. But, indeed, such parallels are never quite satisfactory, if only from the fact that, owing to the necessary form, there are fewer ideas in music than in poetry, though perhaps as many emotions.

that transcend those that precede them, as much as that which is personal and passionate must surpass that which is merely external and passive. Sad as is the departure of all we love across the waste of ocean, desolate as are the loneliness of the long daybreak and dim sounds of life to the dying man, the sting of kisses remembered when the loved one who kissed us is gone for ever is still sharper:

"—a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But even this again may be exceeded. There may be a union of sweetness and mad anguish in repeating in fancy the caresses of lips, once all your own, and now lost for ever—lost, not by death, or any such divine decree, but by human faults, by faithlessness, or misunderstanding, or social difference, or some other cause which infuses a rankling sense of injustice into the pain of the loss. As it is the thought of death that forms the link between the two stanzas—the dying man leading on to the dead love—so it is the introduction of the element of love which gives the last stanza its special keenness, which makes it so truly the climax of the poem. For love is the crown of all human things, and gives the last bitterness to sorrow, the highest culmination to joy; and, in comparison to it, absence, and friendship, and kindred, and death, and all other ills, and all other delights of earth, are as nothings, as mere passing vanities. Nor is it love alone that is introduced, but its very acme—the kiss, the "meeting of the lips," when "spirits rush together," and soul closes with soul on fire.* Thus pointed and thus presented, the memory of the "days that are no more" becomes indeed a very "Death in Life."

So, hopeless and forlorn, ends this most lovely but most sorrowful of poems. And if this "moan about the retrospect" were all that could be said about the

* "Methinks if I should kiss thee, no control
Within the thrilling brain could keep aloof
The subtle spirit—even while I spoke
The bare word kiss hath made my inner soul
To tremble like a lute-string, ere the note
Hath melted in the silence that it broke."

—Poems, 1833.

"days that are no more," what would there be for us but to lie down and die, and so purchase a swift immunity from such unavailing regrets? And it is undeniable that such a view of the past has at times, more or less often, been taken by every man and woman of sensibility. More or less often, but, thank Heaven, not always. There is another aspect, brighter, and better, and healthier than any of those yet presented to us. "Sweet" as they are—and there is no denying their sweetness; even the stern Princess herself is compelled to allow that—sweet as they are, they are yet truly "vague" and "fatal to men"—"fancies hatched in silken-folded idleness." Memory may be—perhaps always must be—"memory with sad eyes;" but we must not forget that what she supplies us with would, but for her, be lost for ever; her gifts are not only so much saved from the wreck of life, but, once possessed, they are ours for life. That which has once happened to us becomes a part of our being, and, though for the time forgotten or overlooked, is still there, in the storehouse of the mind, always ready to start into action when the proper chord is touched, and to present itself in its original force and freshness, mellowed perhaps, but hardly weakened, by the enchanting effect of distance. Such memories are a part of our very selves, and can only be taken from us by the failure of our powers, the positive loss of the faculty of recollection. Cherish and encourage them! Nothing can make up for their loss, nothing can surpass their power and sweetness. They are the one certain possession granted to us; nor only certain, but personal and exclusive in the highest possible degree. No one can take them away, and no one can share them:

"Mine are they, evermore mine, mine alone."

As long as they remain there is still an Eden for men. "Memory," says Jean Paul, "is the only Paradise out of which nothing can ever drive us." And surely to remember and ponder over the joys of life, even when those joys are no longer ours, is full of unspeakable comfort. True, the caresses of the loved one, which were "sweeter, sweeter than anything on earth," are gone for ever; but

we possess their memory, the memory of the supreme happiness which they brought to us, and to her who loved us, on their heavenly wings. We may meet again, and we may not, in the land of peace and brightness, which we are taught from our childhood to believe in. We may not. Alas! that the doubt should obtrude itself on those to whom the contrary belief would be the greatest blessing! But the very shadow of the doubt should make us prize only the more ardently the certain memory which we hold, and with which we may solace ourselves during the few short years which yet remain to us on earth. Whatever our future may be, *this we have*—this nothing can take away. We can go over every circumstance of the past, recall every look, every word, every touch, of each interview, each meeting, and each parting, and in so doing feel what alleviations there are to the immense inevitable ills of life, how carefully each privation is accompanied by a gift, how true it is that we have here a joy that nothing can take away:

"Come foul, or fair, or rain, or shine,

The joys I have possessed in spite of fate
are mine;

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have
lived my hour."

A view so opposite to that of the song before us could hardly have been embodied without violating the dramatic intention and course of the poem. But it is a great lesson, and one which might well be enforced. Indeed, Mr. Tennyson has elsewhere done it in the noblest, most complete manner. If we want to see how, by a great loss, a man can be plunged headlong into the very depths of grief and despair; how, out of the listlessness which follows so stunning a blow—when the paralyzed "tongue" refuses to "utter" the vague "thoughts that arise" in the mind; when all earthly things, from the "stately ships" and the "everlasting hills," to the "fisherman's boys," seem as nothing in comparison to one "touch of the vanished hand"—how out of even these depths, he can lift his head gradually above the wave, and from reviling and repelling his sorrow (under the aggravation which is the next stage of the mental conflict) as a "cruel fellow-

ship," a "priestess in the vaults of death," can come to entreat her to "dwell with him," "no casual mistress, but a wife"—can at length look calmly back on what has been, and "two-and-thirty years" after the "fatal loss" can see the mist rolled away, and all stand before him in perfect symmetry and perfect loveliness—if we want to see this, then look at "In Memoriam." That wonderful poem, and the few scattered pieces connected with it, contain the most complete answer to the sweet seductions of "Tears, idle tears."

But "In Memoriam" deals with a larger and more complicated past than that which is reflected in the little poem we are considering. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Tennyson may some day take up the task, and compose a pendant to "Tears, idle Tears," setting forth in his own exquisite language, and with images as suggestive and touching as these now before us, the happy aspects of the past—the comfort and satisfaction conferred by those purely personal recollections which are of more real value to each individual man and woman than anything outside of us can be; and thus give us, in the forms and feelings of our own time, a companion to that striking Ode just quoted, in which the nervous and energetic genius of Dryden embodied the sentiments of his coarser and more material age?

One remonstrance, I desire, though with great deference, to make, before concluding this part of my subject. It refers to the expression "deep as first love." Of course there are exceptions to the general rule, and it may be a man's fortune not to love till his faculties are mature; but, generally speaking, "first love" occurs in youth, or immature age, and in that case "holding" as it does all the "promise of the golden hours," and brilliant and fresh as it may be—and surely nothing can compare for freshness with the bloom and dew with which one's first passion invests all the world—brilliant and fresh as it may be, it cannot be so "deep" as the love of a man of ripe age and maturer powers who has kept his "boy's heart" so long as still to love ardently, but joins to his ardor the knowledge, the firmness, the persistence, the power, with which years

have endowed him. These—and they are not of infrequent occurrence—these are the grand "deep" passions of life, so powerful as to modify, and sometimes completely to change even a character long fixed and settled.

The form of this Song is not one of the least remarkable things about it. It is in four stanzas, each of the unusual number of five lines. Like the general body of the poem, the stanzas consist of ordinary ten-syllabled unrhymed lines; and the Song is distinguished from that which precedes and follows it merely by the fact that the sense comes to an end at the end of each stanza, and that each closes with the refrain, "the days which are no more." It is a form which has not, I think, been employed by other poets, though by Mr. Tennyson himself it is used on two other occasions—first in the song of triumph sung by the Princess, in the opening of the sixth canto of this very poem, and again in the "measured words" of the "Golden Year," a piece inserted in recent editions of the *Poems*. In each of these a similar artifice is employed to mark the recurrence of the stanza, each has a refrain*—in the former at the beginning of the verse, in the latter at the end; but they are both far inferior (the war-song naturally so) in flow and finish to the masterly work before us. In this case, owing to some hidden secret of workmanship, which I am unable to discover, save by its effects, some subtle fragrance breathed over the song, so perfect is the cadence of the lines, and so sweet the music of the syllables, as to give all the effect of the rhymes which the stanza form naturally suggests, and which the ear, in this case, fails to miss.

The diction and workmanship are as choice, as delicately appropriate, and as minutely finished as those of Mr. Tennyson's poems usually are. Such lines as—

* A refrain is also used in the Song in the last canto: "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white"—though it consists only of the single word "me." There are beautiful examples of this charming artifice also in the first song—"As through the land," the "Cradle Song," and the "Bugle Song," on which I hope to be able to speak at length on a future opportunity, as well as in "Ask me no more," which I have already attempted to examine.

"Tears from the depths of some divine despair,"

or—

"Sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned ;"

or—

"Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,"
or again—

"That sinks with all we love below the
verge,"

where the slow, heavy monosyllables are almost like earth dropping on to a coffin—lines like these, in which the force of the thought is preserved through all the labor necessary for such high finish, would make the fortune of any other poet. Every one knows that they are to be found in hundreds in the works of Mr. Tennyson, one of whose remarkable characteristics is the power he possesses of uniting the most exquisite beauty of detail with force and completeness of general effect, a power which forms one of the strongest guarantees for the endurance of his poetry.

I have only to add that this Song has never been altered ; but remains exactly as it was in the original edition of *The Princess*.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.R.S., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784 ; and died in London, on the 29th October, 1842. He was, therefore, not aged, when called from earth ; yet his was a giant frame, and a constitution singularly robust ; all his habits were healthy ; he had, during the later years of his life, perfect tranquillity of mind, without any dread of the future ; he derived much comfort from the prospects of his children, and his home had been a happy home from the first day that his admirable wife came from her Scottish dwelling to share it—to share also in the honorable fame he obtained, "all his own," to be the friend of the many

friends he had acquired by the exercise of high and wholesome intellect, and by social qualities, without any drawback, that made his society a perpetual charm. Miss Landon once gave me his character in a sentence—"A few words of Allan Cunningham strengthen me like a dose of Peruvian bark !"

In his youthhood, he followed the comparatively humble calling of a stone mason ; not, however, without a thought that he might become a builder ; and he was sorely tempted that way when, embarking for England at the port of Leith, an acquaintance sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the Muses, by offering to become his partner in a scheme which might have led to fortune.

His forefathers were stout Scottish men of the border, and of good blood—one of them having fought, as an officer, under the banner of the great Montrose at Kilsyth and Philiphaugh. His elder brother was a mason before him, and so a mason Allan became. Of another brother, Thomas, Hogg tells us he "had great poetical power which he hid under lock and key." But the heart of Allan was not in "manual" labor, although he rapidly became a skilful workman ; he loved better to pore over old books, listen to old songs and tales, and roam among his native hills and glens, for neighboring Nithside was a place of much natural beauty. Hogg describes Allan when young, as "a dark ungainly youth, with a burdly frame, and strongly marked manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man." He adds : "He is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner. You at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies." A thirst for knowledge came early ; but a love of writing, as I have heard him say, came late ; he had gathered much before he gave out any ; some of his lyrics, however, having made their way into print, he found it comparatively easy to climb the steep that leads to

"Fame's eternal temple."

He had his struggles certainly, but they were neither heavy nor prolonged ; and, although, for a time, a wanderer in Lon-

don, trusting to the precarious chances of gain as a contributor to the public press, a fortunate circumstance placed him in a position where all peril of want was happily averted.

So early as 1809, Cromek, the engraver, accompanied by the artist Stothard, had visited Dumfries, to collect materials for an illustrated edition of the poems of Robert Burns; they were introduced to Allan Cunningham, who read to them some of his verses; these were pooh-poohed by Cromek, but when Allan repeated some snatches of old ballads, the idea occurred to the speculative publisher that to gather and print them, in the manner of Percy's *Reliques*, would be a good scheme. The hint suggested to Allan that he might palm off upon the publisher some imitations as genuine—the bait took. Cromek, who had no relish for Allan's original compositions, was delighted with the "imitations." It is understood that the fraud was never guessed to be a fraud by Cromek, until after the publication of the *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*.

In order to see this book through the press, Allan accepted the invitation of Cromek to visit London; and in London he arrived on the 9th of April, 1810—a memorable day, for it was the day on which Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower.*

* From a slight autobiography which Allan left, I am permitted to make a few interesting extracts. The poet records his departure from Scotland, and his advent in London: "The hour of fame and distinction seemed, in my sight, at hand. I turned my eyes on London, and closed them on all places else. In vain, my friends urged me to study architecture, and apply the talent, etc., etc."

"On my way to the Pier of Leith, I met one of my old Edinburgh comrades, Charlie Stevenson by name, who was rejoiced to see me, and tried over 'a pint of the best o't,' to persuade me to become his partner in the erection of two houses in the New Town, by which he showed me we should clear, by the end of the season, a hundred pounds each. I declined his kind offer. 'If,' I said, 'undertakings of that nature could have influenced me, I need not have left Dumfries, where, with certainty of success, I might either have begun business for myself, or been admitted into partnership with my masters, who would have been glad both of my skill and my connection.' So I parted with worthy Charlie Stevenson, and committed myself to the waves in one of the Leith smacks, bound for London. Several of my com-

The *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* became popular; it was regarded as a veritable collection of old fragments; "no one suspected a cheat;" none of the mere public, that is to say, for Bishop Percy at once pronounced them too good to be old; and Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and Professor Wilson, did not for a moment hesitate as to the true authorship. They, as Hogg says, "laid the saddle on the right horse;" and although there may have been, as there ought to have been, doubts as to the morality of the transaction, the book gave Allan fame—nothing else—for Cromek presented to him a bound copy, alleging that it had been a costly work to produce, but promising "something handsome" when it reached a second edition.

After he had been two months in London, and had found that Cromek was unable to procure him the "situation" he expected, he engaged himself for twenty-five shillings (subsequently increased to thirty-two) a week "to an indifferent sculptor of the name of Bubb, in Carmarthen-street," where he found he had much spare evening time on his hands; and he goes on to say in the autobiography to which I have referred—

"I now thought of Eugenius Roche and the *Literary Recreations*—a work which I never could persuade myself died for want of the breath of genius. I found him in Carey-street, a husband and a father, and as warm-hearted and kind as his correspondence had led me to imagine. He was well acquainted with foreign, as well as with English literature; wrote prose with fluency, and verse with ease and elegance, and was in looks and manners, and in all things, a gentleman—tall too, spoke with a slight lisp, and was of a fair complexion. He had in other days expressed a desire to serve me, and pointed out the newspapers as a source of emolument to an able and ready writer. As he was now conductor of a paper called the *Day*, he told me he would give me a permanent situation upon it as a reporter as soon as the Parliamentary sessions began, and in the mean time he would allow me a guinea per week for any little poetic contri-

rades from the Vale of Nith, then at the University, waved me from the pier, and away I went, with groves of laurels rustling green before me, and fame and independence, I nothing doubted, ready to welcome me to that great city which annually swallows up so many high hopes and enthusiastic spirits."

butions which I liked to make. What the duties required of me were, I could form no opinion, but as I concluded that Roche must know I was fit to fulfil them, I was easy on that point.* I was now well off as to money matters, and in a position to indulge a wish dear to my heart, namely, to bring my Lass of Preston Mill to London, and let her try her skill as a wife and a housekeeper."

In 1814, Allan, bearing in mind the saying of his great countryman, that literature, though a good staff, is a bad crutch, entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, as the general superintendent of his works; and there he remained until his death, residing in a house adjacent, in Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico.

That, like all men who are the architects of their own fortunes, he had to wrestle for his, is very certain. In a letter to Professor Wilson, dated September, 1828, he says: "My life has been one continued struggle to maintain my independence, and support wife and children; and I have, when the labor of the day is closed, endeavored to use the little talent which my country allows me to possess as easily and as profitably as I can. The pen thus adds a little to the profit of the chisel, and I keep my head above water, and, on occasion, take the middle of the causeway with an independent step."

It was while living upon chances, so to speak, and while yet in early youth, he ventured on the bold step of marriage;

from the lassie to whom he had pledged his troth, in his native village, his heart had never wandered; neither the lures of the metropolis, nor the dreams of distinction—that had been dreary as well as dim—had wiled his affection from his first and only love.

On this subject, I borrow a passage from Allan's autobiography:

"In the summer of 1812, I was a husband and a father. I was married on the 1st of July, 1811, in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, and did not fail, even in that hour of joy, to remark that James I., the poet-king of Scotland, had been married there also; and that we joined hands nigh the monument of Gower, and not far from the grave of Massinger. I had persuaded my lass of Preston Mill to come to London, nor did she reach me without finding good friends by the way. In the house of Gray, master of the High School of Edinburgh, she met the attention due to a daughter, was introduced to Dr. Anderson, and had the pleasure of hearing a letter read from Bishop Percy, in which he spoke well of the talents of her future husband. In James Hogg, also, and his comrade, Grieve, she met with attentive friends, who showed her the beauties of Edinburgh, conveyed her to the Pier of Leith, and saw her safely embarked on the waves. Of her and my sister Jean, who accompanied her, Hogg thus wrote to my eldest brother James: 'I had the pleasure of waiting on your two sisters for a few days, and I am sure there never was a brother took the charge of sisters more pleasantly than I did. But one of them, at least, needs nobody to take care of her—I mean the beauteous mermaid of Galloway, who is certainly a most extraordinary young woman. I introduced her to some gentlemen and ladies of my acquaintance, who were not only delighted, but astonished at her.' Jean Walker was then twenty years of age; her complexion was fine, and her eyes bright, and her prudence equalled her looks."

* Allan had contributed from Dumfries two or three poems to the *Literary Recreations*—a work edited by Eugenius Roche, in 1807; they were signed "Hidallan." In one of the monthly parts I find this passage among the notices to correspondents: "We really feel proud in having the pleasure of ushering to public notice, through the medium of our publication, the effusions of such a self-taught genius as Hidallan." I knew Eugenius Roche, somewhat intimately, in 1825. He was an Irish gentleman, of a singularly kindly and genial nature. At that time he was editor of the *Morning Post*, and had, all his life, been a laborer for the press. He was proud of the small share he had in advancing the fortunes of Cunningham; and long before I became acquainted with Allan described to me the surprise he had felt on the discovery that so young and so apparently rough a specimen of the "north countrie" was the writer of the poems he had read with so much delight. Roche still lived in Carey-street when I knew him, and there, I believe, he died about the year 1830. He is worthy of a better tribute than my limited information enables me to give; few men more amiable and excellent have existed in my time.

Mrs. Cunningham survived Allan many years, dying in September, 1864. She was a charming woman in her prime, and must have been very lovely as a girl. I have never known a better example of what natural grace and purity can do to produce refinement. Though peasant-born, she was, in society, a lady—thoroughly so. There was not only no shadow of vulgarity in her manners; there was not even rusticity; while there was a total absence of assumption and pretence; and she was entirely at ease in the "grand" society—men and women of rank as well as those eminent in Art, in

Science, and in Letters—I have met as guests at her home.

Not long after he entered the studio of Chantrey, Cunningham published a dramatic poem, "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," commemorating one of the heroes of his native district. It was praised by the critics, and Sir Walter Scott generously

"Handed the rustic stranger up to Fame,"

by a few laudatory words in the introductory epistle which prefaces the "Fortunes of Nigel."*

Thenceforward, his career in literature was easy and prosperous; his collection of *The Songs of Scotland* is a text-book for all after writers; and his novels, although pushed aside by more "sensational" works, retain an ample share of popularity.

The work, however, by which he did most good, is the six volumes of *Lives of British Painters and Sculptors*. It has been objected to as less enthusiastic than the subject demanded; but the memoirs are earnest and true; they manifest sufficient research, and bear strong evidence of thorough knowledge; while they are the productions of a graceful pen, discharging a pleasant task with a critical nicety and sound discretion. Southey wrote him: "Your *British Painters* will live as long as any records of British Art remain. It is the best book of its kind that has ever fallen in my way." And Leslie, who was to follow him as a biographer of Reynolds, in thanking him for one of the volumes, says: "I cannot but set a high value on a compliment from one with whose published opinions on the characters of our deceased artists, if on a very few points I differ, in the main I entirely agree."†

Few men have received finer compli-

ments from their contemporaries; that of Southey is well known:

"Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills
And yonder Solway shores, a poet thou!"

Those of Scott, of Hogg, and of Wilson I have quoted. "Stalwart of form and stout of heart and verse—a ruder Burns," writes Talfourd. When he edited *The Anniversary*, one of the *Annals*, he obtained the aid of Wilson, and many others, tempted by friendship, whom no money would have tempted. It was at his house—honored guests, receiving honor—I met some of the greatest men of the age, among them Scott and Southey, and there was no man of any rank in England or in Scotland, who would not have considered it a privilege to be classed among his friends.

It is our happiness so to class ourselves; and I am tempted to print one of his letters to Mrs. Hall among the few of his I have preserved:

"Belgrave Place, 8d August, 1836.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL:

"I will do anything for you, but my Muse, poor lassie, has lost much of her early readiness and spirit, and finds more difficulty in making words clink and lines keep time; but she will work for you, and as she loves you, who knows but some of her earlier inspiration may come to her again? for you must know I think her strains have lost much of their free wild nature since we came from the land of the yellow broom and the blossomed heather.

"Yours, ever and ever,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

I shall, I hope, be pardoned for extracting a passage from a letter I received from him soon after the issue of the first volume of my *Book of Gems*:

"Your *Book of Gems* was welcome for your sake, painting's sake, poetry's sake, and my own sake. I have done nothing but look at it since it came, and admire the good taste of the selections, and the happy language—clear too, and discriminating—of the biographies. It will do good both to the living and the dead—directing and animating the former, and giving fresh lustre to the latter; if it obtains but half the success which it deserves, both your publisher and yourself ought to be satisfied. I have made the characters of our poets my study—studied them both as men and as bards, looking at them through the eyes of nature, and I am fully warranted in

* "There is my friend, Allan, has written just such a play as I might write myself on a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent pens. . . . So much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole. . . . Honest Allan, you are a credit to Caledonia. . . . There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read. 'It's hame and it's hame,' is equal to Burns."

† Cunningham wrote for the *Art Journal* a series of papers on "Our Public Statues," which were published in that work, in 1839-40.

saying that our notions very seldom differ, and that you come nearer my feelings on the whole than any other person, save one, whom I have ever met. You will see this, when my *Lives of the Poets* are published, and that will be soon, for the first volume is all but ready."

An interesting anecdote is recorded by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*:

"Breakfasting one morning with Allan Cunningham, and commending one of his publications, Scott looked round the table, and said: 'What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?' 'I ask that question often at my own heart,' said Allan, 'and I cannot answer it.' 'What does the eldest point to?' 'The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter, and I have a half promise of a commission in the king's army for him, but I wish rather he could go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on.' Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville (who was then President of the Board of Control), and begged a cadetship for young Cunningham. Lord Melville promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal, in which case he would gladly serve the son of honest Allan; but the point being thus left doubtful, Scott meeting Mr. John Loch, one of the East India Directors, at dinner the same evening at Lord Stafford's applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, he found a note from Lord Melville intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in complying with his request. Next morning, Sir Walter appeared at Sir Francis Chantrey's breakfast table, and greeted the sculptor (who is a brother of the angle) with 'I suppose it has sometimes happened to you to catch one trout (which was all you thought of) with the fly and another with the bobber. I have done so, and I think I shall land them both. Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?' 'To be sure he would,' said Chantrey, 'and if you'll secure the commissions, I'll make the outfit easy.' Great was the joy in Allan's household on this double good news, but I should add that before the thing was done, he had to thank another benefactor. Lord Melville, after all, went out of the Board of Control before he had been able to fulfil his promise. But his successor, Lord Ellenborough, on hearing the circumstances of the case, desired Cunningham to set his mind at rest, and both his young men are now prospering in the Indian service.*"

*The elder of these two sons, named Joseph Davy, after one of his father's old comrades of the *Day* newspaper, rose high in the Indian political service, and was the author of a very

In one of her earliest sketches, Mrs. Hall thus pictures Allan Cunningham: "I can clearly recall the first interview I had with him; it was before I had been much in literary society, and when I was but little acquainted with those whose works had found places in my heart. I remember how my cheek flushed, and how pleased and proud I was of the few words of praise he gave to one of the first efforts of my pen. He was then a stout man, somewhat high-shouldered, broad-chested, and altogether strongly proportioned; his head was firm and erect, his mouth close yet full, the lips large, his nose thick and broad, his eyes of intense darkness (I could never define their color) beneath shaggy and flexible eyebrows, and were, I think, as powerful, yet as soft and winning as any eyes I ever saw. His brow was expansive, indicating by its breadth not only imagination and observation, but by its height the veneration and benevolence so conspicuous in his character. His accent was strongly Scotch, and when warmed into a subject, he expressed himself with eloquence and feeling; but generally, his manner was quiet and reserved; quiet less from a habit of observing than from a dislike of conversation. . . . In after years, when it was my privilege to meet him frequently, it was a pleasure to note the respect he commanded from all who were distinguished in Art and Letters. He had a sovereign contempt for anything that approached affectation—literary affectation especially; and certainly lashed it, even in society, by words and looks of contempt, that could not be easily forgotten. 'Wherever,' I have heard him say, 'there is nature, wherever a person is not ashamed to show a heart, there is the germ of excellence. I love na-

able work, the *History of the Sikhs*. He died in 1851. The other, Alexander, has retired from the service as a general officer, having recently resigned the appointment of Archeological Investigator to the Government of India. He has published several works on antiquarian subjects. The third son, Peter, has established a high position in literature. The fourth, and youngest son, Francis Chantrey, also entered the army, and after being, for many years, First Assistant and Secretary to the Commission for the Government of Mysore, has now retired as a colonel. His only daughter, Mary, still resides in the house in which her mother died.

ture!' His dark eyes would often glisten over a child or a flower; and a ballad, one of the songs of his native land, would move him to tears (I have seen it do so more than once)—that is to say, if it were sung 'according to nature,' with no extra 'flourish,' no encumbering drapery of form to disturb the 'natural' melody."

Allan, as I have said, was a man of stalwart form; it was well knit, and, apparently, the health that had been garnered in childhood and in youth was his blessing when in manhood; certainly to all outward seeming he had ample security for a long life; his brow was large and lofty; his face of the Scottish type, high cheek-bones and well rounded; his mouth flexible and expressive, yet indicative of strong resolution; his eyes were likened, by persons who knew them both, to those of Burns, and no doubt they were so; they were deeply seated, and almost black, surrounded by a dark rim, and shadowed by somewhat heavy dark eyebrows. His manners conveyed conviction of sincerity; they were not refined, neither were they rugged, and the very opposite of coarse. It was plain that for all his advantages, he was indebted to nature; for although he mixed much in what is called "polite society," and was a gentleman whose companionship was courted by the highest—statesmen and peers—up to the last he had "a smack of the heather."

Nothing seemed to irritate him so much as affectation, either with the pen or pencil, or in word, or look, or manner. I have seen him exasperated by a lisp in a woman, and by a mincing gait in a man; any pretence to be what was not, made him, so to say, furious. I would close this memory, so as I think may convey an idea of his peculiar character and worth, by quoting a favorite phrase of his own—

"Love him, for he loved Nature."

Allan is buried at Kensal Green, under a monument of granite, and his admirable wife now rests by his side.

I have wished they were sleeping in some green graveyard in Nithsdale.*

* I have heard it said that when Chantrey was building a mausoleum to receive his remains, and

Cornhill Magazine.

TWO DRAMATISTS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE are few contrasts more striking than that which is presented by the memoirs of Goldoni and Alfieri. Both of these men bore names highly distinguished in the history of Italian literature. Both of them were framed by nature with strongly marked characters, and fitted to perform a special work in the world. Both have left behind them records of their lives and literary labors, singularly illustrative of their peculiar differences. There is no instance in which we see more clearly the philosophical value of autobiographies, than in these vivid pictures which the great Italian tragedian and comic author have delineated. Some of the most interesting works of Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Andrea del Sarto, are their portraits painted by themselves. These pictures exhibit not only the lineaments of the masters, but also their Art. The hand which drew them was the hand which drew the "Last Supper," or the "Madonna of the Tribune;" color, method, chiaroscuro, all that makes up manner in painting, may be studied on the same canvas as that which faithfully represents the features of the man whose genius gave his style its special character. We seem to understand the clear calm majesty of Leonardo's manner, the silver-gray harmonies and smooth facility of Andrea's Madonnas, the better for looking at their faces drawn by their own hands at Florence. And if this be the case with a dumb picture, how far higher must be the interest and importance of the writ-

offered to leave space for his friend and associate, he received from Allan this answer: "No! I would far rather rest where the daisies will grow over my grave!" I quote in application to Allan some lines from the grand touching poem of Theodore Martin, on the burial of Thomas Campbell.

"Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our
Poet well.

Greenly banded by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell.
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain, where the lonely eagles be.

Better after-times should find him—to his rest in homage
bound,
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled
around."

ten life of a known author. Not only do we recognize in its composition the style and temper and habits of thought which are familiar to us in his other writings; but we also hear from his own lips how these were formed, how his tastes took their peculiar direction, what circumstances acted on his character, what hopes he had, and where he failed. Even should his autobiography not bear the marks of uniform candor, it probably reveals more of the actual truth, more of the man's real nature in its height and depth, than any memoir written by friend or foe. Its unconscious admissions, its general spirit, and the inferences which we draw from its perusal, are far more valuable than any mere statement of facts or external analysis, however scientific. When we become acquainted with the series of events which led to the conception or attended the production of some masterpiece of literature, a new light is thrown upon its beauties, fresh life bursts forth from every chapter, and we seem to have a nearer and more personal interest in its success. What a powerful sensation, for instance, is that which we experience when, after studying the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Gibbon tells us how the thought of writing it came to him upon the Capitol, among the ruins of dead Rome, and within hearing of the mutter of the monks of the Ara Coeli, and how he finished it one night by Lake Geneva, and laid his pen down and walked forth and saw the stars above his terrace at Lausanne.

The memoirs of Alfieri and Goldoni are not deficient in any of the characteristics of good autobiography. They seem to bear upon their face the stamp of truthfulness, they illustrate their authors' lives with marvellous lucidity, and they are full of interest as stories. But it is to the contrast which they present that our attention should be chiefly drawn. Other biographies may be as interesting and amusing. None show in a more marked manner two distinct natures endowed with genius for one art, and yet designed in every possible particular for different branches of that art. Alfieri embodies Tragedy: Goldoni is the spirit of Comedy. They are both Italians: their tragedies and comedies are by no

means cosmopolitan; but this national identity of character only renders more remarkable the individual divergences by which they were impelled into their different paths. Thalia seems to have made the one—body, soul and spirit; and Melpomene the other; each goddess launched her favorite into circumstances suited to the evolution of his genius, and presided over his development, so that at his death she might exclaim—Behold the living model of my Art!

Goldoni was born at Venice in the year 1707; he had already reached celebrity when Alfieri saw the light for the first time in 1749, at Asti. Goldoni's grandfather was a native of Modena, who had settled in Venice, and there lived with the prodigality of a rich and ostentatious *bourgeois*. "Amid riot and luxury did I enter the world," says the poet, after enumerating the banquets and theatrical displays with which the old Goldoni entertained his guests in his Venetian palace and country house. Venice at that date was certainly the proper birthplace for a comic poet. The splendor of the Renaissance had thoroughly habituated her nobles to pleasures of the sense, and had enervated their proud, maritime character, while the great name of the republic robbed them of the caution for which they used to be conspicuous. Yet the real strength of Venice was almost spent, and nothing remained but outward splendor and prestige. Everything was gay about Goldoni in his earliest childhood. Puppet shows were built to amuse him by his grandfather. "My mother," he says, "took charge of my education, and my father of my amusements."

Let us turn to the opening scene in Alfieri's life and mark the difference. A father above sixty, "noble, wealthy, and respectable," who died before his son had reached the age of one year old. A mother devoted to religion, the widow of one marquis, and after the death of a second husband, Alfieri's father, married for the third time to a nobleman of ancient ancestry. These were Alfieri's parents. He was born in a solemn palazzo in the country town of Asti, and at the age of five already longed for death as an escape from disease and other earthly troubles. So noble and so wealthy was the youth—

ful poet that an abbé was engaged to carry on his education, but not to teach him more than a count should know. Except this worthy man he had no companions whatever. Strange ideas possessed the boy. He ruminated on his melancholy, and when eight years old attempted suicide. At this age he was sent to the academy at Turin, attended, as befitted a lad of his rank, by a man servant, who was to remain and wait on him at school. Alfieri stayed here several years without revisiting his home, tyrannized over by the valet who added to his grandeur, constantly subject to sickness, and kept in almost total ignorance by his incompetent preceptors. The gloom and pride and stoicism of his temperament were augmented by this austere discipline. His spirit did not break, but took a haughtier and more disdainful tone. He became familiar with misfortune. He learned to brood over and intensify his passions. Every circumstance of his life seemed strung up to a tragic pitch. This at least is the impression which remains upon our mind after reading in his memoirs the narrative of what must in its details have been a common schoolboy's life at that time. Meanwhile, what had become of young Goldoni? His boyhood was as thoroughly plebeian, various, and comic, as Alfieri's had been patrician, monotonous, and tragical. Instead of one place of residence, we read of twenty. Scrape succeeds to scrape, adventure to adventure. Knowledge of the world, and some book learning also, flow in upon the boy, and are eagerly caught up by him and heterogeneously amalgamated in his mind. Alfieri learned nothing, wrote nothing, in his youth, and heard his parents say—"A nobleman need never strive to be a doctor of the faculties." Goldoni had a little medicine and much law thrust upon him. At eight he wrote a comedy, and ere long began to read the plays of Plautus, Terence, Aristophanes, and Machiavelli. Between the nature of the two poets there was a marked and characteristic difference as to their mode of labor and of acquiring knowledge. Both of them loved fame, and wrought for it; but Alfieri did so from a sense of pride and a determination to excel; while Goldoni loved the approbation of his fellows,

sought their compliments, and basked in the sunshine of smiles. Alfieri wrote with labor. Each tragedy he composed went through a triple process of composition, and received frequent polishing when finished. Goldoni dashed off his pieces with the greatest ease on every possible subject. He once produced sixteen comedies in one theatrical season. Alfieri's were like lion's whelps—brought forth with difficulty, and at long intervals; Goldoni's, like the brood of a hare—many, frequent, and as agile as their parent. Alfieri amassed knowledge scrupulously, but with infinite toil. He mastered Greek and Hebrew when he was past forty. Goldoni never gave himself the least trouble to learn anything, but trusted to the ready wit, good memory, and natural powers, which helped him in a hundred strange emergencies. Power of will and pride sustained the one; facility and a good-humored vanity the other. This contrast was apparent at a very early age. We have seen how Alfieri passed his time at Turin, in a kind of aristocratic prison of educational ignorance. Goldoni's grandfather died when he was five years old, and left his family in great embarrassment. The poet's father went off to practice medicine at Perugia. His son followed him, acquired the rudiments of knowledge in that town, and then proceeded to study philosophy alone at Rimini. There was no man servant or academy in his case. He was far too plebeian and too free. The boy lodged with a merchant, and got some smattering of Thomas Aquinas and the Peripatetics into his small brain, while he contrived to form a friendship with an acting company. They were on the wing for Venice in a coasting boat, which would touch at Chiozza, where Goldoni's mother then resided. The boy pleased them. Would he like the voyage? This offer seemed too tempting, and away he rushed, concealed himself on board, and made one of a merry, motley shipload. "Twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a store-keeper, eight domestics, four chambermaids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, and a lamb; it was another Noah's ark. The young poet felt at home; how could a comic poet feel otherwise? They

laughed, they sang, they danced; they ate and drank, and played at cards. "Macaroni! Every one fell on it, and three dishes were devoured. We had also alamode beef, cold fowl, a loin of veal, a dessert, and excellent wine. What a charming dinner! No cheer like a good appetite." Their harmony, however, is disturbed. The *première amoureuse*—who, in spite of her rank and title, was ugly and cross, and required to be coaxed with cups of chocolate—lost her cat. She tried to kill the whole boat-load of beasts—cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, pigeons; even the lamb stood in danger of her wrath. A regular quarrel ensued, was somehow set at peace, and all began to laugh again. This is a sample of Goldoni's youth. Comic pleasures, comic dangers; nothing deep or lasting, but light and shadow cheerfully distributed, clouds lowering with storm, a distant growl of thunder, then a gleam of light and sunshine breaking overhead. He gets articulated to an attorney at Venice, then goes to study law at Pavia; studies society instead, and flirts, and finally is expelled for writing satires. Then he takes a turn at medicine with his father in Friuli, and acts as clerk to the criminal chancellor at Chi-ozza.

Every employment seems easy to him, but he really cares for none but literature. He spends all his spare time in reading and in amusements, and begins to write a tragic opera. This proves, however, eminently unsuccessful, and he burns it in a comic fit of anger. One laughable love affair in which he engaged at Udine exhibits his adventures in their truly comic aspect. It reminds us of the scene in *Don Giovanni*, where Leporello personates the Don, and deceives Donna Elvira. Goldoni had often noticed a beautiful young lady at church and on the public drives: she was attended by a waiting maid, who soon perceived that her mistress had excited the young man's admiration, and who promised to befriend him in his suit. Goldoni was told to repair at night to the palace of his mistress, and to pour his passion forth beneath her window. Impatiently he waited for the trysting hour, conned his love sentences, and gloried in the romance of the adventure. When night

came, he found the window, and a veiled figure of a lady in the moonlight, whom he supposed at once to be his mistress. Her he eloquently addressed in the true style of Romeo's rapture, and she answered him. Night after night this happened, but sometimes he was a little troubled by a sound of ill-suppressed laughter interrupting the *tête-à-tête*. Meanwhile Teresa, the waiting maid, received from his hands costly presents for her mistress, and made him promises on her part in exchange. As she proved unable to fulfil them, Goldoni grew suspicious, and at last discovered that the veiled figure to whom he poured out his tale of love was none other than Teresa, and that the laughter had proceeded from her mistress, whom the faithless waiting maid regaled at her lover's expense. Thus ended this ridiculous matter. Goldoni was not, however, cured by his experience. One other love affair rendered Udine too hot to hold him, and in consequence of a third he had to fly from Venice and leave his prospects, which were just about to flourish. At length he married comfortably and suitably, settling down into a quiet life with a woman whom, if he did not love her with passion, he at least respected and admired. Goldoni, in fact, had no real passion in his nature. Alfieri, on the other hand, seemed the sport of volcanic ebullitions of the most ungovernable hate and love, and joy and sorrow. The chains of love which Goldoni courted so willingly, Alfieri regarded with the greatest shyness. But while Goldoni healed his heart of all its bruises in a week or so, the tragic poet bore about him wounds that would not close. He enumerates three serious passions which possessed his whole nature, and at times deprived him almost of his reason. A Dutch lady first won his heart, and when he had to leave her Alfieri suffered so intensely that he never opened his lips during the course of a long journey through Germany, Switzerland, and Piedmont. Fevers and suicides attempted but interrupted, marked the termination of this tragic amour. His second passion had for its object an English lady, with whose injured husband he fought a duel, although his collar-bone was broken at the time. The lady proved unworthy of

Alfieri as well as of her husband, and the poet left her in a most deplorable state of hopelessness and intellectual prostration. At last he formed a permanent affection for the wife of Prince Charles Edward, the Countess of Albany, in close friendship with whom he lived after her husband's death. The society of this lady gave him perfect happiness; but it was founded on her lofty beauty, the pathos of her situation, and her intellectual qualities. Melpomene presided at this union, while Thalia blessed the nuptials of Goldoni. How characteristic also were the adventures which this pair of lovers encountered! Goldoni once carried his wife upon his back across two rivers in their flight from the Spanish to the Austrian camp at Rimini, laughing and groaning, and perceiving the humor of his situation all the time. Alfieri, on an occasion of even greater difficulty, was stopped with his illustrious friend at the gates of Paris in 1792. They were flying in post-chaises, with their servants and their baggage, from the devoted city, when a troop of *sans-culottes* rushed on them, surged around the carriage, called them aristocrats, and tried to drag them off to prison. Alfieri with his tall, gaunt figure, pallid face, and red, voluminous hair, stormed, raged, and raised his deep bass voice above the tumult. For half an hour he fought with them, then made his coachmen gallop through the gates, and scarcely halted till they got to Gravelines. By this prompt movement they escaped arrest and death at Paris. These two scenes would make agreeable companion pictures: Goldoni staggering beneath his wife across the muddy bed of an Italian stream—the smiling writer of agreeable plays, with his half-tearful help-mate, ludicrous in her disasters; Alfieri mad with rage among Parisian Mænads, his princess quaking in her carriage, the air hoarse with cries, and death and safety trembling in the balance. It is no wonder that the one man wrote *La Donna di Garbo* and the *Cortese Veneziano*, while the other was inditing essays on Tyranny and dramas of *Antigone*, *Timoleon*, and *Brutus*.

The difference between the men is seen no less remarkably in regard to courage. Alfieri was a reckless rider, and astonished even English huntmen

by his desperate leaps. In one of them he fell and broke his collar-bone, but not the less he held his tryst with a fair lady, climbed her park gates, and fought a duel with her husband. Goldoni was a pantaloon for cowardice. In the room of an inn at Desenzano which he occupied together with a female fellow-traveller, an attempt was made to rob them by a thief at night. All Goldoni was able to do consisted in crying out for help, and the lady called him "M. Abbé" ever after for his want of pluck. Goldoni must have been by far the most agreeable of the two. In all his changes from town to town of Italy he found amusement and brought gayety. The sights, the theatres, the society, aroused his curiosity. He trembled with excitement at the performance of his pieces, made friends with the actors, taught them, and wrote parts to suit their qualities. At Pisa he attended as a stranger the meeting of the Arcadian Academy, and at its close attracted all attention to himself by his clever improvisation. He was in truth a ready-witted man, pliable, full of resource, bred half a valet, half a Roman græculus. Alfieri saw more of Europe than Goldoni: France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, England, Spain, all parts of Italy, he visited with restless haste. From land to land he flew, seeing no society, enjoying nothing, dashing from one inn door to another with his servants and his carriages, and thinking chiefly of the splendid stud of horses which he took about with him upon his travels. He was a lonely, stiff, self-engrossed, indomitable man. He could not rest at home; he could not bear to be the vassal of a king and breathe the air of courts. So he lived always on the wing, and ended by exiling himself from Sardinia in order to escape the trammels of paternal government. As for his tragedies, he wrote them to win laurels from posterity. He never cared to see them acted; he bullied even his printers and correctors; he cast a glove down in defiance of his critics. Goldoni sought the smallest heed of approbation. It pleased him hugely in his old age to be Italian master to a French princess. Alfieri openly despised the public. Goldoni wrote because he liked to write; Alfieri, for the sake of proving his supe-

rior powers. Against Alfieri's hatred of Turin and its trivial solemnities, we have to set Goldoni's love of Venice and its petty pleasures. He would willingly have drunk chocolate and played at dominoes or picquet all his life on the Piazza di San Marco, when Alfieri was crossing the sierras on his Andalusian horse, and living on a frugal meal of rice in solitude. Goldoni glided through life an easy man, with genial, venial faults; with a clear, gay, gentle temper; a true sense of what is good and just, and a heart that loved diffusively, if not too warmly. Many were the checks and obstacles thrown on his path, but round them or above them he passed nimbly, without scar or scathe. Poverty went close behind him, but he kept her off, and never felt the pinch of need. Alfieri strained and strove against the barriers of fate; a sombre, rugged man, proud, candid, and self-confident, who broke or bent all opposition on his path; now moving solemnly with tragic pomp, now dashing passionately forward by the might of will. Goldoni drew his inspirations from the moment and surrounding circumstances. Alfieri pursued an ideal, slowly formed, but strongly fashioned and resolutely followed. Of wealth he had plenty and to spare, but he disregarded it, and was a Stoic in his mode of life. He was an unworldly man, and hated worldliness. Goldoni, but for his authorship, would certainly have grown a prosperous advocate, and died of gout in Venice. Goldoni liked smart clothes; Alfieri went always in black. Goldoni's fits of spleen—for he *was* melancholy now and then—lasted a day or two, and disappeared before a change of scene. Alfieri dragged his discontent about with him all over Europe, and let it interrupt his work and mar his intellects for many months together. Alfieri was a patriot, and hated France. Goldoni never speaks of politics, and praises Paris as a heaven on earth. The genial moralizing of the latter appears childish by the side of Alfieri's terse philosophy and pregnant remarks on the development of character. What suits the page of Plautus would look poor in *Cædipus* or *Agamemnon*. Goldoni's memoirs are diffuse and flip-pant in their light French dress. They seem written to please. Alfieri's Italian

style marches with dignity and Latin terseness. He rarely condescends to smile. He writes to instruct the world and to satisfy himself. Grim humor sometimes flashes out, as when he tells the story of the Order of Homer, which he founded. How different from Goldoni's naïve account of his little ovation in the theatre at Paris!

But it would be idle to carry on this comparison, already tedious. The life of Goldoni was one long scene of shifts and jests, of frequent triumphs and some failures, of lessons hard at times, but kindly. Passions and *ennui*, flashes of heroic patriotism, constant suffering, and stoical endurance, art and love idealized, fill up the life of Alfieri. Goldoni clung much to his fellow-men, and shared their pains and pleasures. Alfieri spent many of his years in almost absolute solitude. On the whole character and deeds of the one man was stamped Comedy: the other was own son of Tragedy.

If, after reading the autobiographies of Alfieri and Goldoni, we turn to the perusal of their plays, we shall perceive that there is no better commentary on the works of an artist than his life, and no better life than one written by himself. The old style of criticism, which strove to separate an author's productions from his life, and even from the age in which he lived, to set up an arbitrary canon of taste, and to select one or two great painters and poets as ideals because they seemed to illustrate that canon, has passed away. We are beginning to feel that art is a part of history and physiology. That is to say, the artist's work can only be understood by studying his age and temperament. Goldoni's versatility and want of depth induced him to write comedies. The merry life men passed at Venice in its years of decadence proved favorable to his genius. Alfieri's melancholy and passionate qualities, fostered in solitude, and aggravated by a tyranny he could not bear, led him irresistibly to tragic composition. Though a noble, his nobility only added to his pride, and insensibly his intellect had been imbued with the democratic sentiments which were destined to shake Europe in his lifetime. This, in itself, was a tragic circumstance, bringing him into close sympathy with the Brutus, the Prometheus,

the Timoleon of ancient history. Goldoni's *bourgeoisie*, in the atmosphere of which he was born and bred, was essentially comic. The true comedy of manners, which is quite distinct from Shakespeare's fancy, or Aristophanic satire, is always laid in middle life. Though Goldoni tried to write tragedies, they were unimpassioned, dull, and tame. He lacked altogether the fire, high-wrought nobility of sentiment, and sense of form essential for tragic art. On the other hand, Alfieri composed some comedies before his death which were devoid of humor, grace, and lightness. A strange elephantine eccentricity is their utmost claim to comic character. Indeed, the temper of Alfieri, ever in extremes, led him even to exaggerate the qualities of tragedy. He carried its severity to a dull and monotonous extent. His *chiaroscuro* was too strong—virtue and villainy appearing in pure black and white upon his pages. His hatred of tyrants induced him to transgress the rules of probability, so that it has been well said that if his wicked kings had really such words of scorn and hatred thrown at them by their victims they were greatly to be pitied. On the other hand, his pithy laconisms have often a splendidly tragical effect. There is nothing in the modern drama more rhetorically impressive than the well-known dialogue between Antigone and Creon:

"Cr. Scoglietli?

"Ant. Ho scelto.

"Cr. Emon?

"Ant. Morte.

"Cr. L'avrai!"

Goldoni's comedies, again, have not enough of serious thought or of true creative imagination to be works of high art. They lean too much to the side of farce; they have none of the tragic salt which gives a dignity to *Tartuffe*. They are, in a word, almost too comic.

The contrast between these authors might lead us to raise the question long ago discussed by Socrates at Agathon's banquet—Can the same man write both comedies and tragedies? We in England are accustomed to read the serious and comic plays of Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and to think that one poet could excel in either branch. The custom of the Elizabethan theatre obliged this double

authorship; yet it must be confessed that Shakespeare's comedies are not such comedies as Greek or Roman or French critics would admit. They are works of the purest imagination, wholly free from the laws of this world; while the tragedies of Fletcher have a melodramatic air equally at variance with the classical Melpomene. It may very seriously be doubted whether the same mind could produce, with equal power, a comedy like the *Cortes Veneziano* and a tragedy like Alfieri's *Brutus*. At any rate, returning to our old position, we find in these two men the very opposite conditions of dramatic genius. They are, as it were, specimens prepared by nature for the instruction of those who analyze genius in its relations to temperament, to life, and to external circumstances.

FLAVIA.*

BY GEORGE SAND.

FLAVIA TO ROBERTINE.

APRIL 11th, 185—

MY DEAR, some very tame things are happening in my tempest.

In the first place, if I am going to marry Malcolm, it does not look much like it at present, for he has disappeared. Oh, and disappeared to the extent that his mother does not know where he is, although she does not confess it. She pretends that a near relative of theirs, who is about starting for Milan, has sent for Malcolm to consult him about some very important matters. I asked if it were really a relative—an uncle from whom he has expectations.

She answered "yes" in a tone which meant "perhaps so."

What can it mean?

This is very certain, that instead of trying to please me and become acquainted with me, Malcolm is off on his own business or pleasure.

You see how well it is that I have not been too enthusiastic.

I have still three or four aspirants for my hand, and I assure you I make them suffer from the bad opinion which Malcolm seems to want to give me of the lov-

* Continued from page 107.

ing faculties and tender feelings of his sex. Just now I busy myself and divert my mind by annoying them, and proving by invincible arguments, seasoned with ridicule, that love is a chimera.

And I torment the Marchioness G——, although her husband's conversation is the most insipid thing in the world. But this lady talks against me and makes people think me a coquette, so that what with this and Malcolm's bad taste in absenting himself, I am rather disposed to be mischievous.

With all this, I begin to be a little tired of Florence, and to sigh for the mud of Paris. If my father would only believe me, we would not wait a moment for Malcolm's return, for, as you may well think, my little heart has bidden him a decided farewell. But my father is plunged, deeper than ever, in his fatal passion for little birds.

Is it possible that such a good, wise, noble man, as he is, should have the mania for dead animals? Oh, natural history! collections! Greek and Latin names for ducks and woodcocks! I hoped that I had disgusted him a little with it, one day at Rome, when he preached me a sermon with three heads, upon my caprices and vanities.

I was a little vexed, and a hard truth came to my lips and escaped them before I meant—namely, that a girl who has no mother, and whose father is absorbed two thirds of the day with *impaled* birds, might be viewed as an orphan, and, being obliged to govern herself, might deserve some indulgence if she did not always govern herself well.

Therupon my poor papa became sober, and did not say a word, but in spite of my repentance and tears, shut up his cabinet, hid his boxes, and became my attendant squire, sharing my pleasures with most adorable kindness.

As he seemed after all to enjoy the change, I almost prided myself upon having been so naughty. We were really the happier for it. But, behold, the other day, I perceived in the house a villanous little odor of musky skins, which I recognized too well, and I said to Gaëtana:

"So my father has opened his big boxes again?"

"Yes, signora; the birds needed the air."

As if it were done to gratify them, the miserable little carcasses!

Ever since that day, my father has been anxious and abstracted. There are moths in his feathers, his skins are hardening, his wings are diseased. He imagines himself the victim of every evil to which his little mummies are liable. He is tired of society, and sleeps through a ball. When he takes a walk he is as excited as an augurer at every flying thing. At night, instead of sleeping, he arranges, and he dusts, and he perfumes, and he shakes.

True, he has stopped talking matrimony to me; there is so much gained. But I am sure that he persists in believing that I shall decide upon Malcolm, and—may I be pardoned the suspicion—but I think he is longing to get rid of me, so as to have nobody to disturb his ornithological delights!

April 15th.

Ah, my dear, an event—or a dream! It was high time, for I was tired to death. I pouted at Lady Rosamond, and my lovers pouted at me. I was completely gloomy. Now I begin to laugh.

Fancy that this morning, having waked at an early hour, I saw a mule in the court, and upon this mule boxes and bundles, which reminded me of the colporteur or peddler of curiosities at Val-lombrosa, (magpies, hay, stones—such things are called curiosities!)

I conjectured that this person had contrived to have an interview with my father, and I waited to be sure of it, for you must know that my poor papa makes a great mystery to me of his ornithological pursuits, and imagines that he is outwitting me.

After a quarter of an hour I saw the same person go out, though he did not seem to me quite the same as he had been in his travelling apparel.

He was picturesquely wrapped in a large plaid, and his face was hidden from me by a highland cap, adorned with an eagle's feather, which might be called his sign; but was he indeed the man without gloves? He wore gloves, actually, and his mule—was not the same mule, for I had amused myself with noticing that whereas that had only one ear, this had two.

I deprecate all idea of natural history; but still I do not believe that the ears of mules sprout again, especially in so short a time!

What shall I say? Some sort of a glimmering, fantasy, or clairvoyance seized upon my imagination; I exclaimed to myself that it was Malcolm disguised as a bird-seller.

Why not?

I forgot to tell you that Malcolm is very jealous, and that he went away directly after some rather sharp words between us about the Marquis G—.

Malcolm accused me of coquetting with men who wished to marry me; he was scandalized at seeing me laugh and talk with a married man. He could not understand how a body can be amused with a silly woman's jealousy.

In short, notwithstanding his natural timidity or habitual reserve, he pointed an epigram at me; I made a smart reply; he responded; I was sharp—not very wisely perhaps, so that he went off.

But he cannot keep to it. He has come back, and conceals himself in the vicinity so as to watch me; and my father is in the secret; and we are going to amuse ourselves!

An adventure, in short, and at the night time! If this is the way Malcolm chooses to go on, we shall be good friends; for I adore everything out of the common routine, everything which fills the imagination without compromising the heart's peace.

However, since all that I have said many prove to be nothing but a pure imagination, I will go softly to my father's room, and ask him more or less adroitly.

Unfortunately, I am so near-sighted that I hit a box with my foot, which made a noise, and my perfidious papa had all that time to compose his countenance and appear absorbed in reading his newspaper.

All my questions were lost; the man who had just left him had offered to sell him flannel waistcoats and contraband tobacco. He did not even know his name, nor where he came from; he could not comprehend why I should be interested in him. In short, papa played his little part very well, but not well enough for me not to see that he was quizzing me.

Then a brilliant idea seized me, which was to follow the man and mule at a distance.

I took my straw hat and gold eyeglasses, and set out, as if wandering at random in the fields, but following the track of the animal, and now and then having a view of him with his master, as they went up and down the hills.

I judged, from the direction they took, that they would stop at a little village hidden in a slope of the mountain, a league from here, and in order to make sure of it, I ascended a height which commands a view of all the country round.

But what was my surprise, (romantic style!) when I saw distinctly, below me, the man and beast stop at a peasant's house, not more than a quarter of an hour's walk from our villa!

I immediately dispatched my fine mouser Gaëtana to the spot, and at the end of an hour learned that the traveller, unknown to the peasant (so the peasant protests, though I don't believe it), had been living in this place for eight days.

Gaëtana could not get a sight of him; he was taking his siesta in the room he had rented. She saw nothing but the mule, who has both his ears. I was not mistaken.

Therefore (you may smile at the *therefore*, but to me it is conclusive) it is Malcolm who is there, concealed in my neighborhood, so that he can watch my proceedings from day to day and from hour to hour.

How I will provoke him!

April 16th.

Deception! It is not Malcolm—it is the gloveless stranger of Vallombrosa.

But it is not the first comer—it is not a colporteur; it is a friend of Malcolm, disguised, whom he has sent to watch my doings. You shall see.

To-day, Lady Rosamond came to see me, with her two tom-tits, as I call her two nieces; and, the Marquis G. and the little Abbé, M. de S. being with us, I proposed a walk to the company, and led them to the fields surrounding the retreat of my incognito.

The two little English girls, Ann and Lucy, are a pair of talkative, restless birds, going into ecstasies at everything;

looking upon Italy as a Paradise on earth, and running about this way and that, without knowing why or wherefore.

Lady Rosamond often lost sight of them, and became a little impatient; so it happened that at one time, when she and M. de S. were hunting up her troublesome birds, I was left with the Abbé and the Marquis.

It grew very warm, and the walking disagreeable. I sat down on the grass to wait for Lady Rosamond, and the two gentlemen near me.

We were talking rather loudly and gayly about the Marchioness's jealousy, when I saw a movement in a myrtle bush, three steps from me.

The words died upon the lips of the poor Marquis, who was in the act of consigning, or pretty near it, his better half to the Evil One, and imagined that she was there listening.

I could not help laughing aloud, while the Abbé jumped like a squirrel into the bush, and called out—

"Who is there?"

"Very well; what business is it of yours?" replied, in French, a voice which was not Malcolm's, still less the Marchioness's.

And the Abbé, who, I suspect, is not remarkably brave, gave a fabulous leap backwards, as if the head of Medusa had appeared in the branches.

This head of Medusa was the head of my stranger. It was not wreathed with serpents, but was not much better, for it was angry, threatening, and almost handsome with indignation.

There is nothing in the least vulgar about this man, whose dress has seemed so odd, but who looks as you see him nearer, as much like a travelling artist as a travelling peddler.

The Abbé was frightened, and I confess I was too. For the first time in my life, I trembled at a man's look.

It was very extraordinary, we must grant, that a person surprised in a flagrant act of curiosity and indiscretion, not to say espionage, should, at the first moment, be angry rather than ashamed. It must be that, in descending to this attitude of spy, the stranger has weighty, earnest motives, and perhaps less dangerous ones to me than might be suspected.

As I had grown very pale, the Marquis and M. de S., who had just come up, knowing nothing of the cause of my agitation, ran to the man, and haughtily demanded what he was doing there.

He did not answer, but gathered up something like a little box, and turned his back upon us.

The Marquis, convinced that it was a bandit, dogging us with evil intentions, wanted to question him more closely; but M. de S., who did not believe more than I did in the possibility of a Frenchman's practicing brigandage in Italy, restrained the Marquis, and contented himself by saying, in a loud voice:

"Let the wretch go."

The stranger returned, cast upon the Marquis and all of us a look of profound disdain, of which I certainly had my full share, then, shrugging his shoulders, he slowly retired, and disappeared among the shrubbery.

The Marquis was very indignant. He has the quick blood of the Italians, and M. de S. could hardly prevent him from returning imprudent words to this contemptuous silence.

M. de S., who was very calm, remained near the spot, waiting to see if the man would return, but he did not come, and as I did not care to make so speedy an end of the mystery which busies, frightens, and amuses me, I begged the gentlemen to go with me to Lady Rosamond, and take no more thought of an incident which I could not explain.

And now, explain it as you will, it is very certain that there is something strange between this man and myself.

He hates me, and it is he who sets Malcolm against me, or, perhaps—who knows? I am at a loss.

Lady Rosamond, to whom we related the adventure, paid no attention to it. She laughed, and said that we had disturbed a man who was asleep or making verses.

The tom-tits became excited at once, and I would lay a wager that they dreamed that night of a young Orlando, graving a sonnet in honor of the sweet name Rosalinda, upon the bark of the dwarf myrtles on the mountain. In vain have I represented that it was very unlikely, and that people do not put their heads in bushes either to go to sleep or

to write verses; they hold to their opinion.

As to the Abbé, he strongly advised me not to walk alone in the neighborhood of our villa; but I imagine that if I should ask him to be my sole companion, in order to protect and defend me in case of need, he would be somewhat flattered by this mark of confidence.

April 17th.

I have nothing new, my dear, about the stranger; it has been a rainy day, and I have not walked out; and besides, I have had something else to do than pursuing this romance. I have discovered another, and learned, perhaps, the secret of Malcolm's departure.

I have told you about Lady Rosamond's nieces. The oldest is rather pretty; she is Anna. She is small and lithe, with blonde hair and long teeth; but her blue eyes are expressive, and her little yielding figure has a certain comical grace, half simplicity and half affectation. She dresses with an ostentatious simplicity which is well enough in a penniless girl; and finally, she sings with a very sweet little voice, and a little accent which murders Italian ludicrously, but is not unpleasant when she gives the savage ballads of her Welsh country.

Very well; this little body has allowed her heart to be wounded by her handsome cousin, Malcolm, and I have discovered it to-day, when nothing was further from my thoughts.

I was alone with her and her little sister Lucy, who is a smaller and sharper copy of this little pale plant, and clings to her like her shadow, hissing out the same words, accompanying her on the piano, smoothing her ever-ruffled ringlets, and never speaking a word without crying out, "*Oh, dearest Ann!*"

You see them—a medallion with two profiles, one behind the other, the smaller behind the less small.

As for the moral, it is the same. I am sure that if Lucy, who is only fourteen, should have a suspicion of her sister's love for her cousin, she would feel that she ought to *burn in the same fire*.

I said that I was alone with these little girls, and I set them prattling to kill time; so I learned their history, about which I had not asked before.

They are orphans, and their guardian is not Lady Rosamond, as I supposed, but an old English lady, who is not always the most amiable of dowagers. The little girls were both ill in England, and Lady Rosamond requested that they might travel for a while.

They have been five or six months with her in Italy, and now call themselves as strong as Turks. But the time fixed by their guardian is near expiring, and our tourists are sighing and groaning already at the thought of returning to the fog.

I understand it—poverty as well as fog is before them. As Lady Rosamond's guests, they live in luxury, and the lovely Anna would not have done a foolish thing if she could have captivated Malcolm.

Whether this has been her intention or not, she persuades herself that she is fond of him, and has been wretched at seeing Malcolm engrossed by another. This came out in our conversation, in this wise.

I asked her if she knew where Malcolm was.

"No," she replied frankly.

"But his mother knows very well?"

"And you, too. You know very well!" she exclaimed, turning as red as a little lobster, thanks to the transparent English skin which can conceal nothing.

"Why should I know?" I asked, with great calmness.

"Because he is your betrothed," she replied, throwing herself into my arms with a surprising impetuosity.

Did she intend to make a confession to me? I do not think so. I think rather that she stupidly meant to divert my thoughts by loading me with caresses; but the nerves were stronger than the will; the tears came, and I recoiled involuntarily, for one never knows how to behave with these passionate people; they may be tempted to murder you or tear your eyes out while embracing you.

She saw my distrust, and then, all suffocated with weeping, all beside herself, as she was, the little thing quite interested me.

"Oh, do not think," she exclaimed, "that I am jealous of your beauty, your wealth, your happiness. I love you because Lady Rosamond loves you, and because I am sure you will make her

happy. She has told me nothing, but I have guessed it all, and I thank God that he has given to the best of women the loveliest of daughters."

"And Malcolm," I said, smiling, "shall we not speak of him any more? Are you not as much interested in his happiness as in his mother's?"

"Malcolm! Malcolm!" she resolutely replied, wiping her eyes, and trying to smile, "I do not complain of him—I congratulate him."

"My dear," I said, taking both her hands, "that is very bravely said, but I would like the truth better. Be sincere. I will be so too, and you will not be sorry for it."

I could not make her confess, but her joy was so evident when I told her that I did not know her cousin well enough to love him, and that there was no prospect of my wanting to marry him, that there was no need of a more complete avowal; and since then, my Robertine, I have but one desire and one purpose, that the two cousins shall marry. I shall do all in my power to accomplish it, and now I await Malcolm with impatience, for I want to disgust him with me. Resentment will open his eyes to the tom-tit's merits, and if I have any influence with Lady Rosamond, she shall give her consent.

Ah, will you say now that I am selfish, coquettish, unprincipled? No, my dear, on the contrary I am generous; it is my greatest pleasure; and if the Marchioness G., instead of making herself first my copy and then my enemy, had confided in me, and shed only one of those poor little tears of which Miss Ann has poured a brook full at my feet, I should have taken her under my protection, and persuaded her husband that she is perfectly lovely.

I do not like to close my letter without telling you something of the *unknown*, if I can do so to-morrow. Consider this as a journal.

April 18th.

News of my incognito! You will see that I have not been fancying an adventure, and that there is really something serious or extravagant under this colporteur's guise.

Keeping watch of his comings and goings by means of a spy-glass on our piazza, directed towards the house where this personage is staying, I saw him this

morning go toward a little grove which is a continuation of our park on the side toward the mountain.

I motioned to Gaëtana, who has no less curiosity than myself, and we went out to pick violets in that direction, hoping to thwart his espionage by showing him that we were not duped by it.

It was not long before we perceived him among the woodcutters.

He saw us approach, I have no doubt, for he pretended to be interested in their work. He took up each fresh-cut branch and examined it, then threw it down and took up another.

This did not seem to be a very genuine occupation.

Gaëtana pretended that she was afraid of his beard and black eyes, and refused to go any nearer.

But I advanced boldly, pretending to be looking for violets, giving proof of it by the large bouquet already gathered, and being sure that I knew the workmen, I came nearer, under the very eyes and nose of my incognito.

I was not able to see his features, for he turned his back to me at once; but I examined his dress, which was far from gentlemanly. The same big boots, reaching to his knees, over velvet trousers, all in folds and creases, like poor trousers on their last legs, as they were; a loose sack, with thirty-six pockets, every one of them stuffed with nobody knows what, giving him the look of one of those bags filled with wooden shoes, which you see at a village fair.

If it is his wardrobe or his library, he might say with the man of old, whose name I forget, "*I carry my all with me.*"

Finally, a little thing which I seized upon, and which struck me as the most comical of all—he had half a dozen pins stuck in the front of his coat. He must be an orderly man who thinks of everything, or lets nothing be lost.

I quietly wondered at him. He saw me at last, and made his escape; but, by a quick movement in disengaging himself from a thorny branch which had caught his clothes, he let a box fall. He picked it up without noticing a small bit of yellow paper which had escaped from it, and which I ran to and picked up, as soon as the man had vanished behind the trees.

Now, what do you think was on this paper! No, I am not a dreamer, a visionary. It was my own name that met my eyes, and authorizes me to go on and decipher, or, at least, try to decipher this enigma.

The paper was a little leaf of *pelito*, of which cigarettes are made. It was folded in four, and contained the following words, in pencil, abridged:

"*Flav. of Malc.* Watch night and d—. Isol. the coq."

This, after mature reflection, seemed to me capable of no other translation than the following:

"*Flavia of Malcolm.* Watch night and day. Isolate the coquette."

So, then, Robertine, what say you? The great mystery is over. I have the solution, and a bitter one it is: "*The coquette! Watch her night and day!—isolate her!*"

How will they set about it, I would like to know?

Never mind. This charming Malcolm has confided his love-pangs to this man, whether from some paritanical devotion or from some personal reason which, perhaps, I shall find out; his confidant has advised his absence, and promised to watch me. He has stationed himself near me, and puts his own construction on all my words and acts. He hid himself in a bush, to hear me talk with the Marquis and Abbé; he has concluded from some poor pleasantries, that I was on the best terms with one or the other; or even my gayety, in itself, has been enough to lead him to pronounce, in his wisdom, that I do not care for Malcolm, and that I am a great coquette.

As to the first point, he is not entirely wrong. I would not mourn for Malcolm, and I would be very glad to have the matter settled. But, does Malcolm know that I have held out some hope to his mother? If so, I shall be very angry with her. We will see. I will seem not to notice anything till something new turns up.

What I wonder at is the hatred of this stranger toward myself. Can you understand how one can feel so toward a person of whom he knows nothing but the personal appearance? I should not have thought mine so disagreeable.

Adieu, my dear. I will let you know

the rest. But it is time that I sent this volume; and then I am not sorry to leave you a little in suspense, showing a little, as I hope, my anger, impatience, and curiosity.

My compliments to your husband, and a kiss to the children.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

London Review.

M. GUIZOT'S MEDITATIONS.*

M. GUIZOT published the first series of his *Meditations* two years and a half ago, wherein he discussed the *essence* of Christianity, the natural problems to which it is the answer, the fundamental dogmas by which it solves those problems, and the supernatural facts on which such dogmas repose. He promised at that time three more series, the first, of meditations on the *history* of the Christian religion, the primary causes of its foundation, the portion of it which has always existed throughout its different ages, in spite of great changes and vicissitudes, the Reformation crisis of the sixteenth century, and the various anti-Christian attacks it has been subjected to and has surmounted. The third series was to be on the *actual state* of Christianity, in which the distinctive errors of materialism, pantheism, skepticism, and a long et-cetera clause would be pointed out. The fourth series, to close the list, was to show the *future destiny* of the Christian religion, and to indicate the course by which it is to conquer and sway morally the earth on which we live. Like many other writers of a series of books, M. Guizot has seen fit to alter the proposed order of his meditations, and seeing that the actual state of Christianity is a matter of much more pressing and present moment than its early or more recent history, he gives the world the third series in place of the second. We are glad to accept this change of plan.

The treatment which can be accorded to four such subjects as Rationalism, Pos-

* *Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made upon it.* Translated under the Superintendence of the Author. London: Murray.

itivism, Pantheism, and Materialism, in a hundred octavo pages of large type, is naturally of the most curt and sketchy character. Indeed, M. Guizot does not profess to examine their various pretensions and tenets in a thorough and scientific manner, and it is quite as well that he does not make such profession. What he says is sufficiently lucid in itself, and he makes from time to time a palpable hit; but to endeavor to deal with subjects of such magnitude in so small a compass reminds a reader of the old clergyman's advice to a candidate for orders: "Don't put all you know into your first sermon." In common with most thinking men, and in common also with Dr. Cumming, M. Guizot believes that some very great crisis is near at hand; but he does not make it to be a material crisis. It is in men's opinions that the wars and rumors of wars which herald the approaching convulsion are to be detected. Sublime truths are intrinsically blended with ideas essentially false and perverse. A noble work of progress, and a hideous work of destruction, are going on simultaneously in men's opinion and in society. Humanity never so floated between heaven and the abyss, whatever that may precisely mean. The crisis in which the civilized world is plunged is infinitely more serious than our fathers predicted it would be, more so than even we believe it ourselves to be. So says M. Guizot, and so large numbers of men say, although some few of them are philosophical enough to wonder whether men of all ages have not thought the same thing, or something like it, of their own special age. When an object is very near the eye, it is not always easy to say whether the magnitude of the angle it subtends there is due to the nearness of the object only, or to its actual size.

Two hundred pages, more than the half of M. Guizot's book, are occupied by a review of the awakening of Christianity in France in the nineteenth century. Commencing with the pet new religion of 1797, Theophilanthropism—of which Talleyrand remarked to its inventor: "I have but one remark to make; Jesus Christ, to found His religion, suffered Himself to be crucified, and he rose again; you should try to do as much"—the reader is carried steadily over ground

well known in many parts to the student of modern France in this aspect, as when De la Mennais, Lacordaire, and the *Avenir* come upon the scene. The praiseworthy attitude of what may be called the Catholic Liberal party in France, all through the political struggles and factious plottings of the third decade of the century, receives a more frank recognition from M. Guizot than many men of his way of thinking in religious matters would accord to it. MM. de Montalembert, Lacordaire, Charles Lenormant, and one or two others—for the number is soon counted through—devoted themselves during that period to a work which required them to be men of courage as well as of faith. They sought to shake Catholicism loose from the trammels which bound it up as one with Absolutism—that is to say, which rendered its influence upon liberal-minded France a mere mockery of a name without the slightest shadow of substance. Politically adverse to the old *régime*, they were determined not to lose with its evil traditions the Catholicism which had been bound up with it, and so they had to combine the heterogeneous and apparently antagonistic tasks of defending the Catholic religion and forwarding the progress of complete political liberalism. The efforts of the small band that adopted this difficult line may be studied with advantage by those who are preparing for a struggle of not very dissimilar character in England; for the French Catholic clergy found themselves, after 1830, in the position to which the course of events is supposed to be dragging the English Church—that is to say, they could no longer count on the support of Government, while they were equally free from fear of violence or opposition on its part. Left to themselves, they felt that credit with the authorities, and all the nameless power that close connection with the sovereign authority gives, must be replaced by influence with the country. It was at this period that the impetuous liberalism of M. de Montalembert far outran the timorous counsels of the major part of the priests and bishops; but here a professor, and there an abbé or two, gave valuable aid to the impulse he had set in motion, and hence one great branch of the "awakening" of which M. Guizot writes. The other branch naturally is due to the grow-

ing importance and life of the Protestant Church of France, and here M. Guizot seems to deal with a matter of less imperial magnitude than the other, though perhaps it is only less in seeming, and it is of course that which more commends itself to the author. The burst of pious men that came forth from Geneva, and placed themselves as local pastors here and there in France, no doubt had much to do with the awakening; and M. Adolphe Monod, with others of that family and of his views, gave popularity to the Protestant movement in the great centre of French existence—the city of Paris. Romanists and Protestants alike felt the influence of a vast reaction against the impiety of the eighteenth century. Such are the themes of the opening half of M. Guizot's book, which he sums up by charging the enemies of Christianity with puerile presumptuousness in refusing to see the energy and the progress of the awakening of Christianity, while he warns Christians not to be blind to the ardor and effects of the anti-Christian demonstration now in active progress.

M. Guizot witnessed the birth of the Spiritualistic school of the nineteenth century, and he has watched its career. It sprang from the natural reaction against the sensualism of the eighteenth century, which still reigned in France in the commencement of the present century, under the name of Materialism. M. Royer-Collard has the credit of bringing back the spiritualistic doctrines of two hundred years ago, walking in the steps of the great Scotch philosophers of times more near his own. This school takes the observation of facts as their point of departure and constant guide in the study of man, having decided in the affirmative the question, "Are there in man and in the intellectual world facts capable of being seized, classified, generalized, as in man and the material world?" The error of the school is that it has not seen all that the facts observed have to reveal respecting the great natural problems which must and do occur to the mind of man, and that it has so entirely devoted itself to working out all questions by way of scientific process, that it has come to reject everything which rests on a less certain foundation than the unerring inductions of science. It is an improve-

ment upon sensualism, because it recognizes that there are existent in the mind of man certain universal and necessary principles which do not owe their presence or their origin to the sensations produced by the external world; but the errors pointed out above have naturally led to Rationalism.

With Rationalism M. Guizot deals somewhat trenchantly. He denies that there are such persons as those respectively styled the Heart and the Reason. To say that there are, is not to enunciate a real fact, but only to attempt a psychological anatomy. Man has no right to say, "My reason comprehends not the reasons of my heart;" he ought instead to say, "I comprehend not myself." Rationalism, by the confession of its chief apostles, is not completely satisfactory. Mr. Lecky himself, who uses the word however with a rather unconventional breadth of meaning, is driven to meditate upon the fact that although reason has pulled down all manner of old superstitions, and rid us of witchcraft and kindred bugbears, we have to look in vain under the new *régime* for those delightful instances of self-sacrifice, sacrifice of all material and intellectual interests which men under the old *régime* achieved at the call of something they knew not what, and their reason told them not what; and equally we look in vain for that perfect realization of an unseen reward to which men thus influenced attained. M. Edmond Scherer, too, a most eminent representative of Rationalism, asks, in fear of the process he has set in motion, "When Christianity is rendered translucent to man's mind, conformable to man's reason and man's moral appreciation of things, does it still possess any great virtue? Does it not very much resemble Deism, and is it not equally lean and sterile?" And M. Sainte-Beuve is obliged to content himself with saying perplexedly: "The heart has its reasons, which the reason comprehends not." M. Guizot's ideas of the errors of Rationalism which lead to this unsatisfactory result, are sufficiently precise. In the first place, in recognizing reason as the whole of man viewed from a scientific standpoint, it has mutilated man, and left out of account many essential constituent elements and facts of human nature, of which it

ignores the import. And secondly, less evidently a certain error, it extends the pretensions of human science beyond its rights, beyond its legitimate limits. Grant that this is an error, it is a radical and permanent error of the school of Rationalists.

Positivism is an enemy of Christianity resident in an opposite pole from Rationalism. All religion and all metaphysics it writes down at once chimerical and vain science. There is no science, it asserts, but the science of the physical world. M. Comte's views are too well known to need any exposition here. M. Guizot makes, of course, great war upon the fundamental weakness of M. Comte's exposition of his system, which declares that the "theological state" of the mind was a pure invention of the early men of the world, a mere temporary device ex-cogitated by themselves, in order that under its influence they might be able to think out truth, and thus arrive at the

"positive state." In other words, man put himself in a false and foolish position, that he might thence arrive at the wise and the true.

In a similar manner, sketchily, but not weakly, M. Guizot runs in successive meditations through Pantheism, Materialism, Skepticism, and, in one group, Impiety, Recklessness, and Perplexity. Perhaps the chief thought that strikes an attentive reader is this: If all these systems can be so simply and so shortly shown to be weak or wicked, how is it that men of most exalted intellect and most pure morality are captivated by some of them and led away? The *contra* is proved too easily; the *pro* may have a good deal more to say for itself. Not that we join issue with M. Guizot's general conclusions, but we cannot regard these Meditations of his as in any way a complete destruction of any one of the systems he passes in review. And no answer is often better than an incomplete one.

Contemporary Review.

RECENT POETRY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

XI. — *Poems*. By ROBERT LEIGHTON.
Liverpool: Howell. 1866.

SUCH writers as Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Leighton—one true poet for each part of our article—leave no real ground of complaint against the present generation of verse-writers. We hardly know whether of the two to prefer. As Mr. Buchanan is somewhat exuberant in imagery, so is Mr. Leighton in thought. His lines are even too crowded with meaning, which thereby becomes not

seldom unduly compressed, and passes into the obscure. But there can be no question of his great powers. Like those of most deep thinkers in verse, his poems are almost all egotistical: regarding his own course, his own frames of mind, his own home and those that dwell in it. Nor is any fault to be found with this, as long as the poet can turn his private matters into food for the poetic imagination. There is nothing that wins the reader's heart so much as true poetry which lifts the veil from the personality of the writer. We shall proceed to justify our high estimate of Mr. Leighton's verse,

"The records of a life should be a poem;
We need not go abroad for stones to build
Our monumental glory; every soul
Has in it the material for its temple.
The universal beauty is our own;
We steep our thoughts in sunsets, and we hang
Our adoration on the morning star,
And yet from us they get that alchemy
Whereby they strangely move us. Nought is ours
But that which has gone from us. Therefore 'tis
That disappointments often tread upon
The toes of expectation. Things without
Are bare until we clothe them. Let us seek
Each one our gods in our immediate heaven:
There is no breathing for us in another;

But either is the air too coarse and weighs
Like nightmare on our thoughts, or 'tis too fine,
And, like the atmosphere of mountain tops,
Usurps the brain, and finds insidious way
Into its chambers, pressing out the soul,
Till death o'ercome us in the guise of sleep.

"Yet all may grow to live upon the heights;
Deep thought and action of the soul make close
The fibres of the brain, so that no air,
However fine, can press the spirit out;
In time thus fitting us for another heaven
Above what was our own.

"Our truest life
Is Thought, high and sincere, and to ourselves.
When eyes are felt upon us we are players,
And life becomes untrue."—(Pp. 1-2.)

"To him that shrinks from frost the frost is cold.
Let him go forth and meet it, and it warms
More kindly than red brands. The way to life
Is towards forbidding things: growth in approach,
In nearness, love; and reach'd, the soul's great life."—(P. 5.)

"I have found
My richest jewels in the hardest rock,
But spoil'd them oft in breaking it; lost more
Through leaving much unbroken."—(P. 39.)

"Oh ever in our lowest grades of sense,
Or when we use false shifts to bring about
Ends otherwise all good, or when our hearts
Are in the heaping up of cumbrous wealth,
We tremble for our safety and fear Death,
Lest it should come between us and our heaps,
Let fall the cloak that blinded our false shifts,
Or take us from the luxury of sense.
But in our highest walks where Duty leads,
Not faltering in doubt, but to the Right
Pressing still onward—then is life itself
Sunk in the Right, and asks no separate care.
If Right be gulf'd in Death, Duty leaps in,
With eye full on the Right, but blind to Death.
The soul's integrity we buy with life,
And hold ourselves the gainers: yet if life
We had not after that, where were the gain?"—(Pp. 43-4.)

"A King was prophesied, surpassing all
Earth's former kings in glory. When He came,
No one believed the meek and lowly man
Of Nazareth, in very truth was He.
So when we seek high missions, and are told
They wait us in the drudgery despised,
Who is it has the faith to find them there?"—(P. 59.)

"We cannot get beyond the fact of beauty:
It is to be adored, not analyzed:
We seek to analyze, and it recedes
Into the deeper beauty. For in truth
The merest thing in Nature is a spirit:
All outward forms of beauty take their form
And beauty from the inward. Can it be
That when the outward forms have gone to dust
The inward are within the world of spirits?"—(P. 74.)

The above extracts are from "Records," a series of twenty-five pieces in blank verse, which occupy the former portion of Mr. Leighton's volume. The remainder is devoted to lyrical pieces and sonnets: at the end are added some

Scottish ballads. In each of these classes are remarkable pieces. Mr. Leighton cannot write commonplace. We take the following almost at random. Will any one find us a much nobler utterance of a noble sentiment?

"DUTY.

"I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher: but if done,
My view is brighten'd, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

"For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

"And thus it is, the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of Duty they behold.

"Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal?
No: Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall."—(P. 190.)

Who, again, will not be thankful to him who has so put into verse the following experience of every sensitive mind?

"PRESENCES.

"To what dark chambers of the heart or brain
Do all our welling thoughts at times retreat?
One presence seals my fountains, and in vain
The rock of thought I beat.

"Some other comes, and then, though he be dumb,
My seals are broken and my fountains leap;
And mind, that felt so shallow, has become
A yet unfathom'd deep.

"I may not read the old astrologies,
Nor tell how moon-touch'd seas should ebb and flow,
Or mind should be more tidal than the seas—
But that it is, I know."—(Pp. 148-9.)

Ballads are too long to quote; but Mr. Leighton has some very good ones. We especially recommend "Lady Margaret," and "Pease Brose."

We shall look with great interest for Mr. Leighton's next poetical work. It is seldom, indeed, that such wealth of thought and power of numbers combine, and we confidently predict the day when Mr. Leighton will stand high among the meditative poets of our century.

XII.—*Master and Scholar, etc., etc.* By

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M. A. London:
Alexander Strahan. 1866.

Whatever Mr. Plumptre writes, prose or verse, must necessarily be terse, scholarlike, and sensible. His versification is faultless—almost too faultless. We miss some of that ruggedness and irregularity which might give relief, and exercise the ear. Nor do his strains often rise above the blameless level required for all verse which is worthy to be called poetry. We say this not in disparagement, but

in commendation: really meaning that all deserves praise alike, but that we fail to find many salient points requiring special admiration.

All is poetry, but not of the highest order: fair material, beautifully worked up by one who has access to no ordinary stores of learning, whose taste is almost unerring, whose piety and lofty feeling never forsake him. These things being so, the product must necessarily be well worth reading and possessing. No one who has read through this volume will ever regret having done so. He may not find that many strains stay by him and refuse to quit hold of his memory: but his ear will have been gratified, his heart warmed, and his best aspirations encouraged.

The character of these remarks will account for our not quoting, but sending the reader to the volume itself.

XIII. — *The Prince's Progress, and other Poems.* By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

We may claim one privilege of being a Contemporary Review—that of ignoring previous works, and confining ourselves entirely to that which is before us. We heard, if we may so say, in our ante-natal state, the echoes of Miss Ros-

setti's praise: but it is for us now to judge strictly by these volumes, whether that praise be still merited. And thus judging, we cannot, we confess, as evidence is furnished at present, allot Miss Rossetti a high place on our list. She has undoubtedly the knack of verse; we will say more, the knack of poetry; but never was capability more wantonly thrown away. Her verse is most unequal; for some lines together unexceptionable, even pleasing; then of a sudden it becomes broken-backed and limping. And her poetry, sometimes for a short interval well-balanced and artistic, flies off into extravagances, and childishnesses, and not seldom degenerates into utterly contemptible nonsense.

Many of the pieces in this book are only fit for children: but then they are not fit for children, because they are ambitious of high poetry, into which children cannot enter. If she has hold of an original idea, as in the piece named "The Queen of Hearts," she breaks up and confuses it till it ceases to please, and becomes a bore. Besides which, Miss Rossetti does not seem gifted with a sense of the ridiculous, and curiously mixes serious and comical without any idea of having committed an absurdity. A lady is weeping and waiting for her husband: instead of him his ghost enters:

"O Robin, but you are late:
Come and sit near me—sit here and cheer me."
(*Blue the flame burnt in the grate.*)

"Oh, night of sorrow!—oh, black to-morrow!
Is it thus that you keep your word?
O you who used so to shelter me

Warm from the least wind—why, now the east wind
Is warmer than you, whom I quake to see."—(Pp. 116-18.)

We do not know that we could select a more striking example of all the faults which we have found with Miss Rossetti, than one from the poem called "Eve:"

"Thus she sat weeping,
Thus Eve our mother,
Where one lay sleeping
Slain by his brother,
Greatest and least
Each piteous beast
To hear her voice
Forgot his joys
And set aside his feast.

"The mouse paused in his walk
And dropped his wheaton stalk;

Grave cattle wagged their heads
In rumination;
The eagle gave a cry
From his cloud station;
Larks on thyme beds
Forbore to mount or sing;
Bees drooped upon the wing;
The raven perched on high
Forgot his ration;
The coines in their rock,
A feeble nation,
Quaked sympathetic;
The mocking-bird left off to mock
Huge camels knelt as if
In deprecation;
The kind hart's tears were falling;
Chattered the wistful stork;

Dove-voices with a dying fall
 Cooed desolation,
 Answering grief by grief.
 Only the serpent in the dust
 Wriggling and crawling
 Grinned an evil grin and thrust
 His tongue out with its fork."

—(Pp. 145-7.)

But we would not have it supposed that there is nothing to praise. In the poem entitled "Under the Rose," a child of shame narrates her mysterious cheerless life, and her adoption as a half-servant, half companion, to "my lady at the hall," whose dark secret she will never betray, but will keep faithful unto death. Here for once the balance is well kept, and there are no extravagances in imagery or metre.

We are happy also to be able to speak well of the "Devotional Pieces" which

conclude the volume. They are full of thought and pathos: rather redolent of Herbert and Crashaw: erring, as it seems almost impossible for Miss Rossetti not to err, from want of equilibrium. We mean this: that whereas in her secular pieces, gravity and joy, though sometimes strangely intermixed, do yet in some sort compensate one another, here all is mourning, all is desertion, with no ray of joy. Even poor Cowper sang not thus, but mingled brightness with sadness, and dowered the Church with some of her most triumphant hymns. Where all is in such a set mood of gloom, we are apt to suspect art, and not nature. Yet the genuine pathos of Miss Rossetti's strains disarms the suspicion as it arises. One specimen we must give, and that chosen only for its shortness:

"GOOD FRIDAY.

"Am I a stone and not a sheep
 That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy Cross,
 To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
 And yet not weep.

"Not so those women loved
 Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
 Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
 Not so the thief was moved;

"Not so the Sun and Moon
 Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
 A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
 I, only I.

"Yet give not o'er,
 But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
 Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
 And smite a rock."—(Pp. 214-15.)

We have lingered upon Miss Rossetti's work, in spite of its great faults, because we feel that she is really capable of doing far better. She needs more self-denying pains: more study and discipleship of England's best ancient and modern poets, and less affectation of that unequal, enigmatical, spasmodic style, which has set in upon the decline of our national literature. Through penitence back to simplicity: it is a path hard to tread, and a process which eliminates the trifling and worthless: but we think better of Miss Rossetti's wealth of thought and power of numbers, than to have any fear that she will not abide the test.

XIV.—*Ten Miles from Town: with Poems.*
 By WILLIAM SAWYER. London: Freeman. 1866.

This is a little volume of poems far beyond the common mark. There will be no need to justify or to analyze this praise to the reader who shall have made his own the following, which is the introduction to the whole:

"PRELUDE.

"The city streets are full of light,
 Through waves of flame the sun goes
 down,
 I droop my eyelids, and it sinks—
 Ten miles from Town.

"The village street is full of light,
And black against a sky of fire,
The church upon the hill-top rears
Its quivering spire.

"Brighter and brighter grows the West,
Till common things its glory share,
And round about them as I gaze
A halo bear.

"Onward with rosy flush and gleam,
Thro' sedgy rifts the mill-stream flows:
The coppice, purple to the heart,
Transfigured glows.

"The cottage roofs are thatched with gold,
Blood-red each ruby casement turns,
The road-side pond beneath the elms
A sapphire burns.

"The wasted faces of the old,
Bright with the momentary glow,
Regain the loveliness of youth
Lost long ago.

"Lost long ago! Ah, mournful thought
That comes upon me as I gaze—
Where are the eyes that never more
Sunsets will daze?

"Where is the face that in the glow
Of such an hour I swooned to see—
As if an angel out of Heaven
Had looked on me?

"Gone—gone! The glory and the grace
Died slowly from my life, as dies
The splendor of the sun that sinks
In ashen skies.

"Died out and left me like the dead;
Yet—cold to pleasure and to fame—
Rich with the memory of a joy
That has no name.

"A memory that is my life,
And lights with its Auroral crown
The village straggling up the hill—
Ten miles from Town."—(Pp. 1-4.)

There are many other beautiful pieces in the book; we would especially mention "The Painted Window," and "Found Drowned."

We know nothing of Mr. Sawyer, but that he advertises a dramatic poem, "with some lyrics. He can hardly write what is not worth reading. We heartily wish him well.

XV.—*The Dole of Malaga: an Episode of History Dramatized.* By DIGBY P. STARKEY. London: Cassell & Co. 1866.

This, which Mr. Starkey modestly calls "an Episode of History dramatized," is

in fact a full-blown tragedy in five acts. Nor has he any need to be modest over his work, for it is really a most creditable one. He seems well aware of the difficulty of his task. In an exceedingly well-written introduction, he anticipates criticism in words which our readers will thank us for quoting:

"Ferdinand, Isabella, Torquemada, Talavera, Ponce de Leon, and the rest, are found drawn by contemporary chroniclers with an accuracy of portraiture sufficient to preclude any possible exercise of fancy. The king and queen are photographed in Mariana. Pulgar has presented one at least of the rest at full length, and another is painted to the life by Galindez de Carbajal. My difficulty lay chiefly in the delineation of Ferdinand of Aragon. Were I to take his ideal from the eulogies of his flatterers, I should represent a Dunolo, a Bayard, a Cid. To draw him from the records of involuntary truth, would be to paint an artful, shrewd, jeering, selfish despot, only retained within the precincts of propriety by the force of his Queen's character, and sinking away from the level of our respect the moment her elevating influence is withdrawn. To avoid the latter extreme, I was constrained to transfer some royal enormities to shoulders not so likely to sink under the burden. For instance, the main act of treachery I have given to Torquemada, who had already the load of the New Inquisition on his back. It is a mere feather, to one accustomed to such a millstone. As a general rule, you may safely take whatever casual details of conversation or personal anecdote you find, to form your estimate of a historical character; but you must be very cautious about relying on premeditated descriptions. The former are seldom written with the express object of deceiving, and therefore possess some unintentional truth: the latter generally are. Nothing can be more irreconcilable than Mariana's description of Ferdinand with the fragments of his conversation, etc., which have come down to us. I adopt these latter as my text-book.

"To having taken many liberties with a very vague and conflicting historic text, I plead guilty. For example, my hero's character I have illustrated by a feat of chivalry which properly belongs to a noble Moor, named Abrahén Zenete. To have observed the spirit of the time, of the distinct races, of the hostile creeds, and of the various characters, and to have been faithful to these, would be my proudest boast, as it has been my chief endeavor, were it not that I had an object paramount even to this—that of giving human interest to human action, and enlisting the first feelings and sympathies of the reader on the side of natural incidents and natural emotions. And the one aim is consistent with

the other. While the dramatic element calls for the individualizing of each personage introduced upon the scene, and dressing him up, as it were, in his own appropriate costume, this universal principle demands that they should all be united to each other, and to the spectators' sympathy, by an intrinsic vitality, as are man and man by the common bonds of a common nature.

"Besides, a work of this kind must be true to nature before it can be true to art. Dress the puppets as accurately as you please, still they are puppets, if they are not men and women. And puppets never yet conquered, or betrayed, or lived, or loved, or died. On the contrary, they are fabulous, hollow, wax, wire, bran, playthings. Where-as great solecisms may be committed, and forgiven, so we have flesh and blood, soul and spirit, moving before us—

* My father in his habit, as he lived."

It is on this element I would rely. By my fidelity to universal nature I wish to stand—or fall—in this humble attempt of mine. The simpler and more domestic virtues are, after all, those sought to be portrayed. The husband, wife, daughter, mother, such are the relations brought nearest the eye; though the tramp of War treads across the background of the scene, adding a sort of martial accompaniment to the expression of the natural affections."—(Pp. 24-28.)

Perfectly true: but it is in these natural affections breaking through the mingled intrigues of human action, and the waywardnesses and obstinacies of individual character, that the dramatic interest of highly-wrought scenic poetry consists. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:" but it is well to remember, that too many touches of nature consign the performance to the nursery. The fright of the babe Astyanax at the helmet of Hector does masterly work once in the long *Iliad*; and here the master will hold his hand. Hardness, greed, treachery, ambition—these are the gloomy landscape, over which the redeeming graces of sweet humanity gleam like stars: but like stars only.

We make these remarks more to temper Mr. Starkey's theory, than to condemn his practice. For his drama is thoroughly well written and ably sustained: and history and "touches of nature" seem to us to hold their due proportion. He has not the strength of a giant: there are very few salient passages, very few great speeches made for effect. The inaptitude for being performed,

which clings to all these long historical dramas, and of which Mr. Starkey is himself quite aware (Introd., p. 29,) has this effect on their fortunes: it consigns them, except in very rare cases of excellence, such as *Philip van Artevelde*, to oblivion on the shelf. And however pleasing we may have found *The Dole of Malaga*, we fear its author must make up his mind that such eventually will be its lot. In the present multitude of poems continually welling forth from the press, really good and creditable workers must thankfully accept that modicum of praise which contemporary interest and fair criticism can award them, and be content to forego the dream of immortality.

XVI.—*Athenais; or, the First Crusade.*
By WILLIAM STIGAND. London:
Moxon. 1866.

This is an epic, in Spenserian stanza, consisting of six cantos, and occupying a volume of three hundred and twenty closely printed pages. When we say that it possesses considerable merit, and rises in some places to beautiful poetry, we fear we have yet not said that which in our days will recommend a Spenserian epic to general reading. It is said that there hardly lives a man who has read through the *Faerie Queene*. We remember, in the energetic days of the thirties, resolving to form one of the rare exceptions: but we ignominiously failed. That we have read through Mr. Stigand's *Athenais*, is to be set down to the score of duty: but we confess that the performance of the duty has been beguiled by much interest and pleasure. He has caught what seems for a man of taste and ear not difficult to catch, the march, and the level melody of the classic English stanza. His powers of description, as we shall presently show, are almost in exuberance: and his command of words enables him to avoid repetition, even where whole pages are devoted to lavish depiction of scenery and decoration, as is the case in his fifth and sixth cantos. Where incident is not abundant—the whole may be summed up in the siege and deliverance of Antioch, and the banning, and amorous exile, of the hero, Count Bertrand D'Aureval—narrative is apt to flag: but Mr. Stigand is a great

master of digression and episode, and he breaks the monotony of warlike cantos by invocations and apostrophes, well managed, and sometimes rising into, or near, that dangerous stratum of air known as the sublime. It remains that we proceed to justify our estimate of *Athenis* by a few specimens:

"And as they float along unto the isle,
A faint perfume of violets fills the gale—
The purple flanks of each peak'd mountain-pile
Sandall'd with green luxuriance, hill and dale
Stand forth in sweep harmonious as they sail
On to the rising shore; sheer cliffs of gray
Surround the marge, save where a gorge-like vale
Ran from within unto the rocky bay,
Where, like half-hidden nest, Arsinoë's haven lay.

"A rocky headland, like an arm outthrown
Clasping the sea, Arsinoë's haven made—
Whence curl'd a deep firth, like a sapphire zone
Thrown down by some fair empress disarray'd;
Blue Ocean roll'd beneath the plum'd cliffs' shade
A tract of waveless azure, on whose sleep
Fine feathery shapes of rock-born foliage play'd.
There pine and cedar crown'd each dizzy steep,
And slept with mirror'd grace within the gleaming deep.

"It was a land where Pleasure with Delight
Might wander 'all the day, from the first dawn
Of sunrise, when the golden floods of light
Surge'd o'er each mountain-crest; then wood and lawn
Glisten'd in dewy splendor, threads o'erdrawn
Of silky gossamer with elfin beads
Of opal quiver'd, as the rousing fawn
Went from his lair to seek the clover meads,
Or wade across the mere through dew-besilver'd reeds.

"Clear as rock-crystal of light golden hue
And unflaw'd bright transparency, the morn
Advanc'd, and from the purple distance blew
Fair breezes in the cool of ocean born,
Rifling the flower-woods of acacia-thorn,
The myrtle thickets and the groves of balm,
They hover'd o'er the vineyards and the corn,
And shook the feather'd crest of every palm,
And wak'd each minstrel bird amid the forest's calm.

"And ere the night-dew faded from the blade,
The playful hares along the grass would run,
Leaving a green trail on the hoary glade;
The peacocks then would sit within the sun
Upon the sweeping branch, and one by one
Uplift their radiant fans of emerald eyes
To dry the night-damp; where the sunbeams shone
Throng'd crimson pheasants, birds of Paradise,
And the Sultana bird wav'd wings of azure dyes.

"Then rosy-breasted doves and flame-wing'd cranes
Would flock from out the woods, whose depths among
The golden oriole, in flute-like strains
Would call unto the skylark; while in song
The bulbul sent his soul forth soft and strong,
And from its feather'd throat each bird would fling
Harmonious undernotes; then all along
The flow'ry slopes would dance and wave and spring
Bright clouds of butterflies on gemm'd and radiant wing.

"Some sapphire-pinion'd, ruby-wing'd some,
More bright-hued others than the peacock's eyes;
Then golden bees would flit with simmering hum
Pound rose and violet, lading their small thighs
With liquid sweet; then filmy-wing'd flies
And midges forth would swarm, and in wild strife
Blue swallows flash among them, with sharp cries
Of exultation, as all air grew rife
With the soft murmuring glow and stir of insect life."—(Pp. 236-9.)

Here is a battle-picture, one of many: we wonder what our friends of the Peace Society would say to it:

"There are who love upon the harbor shore
To see the ocean's white wrath leap the bar
And hear the baffled monster's painful roar;
There are who love to look upon the war
Of elements in conflict, and the jar
Of thunders bursting on the mountain's side—
Yet is the battle storm sublimer far
When nations meet, and in their armed pride
The sovereignty of Right by slaughter's steel is tried.

"The blazon'd standards far and wide array'd,
The crash of spears as brazen trumpets blow,
The arm uplifted, and the flashing blade,
The fainting knees, the empty saddle-bow,
The horse hoofs trampling on the cloven brow,
The earth all steep'd with blood as lees with wine,
The groans unheard of mightiest chiefs laid low,
Of heavenly will are hierophantic sign,
The characters are dark yet not the less divine."—(P. 181.)

A critic would not be true to his craft who did not pick holes. Let us say then that to the "*aliquando dormitat*," Mr. Stigand forms no exception. We may be given to wish that this did not occur

sometimes in the very places where it is least tolerable—as, for instance, in the beautiful episode of King Eric of Denmark and his bride Adelaide; where, in the very opening of the final scene, we have—

"The ruin'd shell
Of that huge tower was lit in every nook
By light of burning wains; like fiends from hell
The Moslems shouted. *Adelaide took
Her lover's hand with an unutterable look.*"

In a passage of lamentation over the present state of Syria, near the opening

of the first canto, we have another such instance:

"And 'neath the Bedawee's destroying spear
The peasant reaps his meagre sheaves of corn,
While still from time to time upon the ear
Are shrieks of massacre and havoc borne
From homeless crowds and orphan'd troops forlorn,
From Christian streets o'erwhelm'd in blood and flame,
Where Moslems still spit on the Cross in scorn,
And the Frank walks the Pharpar's banks in shame,
Since Europe shrie'd those fiends with indignation tame."—(P. 9).

This line besides labors under the fault of ambiguity: for "*tame*" may agree with "*fiends*," or with "*Europe*." It is evidently meant to belong to "*indignation*."

Mr. Stigand has a way of dealing with the abbreviation "*e'er*" for "*ever*," which is hardly *en règle*; for example:

"Which then as *e'er* by force and cunning throve"—

"as *e'er*" meaning "*as ever*."

Again, in p. 46:

And though to think on nought he daily strove,
But on his vow in Christ's dear name to bleed,

Yet *e'er* his passion, like a down-press'd reed,
Which rises when the blast has hurried by,
Would spring up blithe anew fresh effort to defy."

Here "*e'er*" means "*ever*," in the sense of *ever* and *anon*.

Again, in p. 81:

"*E'er* that the Christians make
League with the Paynim in equality,"

represents "*ere* that," etc.

The rule, we believe, with regard to this abbreviation is, that "*ever*" must not be written "*e'er*," except in composition with "*when*," "*where*," or "*how*," and in the idiomatic "*or e'er*" for "*or ever*." "*Ere*," meaning "*before*," is a different word, and probably the same which enters into the composition of "*early*."

Surely no excuse can be made for reproducing the wretched vulgarism of "*lay*" for "*lie*," even though Lord Byron was once guilty of it for the sake of his rhyme:

"So stood he; and he felt a horror *lay*
Of dark annihilation o'er his mind."

—(P. 224.)

Besides, there is something very awkward in thus interposing the verb between a noun and the genitive which is in government after it. It reminds us of the present style adopted by some of our newspapers: "*The death is announced of . . .*"—or, as we have sometimes seen it, even worse, filled in after this manner: "*The death is recently reported by the local papers, at his seat in Pembrokeshire, of a malignant fever after a very short illness, of . . .*"

Consistency may fairly be required in the metrical use of foreign names. Let us have *Koran*, or *Koràn*; but not one or the other arbitrarily, as the verse requires. Still less should the printed accent protest against the actual one, as here—

"Whose doctrine is the *Koràn* (*sic*) and the sword."—(P. 8.)

Koràn being plainly Mr. Stigand's usual pronunciation: witness—

"And this on the *Koràn* swear wholly to fulfil."—(P. 77.)

In the glowing description of Cyprus, Canto V., we think we detect an anachronism:

"And round each close
Of flow'r-enamell'd mead and by each way,
The *blue-green aloe* stood."

We had been always taught to believe that the *aloe* (*Agave Americana*) was not known in the Old World before the discovery of the New.

We observe that Mr. Stigand clings to the use of the apostrophe in the case of the mute "*ed*" of the past tense of verbs, and in monosyllables such as "*flow'r*." But we also see that when he means the "*ed*" to be pronounced, he marks it with an accent. If this latter be necessary, then it is unnecessary to elide the "*e*," where acute: and *vice versa*. And who, in our times, would ever think of making "*flower*" or "*bower*" a dissyllable?

We have noticed these few blemishes, because the Spenserian stanza, more than any other form of English verse, requires to be faultless, and thoroughly polished: and in hope that Mr. Stigand, if, as some have believed, this poem is as yet incomplete, may in its concluding cantos exercise a still severer discipline over his versification and diction.

XVII.—*Shadows of the Past*. In verse.

By VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1866

Our veteran diplomatist, so well known and honored among us, has at last assumed before the public a character which, we have no doubt, he has long borne in private—that of a wooer of the Muse. The volume is, on many accounts, a pleasing one. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe does not aim at being accounted a poet; but records his feeling and ele-

gant prolusions on incidents which have prompted "harmonious numbers" during a long and varied life. It is a pleasure to read the terse and somewhat old-fashioned odes, fables, epigrams, and rhapsodies, which follow one another, page after page, in this volume. Many stirring events, many touching scenes, public and private, here find record in verse. One large poem, "The Fortunes of Genius," belongs to the class of which Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is the type, though by some of its lines its date is fixed far nearer our own day:

"Horsed on the lightning rushes soul to soul,
And wires have life, where oceans o'er
them roll."—(P. 169.)

Our readers will thank us for the following specimen of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's elegiac verses, especially as many of them have fresh in remembrance the sad occurrence which is their subject:

"She left us in her twentieth year;
Never, ah! never to return!
Why snatched away so young, so dear,
We dared not even wish to learn.

"She left us; yet in death so fair,
We seemed as in a dream to weep,
And half believed the freshening air
Might break too soon that fatal sleep.

"The lovely form, the grace, the worth,
Of many a bosom long were guests;
If more ye seek, the jealous earth
Will haste to answer, 'Here she rests.'

"Dull nurse of bones! her dust is thine,
At least in these thy fleeting hours;
'Tis life we store in memory's shrine,
And that, nor age nor worm devours.

"Bathed in her smiles the landscape glowed;
At home their softest lustre shone;
And still from joy's forsaken road
There breathes a charm though she is gone.

"When deepen most the starry skies,
A cloud may veil the queen of night;
Yet every glade in silver lies,
And e'en the cloud is edged with light.

"Nor youth, nor all we prize, when youth
Our nature's proudest aim reveals,
Nor love, nor love's rewarded truth,
Can foil the blow destruction deals.

"Alp speaks aloud; the sounds of wrath
From crag to crag their mission tell;
They roll along the lightning's path,
And shake the rock where Alice fell;

"Where Alice fell ere yet the wreath
Of bridal joy its leaves had shed,
Ere yet the smile that played beneath—
So light the parting hour—had fled.

"Sweet bride! the tears that flow for thee
Are more thy widowed husband's due.
From fortune's mockery thou art free;
He lives to mourn the bliss he knew.

"He marked the dazzling arrow's track,
Nor guessed what ruin closed its flight;
Without a fear he hastened back,
And sank at once in hopeless night."
—(Pp. 332-4.)

XVIII.—*Dramatic Studies.* By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

Mrs. Webster's dramatic and poetic powers are of no common order. Her special line is the subjective analysis of thought and feeling. It is an illustration of this (see our opening remarks on Mr. Leighton), that every poem in the volume is in the first person.

There may be a question, we think, whether this analytical process may not have been in our time carried too far. The Laureate set a noble example in this style, as in the other styles which he has introduced or revived. But since the time of "Simeon Stylites," "Love and Duty," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," and "The Two Voices," the vein has been somewhat unsparingly worked: and the blank verse introspective idyl, if we may so name it, has come to be rather a plague. Moreover, the more our poets have looked within, the deeper they have seen, or seemed to see: so that this same idyl has, in some of their hands, become a thing of dark hints and puzzling ellipses. Men and women are made to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and that not in legible embroidery, but in provoking tangles, which the daws, when they peck at them, will infallibly make ten times worse.

In the midst of so much beauty and so much poetic power, it seems a shame to find fault: but this is our only ground of complaint against Mrs. Webster, and we make it not as cavillers but as admirers. We proceed to justify what we have been saying by an examination of her really remarkable pieces.

In the first, "A Preacher," the subject is very plain, and of deep interest.

The preacher, after his evening sermon, | has been declaring to his people. He is
soliloquizes in a strain of self-accusation, | no hypocrite; no castaway: he strives
in that he does not, in his own heart of | to love and to obey: he is an earnest
hearts, feel, and live upon, the truths he | searcher for truth:

"If it be sin, forgive me: I am bold,
My God, but I would rather touch the ark
To find if thou be there than—thinking hushed
‘Tis better to believe, I will believe,
Though, were't not for belief, 'tis far from proved'—
Shout with the people 'Lo our God is there,'
And stun my doubts by iterating faith."—(P. 11.)

How came he, then, to say things that will not bear the test of his own inward questionings? As for instance:

"Take to-night—
I preached a careful sermon, gravely planned,
All of it written. Not a line was meant
To fit the mood of any differing
From my own judgment: not the less I find—
(I thought of it coming home while my good Jane
Talked of the Shetland pony I must get
For the boys to learn to ride:) yes here it is,
And here again on this page—blame by rote,
Where by my private judgment I blame not.
'We think our own thoughts on this day,' I said,
'Harm! it may be, kindly even, still
Not Heaven's thoughts—not Sunday thoughts I'll say.'
Well now do I, now that I think of it,
Advise a separation of our thoughts
By Sundays and by week-days, Heaven's and ours?
By no means, for I think the bar is bad.
I'll teach my children 'Keep all thinkings pure,
And think them when you like, if but the time
Is free to any thinking. Think of God
So often that in anything you do
It cannot seem you have forgotten Him,
Just as you would not have forgotten us,
Your mother and myself, although your thoughts
Were not distinctly on us, while you played;
And, if you do this, in the Sunday's rest
You will most naturally think of Him;
Just as your thoughts, though in a different way,
(God being the great mystery He is
And so far from us and strangely so near),
Would on your mother's birthday-holiday
Come often back to her.' But I'd not urge
A treadmill Sunday labor for their mind,
Constant on one forced round: nor should I blame
Their constant chatter upon daily themes.
I did not blame Jane for her project told,
Though she had heard my sermon, and no doubt
Ought, as I told my flock, to dwell on that.

Then here again 'the pleasures of the world
That tempt the younger members of my flock.'
Now I think really that they've not enough
Of these same pleasures. Gray and joyless lives
A many of them have, whom I would see
Sharing the natural gayeties of youth.
I wish they'd more temptations of the kind."—(Pp. 11-13.)

His own account of this is:

"'Twas just this,
That there are lessons and rebukes long made

So much a thing of course that, unobserving,
One sets them down as one puts dots to *i's*,
Crosses to *t's*."—(Pp. 13-14.)

This self-questioning is pursued in really a wonderful manner: especially so, if we reflect that it is not the preacher, but a woman who is personating the speaker. Still we may be forgiven, amid all that is admirable in the poem, for saying that it would have been more generally felt to convey that which in our day thousands of clergy and laity feel, if it had been simpler, more plainly *thought*, and more plainly expressed. Take but one trifling example, the words "thinking hushed," in our first-quoted passage. On first reading, we are put into doubt which of three meanings they represent: whether—

1. "*Thinking* (substantive) *being hushed*;
2. "*Thinking* (participle) *that the following saying is hushed*; or,
3. (which eventually asserts itself to be the meaning) "*thinking* (participle) *in a hushed or silent manner within one's self*."

And of these difficulties this and the other poems are full: obscurities worth

clearing up, depths worth fathoming—but which need not have been obscurities, and seem to have been hidden away in the depths merely from the habit or the love of hiding away. There is also to blame in this the old story, "*Brevis esse laboro; obscurus fio*."

But at all events, in the principal poem in the volume, "*Sister Annunciat*," Mrs. Webster has been guiltless of this study of brevity. However the fault may sometimes appear in single sentences, the whole poem, in which a nun, once in love, alternately recalls former days and bewails her sin in recalling them, and is lectured by the good abbess on her lot, throughout *seventy-one pages*, cannot be found fault with for being too short. It is impossible that Mrs. Webster could handle such a theme without giving us striking and noble passages, and laying open sources of conflicting thought and feeling. Take for instance the following: and there are many more such:

"Alas!

Even if I would, how could I now recall
To their long-faded forms those phantasies
Of a far, other, consciousness which now
Beneath the ashes of their former selves
Lie a dead part of me, but still a part,
Oh evermore a part.

"I do not think

There can be sin in that, in knowing it.
I am not nursing the old foolish love
Which clogged my spirit in those bitter days.
Ah no, dear as it was even in its pain,
I have trampled on it, crushed its last life out.
I do not dread the beautiful serpent now;
It cannot breathe again, not if I tried
To warm it at my breast, it is too dead
And my heart has grown too cold. The Lord himself,
I thank Him, has renewed it virgin-cold
To give to Him. I do but recognize
A simple truth, that that which has been lived,
Lived down to the depths of the true being, is
Even when past for ever, has become
Inseparable from the life-long self:
But yet it lives not with the *present* life.
So, in this wise, I may unshamed perceive
That the dead life, that the dead love, are still
A part of me."—(Pp. 48-9.)

Still we cannot help feeling that here again the process has been overdone. Again and again we cry, "Ohe! jam satis!" and reflect whether the work of art would not have been more perfect by the loss of one half of its present material.

"The Snow Waste" is a grand Dantesque allegory, in which one who has been guilty, during life, of unnatural cruelty of hate, is condemned to wander for ever in a waste of snow between the corpses of his two victims. The ef-

fect of this "doom of cold" is strikingly expressed by the tale, told by the condemned, being given in eight-line stanzas of one rhyme only—"shadeless rhyme," as it is called in the poem: or as elsewhere:

" . . . An uncadenced chant on one slow chord
Dull undulating surely to and fro."

Thus they run:

"What love is now I know not; but I know
I once loved much, and then there was no snow.
A woman was with me whose voice was low
With trembling sweetness in my ears, as though
Some part of her on me she did bestow
In only speaking, that made new life flow
Quick through me: yet remembering cannot throw
That spell upon me now from long ago."—(Pp. 117-18.)

In another poem, entitled "With the Dead," is related the story of the persecutor who, seeking to betray the Christians in the Catacombs, was condemned to wander for ever up and down their labyrinths. The volume closes with a short and most touching poem entitled "Too Late," a lament of one who in his profligacy has received news of his dying wife, and has arrived only to find her passed away.

And thus our present task is done, and the general estimate only of the volumes which we have noticed has to be spoken. From them all, the thought arises that we are for the most part elaborating with credit, rather than originating. We began by speaking of Tennyson and Browning: and as we began, so we end. The procession of their followers, and the followers, in them, of all that is best and truest in our literature, is still passing onward: its ranks not yet degenerate, its banners not yet faded. But the eye which pierces where others have not seen—the unbidden step that first treads the wild, are as yet hardly known to us among the poets of our own time. This cannot be because all wilds are inclosed, nor because all dark places are explored. It may have been enough for our age to have witnessed the advent of one great poet; and the way may not yet be prepared among the wrecks of his imitators, for a new path to Fame.

Meantime let us use what has been given us. It will be no mean preparation for what may be yet in store, to

have profited well by the patient definition of nature, and the thorough searching of the human heart, which characterize our present school of poets.

Fraser's Magazine.

MR. DALLAS ON THE SCIENCE OF CRITICISM.

The Gay Science is the somewhat too suggestive title of a work on the nature of art and the science of criticism, by Mr. E. S. Dallas, which is undoubtedly entitled to occupy a high place in the literature of the subject which it discusses. The sprightliness of the author's style, and the vivacity of his fancy, are sure to obtain for his views a ready hearing from the public; and those even who, like ourselves, are inclined to question his arguments and contest his conclusions, cannot fail to be powerfully impressed by his ingenuity, subtlety, and various erudition.

A work of so high a character cannot be properly greeted by the ordinary commonplaces of critical goodwill. The author's aim is a lofty one, and if he has succeeded in doing what had assuredly not been done previously—if he has made criticism a science—then he has established strong claims to wide and hearty recognition. Such a work, from its very nature, must be subjected to a searching examination. It cannot be passed by lightly and cursorily; the author is en-

titled to ask from his critics intelligent and thoughtful assent or deliberate refutation.

The great charm of the book is its clearness. We cannot possibly entertain any doubt of Mr. Dallas's meaning. The arrangement is methodical, the style limpid and transparent. There is not an obscure passage from the first page to the last. But we must say at the same time that we do not like certain peculiarities of his writing. There is an occasional *hardness*—sentences where, instead of the glow and the blithe movement of life, we have a steely edge and the glitter of antithesis. "It would be amusing," he remarks in one place, "to hear what a French critic, with all the blue and gold of Versailles in the chambers of his heart, would say to the master singers of Nuremberg and other chief towns of Almayne in the middle ages; to the honest cobblers that, like Hans Sachs, were powerful in honeyed words as well as in wozed threads; to the masons that built the lofty rhyme; to tailors that sang like swans while they plied the goose; to smiths that filed verses not less than iron tools; to barbers that carolled cheerily while as yet the music of Figaro slept untold in the unborn brain of Mozart, and while as yet, indeed, music, in the modern sense of the word, had not even glimmered in the firmament of human thought." This is sharp, pointed, brilliant, but essentially artificial. At other times he manifests a too obvious effort to be simple; using, for instance, familiarities of expression which may be tolerated in conversation, but which are not in keeping with abstruse ideas and a weighty argument. He always holds himself well in hand; but, in his determination to avoid excess, he sins in an opposite direction, and his studied moderation is not always free from ostentation. The illustrations to which he so frequently resorts are often admirable; yet they are at times trivial, and at times far-fetched. They are introduced, no doubt, to aid the argument; we suspect that they sometimes embarrass it. He is apt, moreover, like John Lily, and the Euphuists, to run them to death. Take such a passage as this: "Every man lauds his own pursuit. He who is deep in helminthology, or the

science of worms, will tell us that it is the most interesting and useful of studies. But I can scarcely imagine that when putting in a word for a science of human nature, and for criticism as part of it, and when claiming for that science the place of honor, I am fairly open to the charge of yielding to private partiality. At all events, in mitigation of such a charge, let it be remembered that man, too, has the credit of being a worm, and that he may be entitled to some of the regard of science, were it only as belonging to the subject of helminthology. We may give up the claims which the science of human nature has to precedences over all the other knowledges, if we can get it recognized in popular opinion as a science at all, were it but as a science of worms. And for criticism, as a part of the science of human nature, it may be remembered that Sir Walter Scott was pleased to describe the critics as caterpillars, and that, therefore, they may have a special claim to be regarded in this marvellously popular science of worms." That passage might have been written by the author of *The Anatomy of Wit*. But it is only fair to add that, while we resent their occasional frivolousness, the great majority of his illustrations are apt, striking, drawn from curious sources, and exceedingly ingenious and entertaining. Nor can it be denied that, in the main, Mr. Dallas exhibits not a mere fantastic ingenuity, but a true critical subtlety. How fine and incisive, for instance, are these remarks upon the complications of imagery:

"Sometimes the imagery is even more complicated, and confounds the facts of three or four different senses. There is a famous passage in the beginning of *Twelfth Night*, the description of music:

"That strain again: it had a dying fall;
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odor."

There is here such an involution and reduplication of idea, that in order to improve the passage Pope altered the word *sound* to *south*, which is the common reading. Mr. Charles Knight, however, has wisely insisted on the wisdom of recurring to the original reading of the first folio, which is quite Shakespearian. May I add, that not only is the original reading Shakespearian in the reduplication of the idea conveyed (a sound, coming o'er the ear, breathing, stealing, and giving odor, and so in the

delight and delicacy of its magic, ministering not to one sense but to three), there is also to my mind a clear evidence that whether the word *sound* were actually penned by Shakespeare, or were only a printer's error, still that upon that word Milton had once alighted, that it caught his fancy, that it became vital within him, and that as a consequence he produced in the *Comus* a similar involution and reduplication of ideas, though in a somewhat different arrangement?

"At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took, ere she was ware."

Notwithstanding the freshness and originality of this passage, who does not feel that nearly all the ideas which are thus connected with dulcet sound—the sound breathing on the ear, stealing on the air, and giving odor—trace back to Shakespeare?

Mr. Dallas, therefore, in our opinion, spite of the slight blemishes we have pointed out (and which we have pointed out because we believe that they can be easily removed), is well fitted for the task which he has undertaken. Subtle, erudite, ingenious, eloquent, he will succeed in making good his defence, and in beating back his assailants, if the position which he occupies be not entirely untenable.

Is it untenable? and if so, what are its vulnerable points? To the consideration of these questions (which occupy the first volume) we purpose to devote the remainder of this article.

The weakness of the book is that its author has got—a system. He will reply, of course, that this is its chief virtue. "System is science. Science is impossible without the order and method of system. It is not merely knowledge: it is knowledge methodized. It may be true that over the vast ocean of time which separates us from Plato, nothing has come to us from that mighty mind to be incorporated in modern thought but a few fragments of wreck. Yet these fragments would never have reached us if they had not at one time been built into a ship. When the voyager goes across the Atlantic he may be wrecked; he may get on shore only with a plank. But he will never cross the Atlantic at all if he starts on a plank, or on a few planks tied together as a raft. 'Our little systems have their day,' says the poet, and it is most true, but in their

day they have their uses. There is a momentum in a system which does not belong to its individual timbers, and if we admire the essay, it is not necessary to undervalue more elaborate structures."

This reasoning is, to our minds, we confess, essentially unsatisfactory. Observe that Mr. Dallas is dealing with a system which is admittedly not a true system; which has failed to stand the sapping and mining of time; which has been "wrecked;" and his argument, in effect, amounts to this: If a true thought be incorporated with a false system, which must, sooner or later, fall to pieces, its longevity is thereby assured. Now, we assert, on the contrary, that it is more reasonable to believe that the truth will go down with the rotten system to which it is attached, and that it would have fared better had it started originally on its own account. We all remember Sir Thomas Browne's amusing declaration—"I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches: they that doubt of these do not deny only them, but spirits, and are obliquely, and upon consequence, a sort not of infidels, but of atheists." Had the many exquisite reflections that enrich the *Religio Medici* been scattered through a systematic treatise intended to prove that witches exist, and that those who do not believe in them are atheists, would they have stood a better chance of preservation? But even this is scarcely an adequate illustration, for to the quaint excellence of Sir Thomas Browne's language, rather than to the substantial value of his speculations, do the *Religio Medici* and the *Urn Burial* owe their popularity with the modern reader. The craving for system is in fact one of the most dangerous symptoms which a thinker can exhibit; for it infers a *twist* in the mental structure of its victim. Had the theorist been unembarrassed by the hungry exigencies of a system, he might have thought truly and well; but every suggestion inconsistent with his theory is turned aside from with disrelish, and he condescends to notice those facts only which support or seem to support it. During the reign of Charles II., a pamphlet was written to prove that the stork went to the moon during winter. The author was

by nature a shrewd and clever observer; but he was so-occupied in making his system symmetrical, that he ceased to observe altogether, and his treatise is profoundly absurd. The physical sciences, at a certain stage of their growth, and after a certain amount of observation, may be usefully systematized; but we are dealing now with what is confessedly a spiritual science. And in this department of thought we have never seen any good that system has achieved—we are persuaded, on the contrary, that it has worked infinite harm. Philosophies of history, philosophies of the mind, philosophies of religion, have all ended in blank disappointment. From whatever cause, whether because the facts upon which the induction proceeded have been insufficient, or whether because the facts defied classification, it has been found impossible to label and ticket the operations and processes of the spiritual world. All schemes, from Calvinism downward, which have tried to arrange these matters in a logical way, have failed. And we believe that a system which essays to capture the imagination, to clip the wings of the fancy, to track the dim and perilous pathways of our passions and aspirations, must prove as futile in the end as the "schemes" which have attempted to settle dogmatically the relations that subsist between the finite and the infinite, to look into the workings of the supreme mind, and enable man, by the aid of arithmetic, to square accounts with his Maker.

Mr. Dallas tries vehemently to escape from this conclusion. "It is true that mental science has not yet done much for us in any department of study; but it must not be forgotten that the application of scientific methods to the mind and action of man has been even more recent and more tardy than their application to the processes of nature, and that the time has not yet come to look for ripe fruit, and to curse the tree on which it is not found. Any science of a true sort, I have already observed—any science that is but more than guessing, or more than a confused pudding-stone of facts—is now but two centuries old. The most advanced of the sciences that relate specially to human conduct, is the science of wealth, and political economy

is but a century old. The other sciences that take account of human action, are still in their infancy, and to despair of them is but to despair of childhood.

It is argued that, because we are not able to predict the changes of history, therefore history cannot fairly be regarded as a science; and the argument, though levelled against a science of history, goes to deny the possibility of any science of human nature. In point of fact, however, we can predict a good deal in human history, as, for example, by the aid of political economy, a science which is barely a century old. And the reasoning, if it were sound, would oust geology from the list of the sciences, because it does not enable us to predict what changes in the earth's surface are certain to take place in the next thousand years.

The fact is, that no science in the world can insure its followers from error, or make its students perfect artists. Chemistry, with all its exactitude, does not save its professors from making a wrong analysis. The votaries of geology are still wrangling about some of its main principles; and were they agreed, it does not follow that they would be able to apply those principles rightly to the various regions of the earth. Political economy, the most advanced of the sciences that have man for their subject, is not all clear and steadfast, and daily the nations bid defiance to its clearest and most abiding truths. Why, then, should a critical science, if there is ever to be one, do more than all other sciences in leading its disciples into a land free from doubt?

Is it true that the philosophy of mind is only two centuries old? What, then, are we to say to Mr. Lewes' remarkable history of philosophy, which chronicles the failures of three thousand years? Political economy, Mr. Dallas truly enough remarks, is little more than a century old. But then Mr. Ruskin is, perhaps, the sole political economist who considers that science a department of the philosophy of morals.*

* Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*; and we observe that Mr. Ruskin, in his latest work, *Sesame and Lilies*, describes his work on political economy as "the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself—the one that will stand (if any-

The capricious element of human motive can hardly, at least, be held to influence the laws by which gold multiplies. Nations may choose to maintain a protective policy; but their prejudices do not change the fact that free trade is favorable to the increase of wealth. It is possible that the Pope still holds, in his official capacity, that Galileo was a heretic; but the fact which Galileo affirmed is not now controverted by any sane creature. History cannot predict; neither, adds Mr. Dallas, can geology. But geology is as yet only in its infancy: so far, it is little more than the observation and record of the changes that *have* taken place in the earth's surface; but unless Mr. Dallas is prepared to maintain that these changes are governed, not by invariable law, but by the caprice which the freedom of the will in man implies, he will be willing to admit, we should suppose, that the time is coming when it will be able to predict. Till that time comes, in short, however scientific its methods may be, it cannot legitimately be called a science. At one time astronomy could only tell us where a comet had been—now it can predict when it will return; once it could tell us only where a planet was—now it can tell us where a planet should be found. A professor of chemistry, Mr. Dallas says, sometimes makes a wrong analysis: why should we judge more harshly of the professor of mental science? But, in the one case, the disturbing element is admittedly in the analysis—if the analysis be correct, a correct result is inevitable; in the other, we do not say that any one method is wrong—we say that the substance experimented upon is too volatile and capricious for analysis. And the experience, not of a couple of hundred, but of a couple of thousand years, confirms the conclusion. Mr. Dallas appears to fancy that this is a materialistic skepticism: we hold it to be essentially a spiritual skepticism—a skepticism which finds that the soul of man is independent of, and superior to, the sequences of natural law.

Grave evils, our author affirms, are the consequence of this want of system. See,

thing stand) surest and longest of all work of mine."

he exclaims, the difference between our art and the art of Greece—Greece, where a recognized standard of taste prevailed. We offer a prize for the best poem or the best design—how wretched are our prize poems and our prize designs! But in Greece the offer of prizes produced the most brilliant results. "When a Greek drama was acted at Athens it was a prize drama; and we are told that *Æschylus* won the honor so many times, that *Sophocles* in the end beat *Æschylus*, and that *Euripides* in like manner had his triumphs. The comic dramatist, *Menander*, was drowned in the *Pireus*, and the story goes, though it is only a story, that he drowned himself in misery at seeing his rival, *Philemon*, snatch from him the dramatic ivy crown. *Corinna*, it will be remembered, won the prize for lyric verse from *Pindar* himself. Whether it be a fact or not about the poetical contest between *Homer* and *Hesiod*, and the prize of a tripod won by the latter, the tradition of such a contest is a voucher for the custom and for the honor in which it was held. At the *Pythian* games prizes for music and every sort of artistic work were as common and as famous as the prizes for horse-races and foot-races. To realize such a state of things in our time, we must imagine poets, painters, and musicians assembled on *Epsom Downs* to contend for the honors of the games with colts, the sons of *Touchstone* and *Stockwell*, and fillies, the descendants of *Pocahontas* and *Beeswing*. Why should that be possible in Greece which is impossible now? Why do we draw the line between jockeys who ride racehorses, and poets who ride their *Pegasus*—offer prizes for the grosser animals, and produce results that have made English horses the first in the world, while the most magnificent offers can not get a fit monument for the greatest Englishman of the present century? The explanation is not far to seek: it lies in the uncertainty of judgment, in the waywardness of taste, in the want of recognized standards, in the contempt of criticism."

Is this a true explanation of the difference? It is, at best, only partially true. There was, undoubtedly, greater uniformity in the methods of Greek art—a uniformity to be attributed to national idiosyncrasy rather than to the conscious

adoption of a standard of taste, as we shall attempt to show in the sequel. But the real cause of the difference is to be found in that of which Mr. Dallas takes no account—the change of manners. The prize system was probably the most effectual way by which a Greek author could secure publication—public criticism and public reward. But we have a different public now. Our prizes are—the applause of the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*, the sale of half a dozen editions, the favor of Paternoster Row. The change is inevitable, and is seen in many directions. The influence of the drama, which was once all-powerful, is now on the wane. The church no longer exhibits the life of Christ in miracle-plays, as the church of the middle ages did. The discovery of printing, the spread of book-learning among the masses, have diminished the influence of spoken words, and transferred authority in the world of letters to a new tribunal. The prize system is now treated with contempt by great writers, as a system fitted for children only, and its highest achievements are those amiable but rather infantile productions designed to show that the unlimited use of ardent spirits is prejudicial to body and soul.

Now, Mr. Dallas has got a system, and it is easy to see that it has obtained a tyrannical influence over his mind. He has read an immense number of books, he has ransacked literature and history, for facts that will bear to be woven into his argument. He has obviously collected materials that might have been cast into a score of most interesting essays. But it has all been devoured by this old man of the sea that sits on his back. A paper by Mr. Dallas on the *Précieuses*, for instance, would have made charming reading; but when these ladies are lugged in, blue-stockings and all, to a work on the theory of criticism, we cannot help regarding them with suspicion and most ungallant disrelish.

Mr. Dallas's system may be briefly described, and we shall do so as far as possible in his own words:

‘The doctrine of pleasure strikes the keynote and suggests the title of the present work, in which an attempt will be made to show that a science of criticism is possible, and that it must of

necessity be the science of the laws of pleasure, the joy science, the Gay Science. . . . A science of criticism, embracing poetry and the fine arts, is possible only on the supposition that the arts all stand on common ground; and that, however varied may be the methods employed on them, their inner meaning and purpose is the same. . . . Manifestly the character of an art is determined by its object; and though the critics have made no use of the fact, yet it is a fact which they admit with very few exceptions, that poetry and the fine arts are endowed with a common purpose. Even if poetry and the arts could boast of a common method and a common theme, still every question of method and the choice of theme must be subordinate to the end in view. The end determines the means, and must therefore be the principal point of inquiry. If, then, we inquire what is the end of poetry and the poetical arts, we shall find among critics of all countries and all ages a singular unanimity of opinion—a unanimity which is all the more remarkable when we discover that admitting the fact with scarcely a dissentient voice, they have never turned it to account—they have practically ignored it. It is admitted that the immediate end of art is to give pleasure. Whatever we do has happiness for its last end; but with art it is the first as well as the last. . . . But if this be granted, and it is all but universally granted, it entails the inevitable inference that criticism is the science of the laws and conditions under which pleasure is produced. If poetry, if art, exists in and for pleasure, then upon this rock, and upon this alone, is it possible to build a science of criticism. . . . To say that the object of art is pleasure in contrast to knowledge, is quite a different thing from saying that it is pleasure in contrast to truth. Science gives us truth with or without reference to pleasure, but chiefly and immediately for the sake of knowledge: poetry give us truth without reference to knowledge, but mainly and immediately for the sake of pleasure. . . . All the schools of criticism, without exception, describe art as the minister of pleasure, while the more advanced schools go further, and describe it also as the offspring of pleasure. Each may have a different way

of regarding this pleasure. The Greek dwells on the truth of it; the Italian on its profit. The Spaniard says it is pleasure of the many; the Frenchman says it is of the few. The German says that it comes of play; the Englishman, that it comes of imagination. But all with one voice declare for pleasure as the end of art. The inference is obvious—the inference is the truism which is not yet even recognized as a truth; that criticism, if it is ever to be a science, must be the science of pleasure. What wonder that it shows no sign of science, when the object of the science is not yet acknowledged? . . . The object of science, we say, is knowledge—a perfect grasp of all the facts which lie within the sphere of consciousness. The object of art is pleasure—a sensible possession or enjoyment of the world beyond ‘consciousness.’”

This is the theory. Let us consider, in the first place, what Mr. Dallas calls its corner-stone. Criticism is the science, as art is the minister, of pleasure.

That art, in all or most of its forms, is pleasant to the taste, no one ever denied. Were it not pleasurable, were it simply painful, we may be sure that poetry would be neither written nor read. Apart from the pleasure which it produces, it serves, perhaps, no direct utility. Men would continue to sow and to reap, to cook and to spin, whether they liked or disliked doing so—for these are arts upon which life depends; but they would not continue to dance or to sing were the exercise disagreeable. Some pursuits are both useful and agreeable—shooting and fishing, for instance, the sports of the field. Every natural, healthful exercise of body and mind is more or less enjoyable. So Mr. Dallas, of course, gets plenty of authority to show that poetry is pleasant to the taste, and it was scarcely necessary for this purpose to appeal to the opinion of Juan de Baena, a baptized Jew, secretary and accountant to King John II., who, in the preface to his *Collection of the Poets*, has, it seems, “never enough to say of the delightfulness and charm of poetry.” But when we have arrived at this point we have not got far on the road which Mr. Dallas wishes us to travel. Mr. Dallas argues, not unsuccessfully, that both Aristotle and Plato

failed in their attempts to define the fine arts. The arts have a common method, said Aristotle—imitation. The arts have a common theme, said Plato—the beautiful. But some arts, such as music, are not imitative, nor is imitation the exclusive property of art. Again, some arts, such as comedy, do not dwell upon the beautiful, nor is beauty the exclusive property of art. Mr. Dallas concludes that the arts have not a common method, as Aristotle thought, nor a common theme, as Plato thought; they have, however, a common *purpose*. That purpose is the production of pleasure. Now, assuming that, roughly speaking, all the fine arts are calculated to produce pleasure, it by no means follows that if we analyze the laws and sources of pleasurable feeling, we shall arrive at a science of criticism. In a high sense, and using the word in the transcendental and non-natural way in which Mr. Dallas is so frequently forced to use it, the purpose of life is pleasure. Pain is, in itself, a hateful thing. Death is the wages of sin, and pain is the fruit of transgression. Break the laws of health, of prudence, of godliness, and pain is the result—pain, not capriciously and arbitrarily inflicted, but pain which flows from the transgression as surely as pleasure flows from the observance of law. Pain is the natural monitor which warns us that we are neglecting the order of our nature. Pleasure, therefore, being a purpose, or the purpose of all life, the fine arts cannot claim it as a peculiar or exclusive possession. Consequently we may analyze pleasure as long as we like, and yet fail to arrive at a science of the fine arts. Take a parallel case. The sports of the field produce pleasure; if we analyze the laws of pleasure, will we obtain a science of hunting? Mr. Dallas begins at the wrong end. He takes one of the consequences of an act, and attempts to reason back to the act itself—to reason back, and to tell us all about the nature of the act through one of the impressions which it produces. A blow with a walking stick produces pain—shall we, by analyzing the laws of pain, be enabled to learn of what a walking stick is composed? If a walking stick, like the Devil, were a supernatural agent, of which we could know nothing directly except through the disturbance which it

produced, such a course of argument might be more or less admissible; but the fact is, that walking sticks are abundantly met with in this world, and we may find out of what they are made by simply handling them. Thus, as it seems to us, Mr. Dallas's method is not merely a very roundabout method, but is one from which few or no results can be obtained. The gratification which an art produces does not supply a basis on which a science of its laws can be reared. If an art minister to pleasure, the most that we can deduce is that it is agreeable to that order which our nature obeys, or is intended to obey. And that is a conclusion quite as applicable to any art or pursuit which produces pleasurable emotion.

It is not at this point necessary to consider whether the production of pleasure be the exclusive purpose of art. We think that, even taking the word in its broadest and least familiar sense, art has other purposes; but at present it is unnecessary to dwell upon this view, farther than to remark that, if it be correct, it places another obstacle—an utterly insurmountable obstacle, as it appears to us—in Mr. Dallas's way.

The chief practical objections to the theory, however, lie upon the surface. Mr. Dallas proposes to extract an exact science out of an emotion which is more volatile than any gas with which science is acquainted. "There is," says the old proverb, "no why or wherefore in liking." The face which is indifferent to one man captivates another. Nay, more, the same man's notions of pleasure undergo rapid and constant change. What gives pleasure in boyhood does not give pleasure later in life.—The favorite poet of manhood is not the favorite poet of age. Anacreon ceases to delight. A man who at thirty and at sixty should write on the characteristics of pleasure, would produce works having little or nothing in common. Yet a true critic will be ready to admit that the work which no longer takes captive his fancy may be a work of art, and in certain senses superior to that which he has come to prefer. What is this enduring and imperishable element which, after pleasure dies, still keeps the poem or the statue within the field of the fine arts? Tastes differ; tastes change; but humor is ever humor, and a tragic

conception always a tragic conception. These things are independent of the pleasure which they excite. "If tastes differ," Mr. Dallas says, "that is no reason why we should refuse to regard them as within the pale of law." But, we are tempted to reply, why should tastes *not* differ? All experience seems to proclaim that there is no uniformity in our sensations of pleasure—why, in the face of experience, should we insist on finding uniformity?

Again—is pleasure a guide on whose judgments, *apart from some other standard*, we can rely? Mr. Dallas says that the pleasure of poetry is a popular pleasure; it is the pleasure of the multitude; consequently it is not an *educated* pleasure. But Mr. Dallas sees that if art were to be measured by the amount of enjoyment evolved in rude minds, all our most approved critical judgments would be upset; and he attempts to meet the difficulty by urging that the intensity of a pleasure is not the standard of its value. We may prefer a novel to an epic, and yet be aware that the pleasure produced by an epic is superior in kind to that produced by a novel. "The deliberate selection of the lower form of pleasure does not interfere with our estimate of the higher." But *why* do we select one and neglect the other? Because—there can be no other reason—because the actual sum of pleasure is greater in the case of the novel than in the case of the epic. So that, if pleasure were the sole standard to which we could refer, there could be no question about the relative values of epic and novel. To what other tests, in the circumstances, could we resort? "We *know*, however, that the pleasure of the epic is loftier than the pleasure of the novel." But *how* do we know that this is so? It is not pleasure that tells us so: pleasure tells us the reverse. To some other faculty, therefore, is the appeal made; by some other faculty is it answered. Or, to put it otherwise: if pleasure be the purpose of art, the more pleasure a work of art produces the higher must be its position in the world of art. But you say—No; we are persuaded somehow that that is better which we like less; or, in fact (comparatively speaking), do not like at all. Does not this point to the conclusion that art

makes its radical appeal to a faculty other than pleasure? Pleasure may decide in the first instance; but there is, somewhere in our nature, a court of last resort. Mr. Dallas's answer to the difficulty, moreover, does not hit the case of the multitude, who get more pleasure out of Tupper than out of Tennyson, and who do not by any means admit or suspect that Tennyson is better than Tupper. If pleasure—popular pleasure—the pleasure of the many—be the purpose of the fine arts, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Miss Braddon is an infinitely higher artist than Henry Taylor or Robert Browning.

Thus the production of pleasure cannot be the sole or primary purpose of art. We are willing indeed to admit that art is generally accompanied by pleasure—to artist and audience alike. In the feverish impatience of Michael Angelo, and in tragedy, which purges the soul by pity and terror, one fails to find much conscious joy; but it may probably be admitted that in both cases there is an ultimate insoluble product of pleasure. Art has many purposes, many themes, many methods. We are not satisfied that its processes can be classified; the imagination works in the dark. But if a science of criticism be attainable, then we would suggest that it is the science of the harmonious; the harmony, order, and proportion of the spiritual world; in a word, the science of "the fit." Let us dwell upon this idea a little; not with the view of elaborating a system, but because this conception of the function of criticism has been too much neglected lately. We touch, lightly and briefly, one side of a many-sided theme.

Speaking generally, then, science may be defined as the discovery of the order which prevails in the physical world; art, as the manifestation of the order which prevails, or is intended to prevail (for it has been at many points obscured and interrupted), in the spiritual world. But science is not content to discover and to record only—it proceeds immediately to utilize, and, so to speak, domesticate the forces which it has tracked. It tames the lightning, it catches the sunbeams, it imprisons the vagrant powers of the air. The laws which guide the stars, the forces which govern the uni-

verse, are transformed by its subtle and beneficent intelligence into the slaves of our business, into the ministers of our pleasure. Has art any such secondary function? The fine arts, as we have observed, cannot perhaps be said to minister directly to utility; but it is surely a very narrow philosophy which, for this reason, holds that their only function is to please. To what uses in fact does not poetry minister? It soothes our distress, and intensifies our enjoyment: it animates our patriotism and warms our devotion: it purges our soul by pity and terror: it wakes the *mens diviniore*: it lifts the burden from our backs, and leads us by still waters and green pastures: it interprets the ways of Providence, tracing "the hidden equities of divine reward," and letting light into the dark places of human history: it mirrors truth and beauty and goodness: it holds up to us, as in a glass, the chivalry of the knight, the devotion of the woman, the piety of the saint: it echoes the sob of sorrow, the wail of despair, the shout of triumph: its cradle-song lulls the sleep of childhood: beside the grave it counsels of a life that is beyond. These, and such as these, are the services which the poet renders us.

To discover, to obey, and to manifest the laws of order in the spiritual world, is, we say, the highest purpose of art. What is this order? and how are its laws obeyed by the artist? These are the questions which criticism proposes, and which it undertakes to solve. At present, however, we can only throw out a few desultory suggestions.

Many schools of critics, and one in particular—the Romantic—have maintained that the notion of a law of unity or order to which the artist is subject, must tend to rigidity and inflexibility in art. But it is a mistake to suppose that the existence of such a law requires the observance of uniform methods in art—a mistake into which, among many others, the French critics of the eighteenth century fell. For its earliest canon—the first and greatest of the commandments—is, that the artist be true to himself. The law of order, which preserves art from caprice and the monsters of the imagination, is yet a law of liberty and a law of individuality.

The artist is, in the truest sense, a law unto himself. Subjection to any foreign or alien code is destructive of the first condition of his art, its instinctive and involuntary character. The greatest of the apostles told his followers that so long as they followed their own lusts they were slaves, but that when they accepted the yoke of the Gospel they became free men. The truth had made them free. But before they could attain this freedom, the law which it enjoined must have been assimilated by their constitutions—it must have become part of themselves. You are made free, said St. Paul, because you now obey the true order of your nature. The artist, in like manner, enjoys a freedom which rests on obedience. The artist must be educated to observe the law of unity; but until he does so unconsciously and of his own free will—until he ceases to feel that he is governed by a formal code—until his art is the spontaneous reflex of his inner life, he remains in pupilarity. Till that time comes, he is a slave, or at best a scholar—never a master. Thus a writer may say: "I know that simplicity is a good thing, and I resolve to be simple." But this conscious effort defeats its object. He attains a bastard simplicity at best—a simplicity which stumbles, which is inconsistent, which does not work surely and inevitably. There is all the difference in the world, we had occasion to say the other day, between a bald and meagre simplicity, and the simplicity of thorough culture and intense imaginative activity. The latter is the simplicity of the artist; the former is the simplicity of the man who consciously strives to be simple. Not until the law has ceased to act as a law, and become a regulating instinct—an instinct which is pained when law is transgressed, which is gratified when law is observed—will a man be able to practice the modesty which nature prescribes, and which is good because it is prescribed by nature. This only is the true simplicity—the simplicity of a plot by Sophocles or Shakespeare, of a story told by Homer or Sir Walter Scott, of a character drawn by Fielding or Thackeray, of Virgil's verse, of Dryden's prose.

Nor is the second commandment which the law sets forth less favorable to liberty

"Do not come," it says, "to the observation of phenomena with any preconceived notions of what you are to find in them. You are not to force nature into your own moulds. But this you will do inevitably unless you obey the order which nature herself prescribes. 'As man must live from within outwards,' Goethe said, 'so the artist must work from within outwards.' That is the law; that is the order of nature. Begin within. Grasp the essential character, the innermost life of the man whose features you are desirous to record—of the tragedy you have undertaken to relate. Grasp this, and all the rest will grow plain. You will, without an effort, be enabled to maintain unity, simplicity, consistency throughout. Your drama will be the orderly inevitable issue of the central idea from which you started, just as the growth of herb or tree issues inevitably in flower and fruit. But go on the other tack; work from the outside; portray the superficial peculiarities with all the felicity of the mimic;—do this, and then, however anxiously you strive to preserve consistency, be sure that you will fail to do so; be sure that a false note will betray you sooner or later. You have not worked as the order of nature requires you to work: you have pursued a false, haphazard, disorderly method: and this is your reward."

Thus, as regards alike the methods and the substantial ideas of art, Order is not incompatible with Freedom, for, at the last, Order and Truth are one, Order being the tongue or language of Truth. The artist must be true to himself and true to nature. The artist who transgresses a vital law of order, uses not liberty but license; and, on the other hand, the artist who, in obedience to the fancied provisions of a method of art, sacrifices any part of his individual life, obeys, not a legitimate monarch, but a despot.

The order of which we have spoken is of a twofold sort, internal and external. There is a law written upon the heart, there is a law written upon the actions, of men. Both are closely interwoven: it is difficult to separate them; but the one concerns more immediately the manner, the other more immediately the matter, of art. Disobey the one, and you

will have falseness of tone ; disregard the other, and you will have falseness of outline.

It, may seem, in what we have now said, that we have been pleading for a purely *realistic* method in art ; but we do not, of course, deny that the order which the artist seeks to manifest and to establish is at many points an ideal order. A divine uninterrupted order

"preserves the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through These
are fresh and strong ;"

but the life of man is a ravelled skein. The music of the spheres may yet, perhaps, be heard by the attentive ear ; but the music of humanity is hurt by shrillest discords. The artist, therefore, has to repair as well as to put together. Out of the spiritual chaos he has to construct a spiritual cosmos. The sculptor, through the coarse lines of the sun-burnt, passion-burnt face, "must find Antinous somewhere in that clay." The poet follows a day-star that rises not above the visible horizon, and bathes his visions in a light that "owes no homage to the sun." The tragedy as actually transacted is incoherent, inconsequent—a piece of many-colored patchwork ; the dramatist effects its liberation, releasing it from the elements which embarrass its movements, which impede its progress, which impair its unity, which hide it from us—from us, and from all to whom the sovereign faculty of Imagination has been denied. Yet the Ideal, whose broken fragments the Imagination pieces together, is only that side of the real which is turned from us—that side which the shadows do not dim. The artist must adhere to nature—to nature, it may be, in her highest mood—to that phantom of nature, if we may so speak, which flits shadow-like behind the sensible outline ; but never, except when wilfully false or monstrous, can he escape from her sovereignty—

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean ; so o'er that
art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
Which nature makes."

How so ? Polixenes answers the question—"The art itself is nature." Nature has taken us into her keeping, and we

can only work after the methods and within the limits which she has prescribed. The poet may fashion as he lists ; but all his material is supplied by nature, and unless he build as she requires, his edifice will not stand.

The result, then, of our reasoning amounts to this : Nature is the measure of art—nature which, though not indifferent to law, is not offended by, but on the contrary tolerates, provides for, and gives scope to the incalculable varieties of individual and national life. Such a definition, in one view, puts a science of criticism out of the question ; for it implies that no invariable standard of taste exists. And it is certainly conclusive as against those critics who insist that an absolute uniformity in the forms and methods of art should be maintained, and who would cure the lawlessness of the age by returning to the classic models. A moment's consideration must convince us that to do so would be to exchange the substance for the form of order—its reality for its shadow.

The inhabitants of different planets could not differ more radically than the Athenians of Pericles differ from the nations of modern Europe. The most degraded serf in Christendom has been subjected to the influence of ideas to which the classic world was a stranger.

The Greek lived in a land where the air was transparently pure, where the mountain line cut an unclouded sky, where no phantoms of mist or shadow ministered to the imagination. He loved the pleasant life of the plains ; he was urbane, friendly, communicative ; a simple and elegant decorum characterized his manners. His moral conceptions were definite, though limited. Other than a pleasurable sense of healthy life, he acknowledged perhaps no well-being after which men should strive ; yet he could vindicate the justice of the gods who visited the sins of the fathers upon the children : he practiced the virtues which never offended the seemly ; he recoiled instinctively from the cruel, the rude, and the uncemely. The "clear outline, the definite grace, and the sunny expansiveness" of his poetry were thus reflected from a life which loved the orderly and symmetrical, which avoided the intricate and the mysterious, which

shrunk from the terrible, which, in its abhorrence of excess and in its habitual moderation, unconsciously obeyed the Delphic precept, *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*, "Not too much of anything." His art, in poetry, in sculpture, in architecture, in painting, ministering rather to grace than to passion—the serene expression of a beautiful idea—never impatient, never exacting, never discontented—yet lacked variety and individuality. This avoidance of individuality is perhaps not the least noticeable trait alike of his art and of his laws. A Greek citizen regarded freedom less in the light of personal unrestraint than of national independence; and a Greek audience witnessed upon the classic stage rather, as it were, the procession of large and tragic ideas than the swift and shifting movement of present passion.

As the Greek artistic forms were the orderly expression of the Greek intellect and character, so the forms which in a rough general way may be called "Gothic," are the more or less orderly expression of the modern mind. The "Goth" was a child of the mist. The mist clung to his mountains—there were mysterious depths of gloom in the interminable forests where he followed the deer and the wild boar to their lairs. Addicted to solitary commune, reserved yet passionate, familiar with the grand and impressive forces of nature, sullen sometimes as his own skies, yet breaking out sometimes into quaint humor and inextinguishable laughter, this man would by natural temperament alone have had little in common with the Greek. But to him, moreover, words had been spoken which the Greek had not heard. A new conception of human well-being had been formed; a new lesson of duty had been taught; a new world of life had been opened up. What could a classic Athenian make of such words as these—words, the spirit of which having entered more or less directly into the modern life, has moulded it into incalculable new forms?

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak

things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. . . . But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses; by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. . . . For our conversation is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. . . . For the which cause I also suffer these things; nevertheless, I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

It is impossible to read these words without feeling that the moral judgments of the classic world had been reversed by a new and more authoritative tribunal. The passionate ardor of the missionary apostle, his zeal, his humility, the abject sufferings in which he gloried, his contempt for the body except as the temple of a spirit, and for the world except as a stepping-stone to heaven—his mysticism, the vehement intensity of his convictions, his daring paradoxes, his exalted egotism (the egotism of a man encompassed by a light greater than himself) would have been not merely enigmatical and ambiguous, but simply incomprehensible to the countrymen and contemporaries of Pericles.

Out of all this—out of the conditions of his life, and out of his religion—arose, in the case of the modern, intricacies of motive desire and ambition, varieties of character, individualities of feeling and thought, which, for their artistic expression, demanded new forms, required a more various liberty, asked for fresher

air and a freer light, else they died. The Minsters of Rouen, and York, and Strasburg; the fretwork of shaft, and buttress, and doorway, and oriel; *Lear* and *Henry IV.*, and *Hamlet* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; the sculpture of Michael Angelo, the palace of Doges, the cupolas of St. Mark, were some of the forms which these manifold activities assumed. And everywhere, from Venice to the Northern Sea, wherever throughout Europe they covered the land with monuments of sportive caprice or serious strength, it is easy to recognize the handiwork of men who had exchanged a limited but exquisite and majestic simplicity of motive and expression for the burden of spiritual life and the guidance of illimitable needs.

Several practical conclusions are suggested by the comparison now instituted. It is impossible to clothe the modern spirit in antique dress; any such attempt must necessarily fail: even were it to succeed, it is a success not to be desired. Looking to the gulf that lies between a classical and a Christian society, only a false and perverted notion of what the law of order enjoins could require absolute uniformity of method in art. When we force an Englishman of our day to obey the law which sat easily upon the Athenian, we promote, not order, but disorder. The structure and organization of Greek life led to its conception of artistic order: modern life otherwise constituted, will necessarily and naturally assume other forms.

One is often tempted, indeed, when regarding the endless eccentricities and oddities of modern art, to assert that it is essentially anarchical. Yet, after all is said against it that can be said, *Hamlet* (the typical modern) is not lawless. *Hamlet* is orderly—a true picture of character and action; with all its riotous irony and melancholy laughter, and subtle interchange of passion and mockery, it is no fantastic or grotesque caricature. It never transgresses nor disobeys the order of human life—it never oversteps the modesty of nature. Shakespeare's liberty is not licentiousness; he knew nothing of the unities, it is true, but he was able to rise successfully above the pedantries of method, because he allowed "the great actions and the great passions"

of which he discoursed to shape themselves as nature had designed. How, indeed, could his kings, and fools, and wantons—the whole of that rich, vigorous, and varied life—have been brought within the scope of written law? But while, with the great modern masters, who unwittingly obey the law written on their hearts, Tragedy is never Extravaganza, Comedy is never Burlesque, it may be admitted that the modern is more likely to disregard "the fit," and to commit excess and extravagance, than the Greek was. Christianity itself, as a mystical and transcendental faith, occasionally, and not unnaturally, lends itself to violences of thought and feeling, and it numbers among its disciples the visionary and the ascetic. A law of external method, moreover, such as suited the serene temperament of the Greek, is more easily kept, as well as more easily defined, than a law which appeals to the most exquisite sensitiveness of heart and conscience, judgment and imagination. It is easy, of course, to say, on the one hand, that the wilfulness of Shakespeare is consistent with the truest moderation; and that even though men like Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Mr. Carlyle, be superficially whimsical, they may yet violate no vital unity: and, on the other hand, that novels like those which Miss Braddon has written are simple monstrosities—false not to the unities alone, but to the radical conditions of human life;—it is easy to say this, but it is a much more difficult matter to determine to which camp those who live upon the debatable land belong. The Greek had a Code Napoleon, so to speak, a simple and methodical digest of artistic principle, to which he could constantly refer; to interpret consistently our laws—nay, even to discover what they are—demands the labor of a lifetime.

We cannot now follow this interesting subject farther; another portion of Mr. Dallas's powerful and suggestive book (that which treats of the imagination) may enable us to return to it hereafter. We would say only, in conclusion, that than the lesson that *Art is Orderly*, there is none which needs more to be enforced at present. Extravagance is the vice of the time. We have all fallen into King Cambyse's vein. Our philosophers scold

like washerwomen. Our poetry is at fever heat. We have ascetics in the north, and muscular Christians in the south. Mr. Spurgeon presides over our theology, and Mr. Ruskin is the high priest of our art. It would be a great relief if our distinguished literary friends would occasionally descend from their high horses. We are preached at, and lectured at, and prayed at, in the most violent way, and in the worst English, until we are fairly worn out. This moral and intellectual strain cannot, let us hope, be very long maintained. We shall find it a comfort once again to pitch our voices in a natural key. The American war may have been a Holy Crusade against slavery, and not against something quite different; but the nigger is not necessarily the noblest work of God, and it is impossible to deny that he is at times unsavory to the carnal sense. It is all very well for the fisherwoman of song to associate her homely calling with the pathetic dreariness of winter vigils through the storm—

"Buy my caller herrin'—
Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin'—
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men;"

but Yarmouth bloaters would be simply intolerable if we were reminded, whenever we indulged in that innocent luxury, that life was a very serious and a very uncertain business (especially at sea); that we must all, sooner or later, render an account; and that, however we might relish a red herring, the lives of men, in the eyes of their Maker, were infinitely more "precious." Shakespeare, again, was an immensely great man; but why should we insist on regarding every word he said with the delirious devotion of disorderly devotees? Even Mr. Dallas, on other matters so studiously abstemious, when writing of the great bard, cannot resist the infection: "I know not that in Shakespeare," he says, "there is a more profound saying than one which is uttered by a nameless lord. Parolles, soliloquizing, as he thinks, in secret, expresses a fear that the hollowness of his character has been discovered, and that all this bombast and drumming and trumpeting are understood at length

to be but sound and fury, signifying nothing: 'They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. Tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule.' The anonymous lord, who overhears this extraordinary soliloquy, asks, 'Is it possible that he should know that he is, and be that he is?' It is a question which goes down into the very centre of life—how far knowledge is compatible with being, existence with the consciousness of existence." A profound saying, says Mr. Dallas—going down to the very centre of life, to the very core of philosophy. When Shakespeare naturally enough inquired how a man who had sense enough to know that he was an ass could consent to remain one, did he fancy for a moment that he was sounding the profound philosophical inquiry—"how far knowledge is compatible with being, existence with the consciousness of existence?" Bulwer Lytton has felicitously ridiculed this weakness of criticism, when, in one of his philosophical novels, he makes a Shakespearian enthusiast maintain that the witches' refrain in *Macbeth*—

"Double, double,
Toil and trouble,"

is a serious argument against matrimony, and indicates the dramatist's preference for a single life.

In fine Art is Order. That word comprehends many others—proportion, harmony, fitness, propriety, moderation, temperance, amenity. When either our speech, or thought, or feeling, or imagery, or invention become violent (whether the violence do or do not give pleasure), we sin against the principles of true art; just as the men who (as sacrifice to the Almighty) cut off their limbs, or sit on the tops of columns in their shirt-sleeves, sin against the principles of true religion. The guiding precept in both cases is that enforced by the Apostle—"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

SHIRLEY.

Leisure Hour.

DOMESDAY BOOK.

It is just eight hundred years ago since the rule of the Anglo-Saxon passed into the hands of the Norman. On the 5th of January, 1066, Edward the Confessor breathed his last; and on the following day his remains were buried in the Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, which had just been built at his expense, and only consecrated in his presence on the 28th of the previous month. There were two claimants to the throne besides Edgar Atheling, whose claim to the succession had been ignored by the Confessor, who had first named William of Normandy as his successor, but afterwards granted the kingdom, says the *Saxon Chronicle*, to Harold, the son of Earl Godwin. Harold was on the spot, while William was in Normandy; so, on the very day of the royal funeral, the 6th of January, 1066, Harold was crowned in the same abbey, by Archbishop Aldred, and "the funeral baked meats" mingled with those which furnished forth the coronation banquet. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." Scarcely had the crown been placed upon the brow of the last Saxon king, before William made a formal claim for it; and, being refused, commenced preparations for an invasion of England, to guard against which Harold raised a fleet and army to watch the coast. But Tostig, the troublesome Earl of Northumbria, the brother-in-law of William, arrived off the Isle of Wight with a numerous fleet, towards the end of April, from whence he attempted a landing on the Isle of Thanet, but was repulsed. Harold hastened to Sandwich, and took the command of his fleet in person, upon which Tostig made a descent upon Lincolnshire, which he ravaged; but, being defeated by the Earls Edwin and Morcar, and deserted by his sailors, he retired to Scotland. There were no dock-yards and victualling-yards in those days; and, on the 8th of September, Harold was obliged to dismiss his fleet for want of provisions, and to hasten to the north with his army, as Harold Hadrada, King of Norway, had arrived with a fleet in the Tyne, and, along with Tostig, "who had submitted to him," says the old chronicler, "and become his

man," proceeded coastways to Scarborough, which they burned, and afterwards landed near Selby. On the 20th of the month the King of Norway defeated the Earls Edwin and Morcar, and the city of York proposed terms of capitulation, the castle of York having surrendered on Sunday, the 24th. By forced marches the King of England reached York on that day; and, on the following morning, totally defeated the Norwegians at Stamford Bridge, whose king and Earl Tostig were both slain.

On the 26th September, William of Normandy sailed from St. Valery, landed in Pevensey bay on the 28th, and raised a fortified camp on the cliffs, since cut away to give place to Eversfield Place, at Hastings, and the town of St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Harold hastened southward, and came within sight of the Normans on the 13th of October. On the following day was fought the decisive battle of Hastings.

William was crowned at Westminster on Christmas Day, just eight hundred years ago. Looking backwards through all the vicissitudes that have passed over our land since that eventful year, we see how, out of evil, good has followed, till from all but abject slavery the English enjoy such an amount of civil and religious liberty as no other nation has possessed. This overruling of events is singularly manifest in the production, preservation, and uses of *Domesday Book*. It was intended as an instrument of oppression by the Conqueror, whose death followed quickly upon its completion. It afterwards became the great authoritative document in all matters of dispute relating to boundaries and privileges connected with the real property of the country.

Under the date of 1085, the *Saxon Chronicle* records that William the Conqueror, keeping Christmas with his court at Gloucester, ordered a general survey of the land to be made by persons appointed for the purpose, and called the king's justiciaries, the names of four of whom have come down to us—Remigius, bishop of Lincoln, Walter Giffard, Henry de Ferers, and Adam, brother of Eudo, steward of the household. It is wonderful in how short a time this labor was completed, and with so great accuracy that the chronicler records it as evidence

of the king's great greed, and to his disgrace, for he says: "So very narrowly, indeed, did he commission them to trace out the land, that there was not one single hide of land, no, nor even a yard of land, which was not set down. Nay, moreover, though it puts one to the blush to tell, though he was not ashamed of doing it, not even an ox, or a cow, or a swine that was on the land, was left out of the record." Yet this immense labor was completed by Easter of the following year, "and all the recorded particulars were brought to the king," who then held his court at Winchester.

These king's justiciaries, either in person or by deputy, visited the whole of England which then owed allegiance to its king, and which embraced all the counties excepting Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham. The first three, having been ceded to Malcolm III., King of Scotland, by William, and only restored to the crown of England in the reign of Henry II., by Malcolm IV., were of course exempt from this visitation; but why Durham was also excluded has never been satisfactorily explained, though it is generally assumed that the Bishop of Durham held, as a count palatine, independent jurisdiction over the lands belonging to his see. The commissioners, having full power, appointed committees in each county, and from the oaths of the sheriff, the lord of each manor, the priest of each church, the reeve of every hundred, and the bailiff and six villeins of every vill, obtained the particulars of the area of the place, the name of the holder in the time of King Edward the Confessor, that of the present holder, its extent, number of tenants of each class, bond and free, the homages of each manor, the extent of wood, meadow, and pasturage, the mills and ponds, fisheries and mines, and the gross value in King Edward's time. The object is apparent from the return, specifying whether or no any advance could be made in the value; but, with the exception of lands in the possession of the king, and the rents extracted from the burghs, the returns show a decrease in value of estates held by subjects of the crown.

These returns were received by the king, at Winchester, as just stated; and,

being arranged and copied into the book, now preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, were first deposited in one of the crypts of Winchester Cathedral, called, it is said, the *Domus Dei*, whence the name of *Domus Die Book*, perverted into *Domesday Book*; a conjecture which, however, has no solid foundation, because the *Domus Dei*, God's House, or Hospital, did not have its rise in England till more than a century later. Ingulph, abbot of Croyland, a contemporary historian, and a man who enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Conqueror, is probably more correct when he says it was called *Domesday Book* "from its resembling the last judgment in its universality and completeness."

This remarkable book consists of two volumes of unequal size, written on vellum. The larger volume contains 382 pages, in folio, written in double columns, in a small hand; the smaller volume is in quarto, and consists of 450 pages, in a larger hand. The first volume begins with the county of Chent; and, commencing thus with Kent, it proceeds along the southern coast to Cornwall, but, strangely enough, takes in Berkshire on its way. It then starts from Middlesex, through Herts, Bucks, Oxon, Gloucester, and Worcester, to Hereford. The third division contains Hunts, Beds, Northampton, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, and Salop; and the fourth, Chester, Derby, a portion of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lincoln. The quarto volume is occupied only with three counties, but in these counties, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, there were what are termed "invasions," that is, lands which were held without a title from the king. So accurately is everything set down that Spruner, the well-known German geographer, says: "No country besides possesses such accurate materials for its geography as are furnished in *Domesday Book* and the '*Taxatio Ecclesiasticæ Angliæ*' of Pope Nicholas."

Domesday Book affords the most complete evidence of the extent to which the Normans had possessed themselves of the landed property of the country. The number of tenants *in capite*, that is, of those who held their lands direct from the crown, in the first volume amounts to 510, and in the second to 162; but in

several instances these are the same persons. This is exclusive of ecclesiastical corporations, and with them the total is about 1400. The number of under-tenants is about 8000, the greater part of whom, or their ancestors, had held the same lands as principals in the days of the Confessor. Altogether, the number of persons recorded amounts to only 283,242, so that the survey of 1085 is worthless as to the statistics of population, but has led to the inference that the entire population of England at that time was little more than a million. Of those who had been under-tenants in the Saxon time most still occupied the same lands, excepting where properties, once productive, are put down as "wasted," the number of which is so great in Yorkshire as to justify the received opinion that the whole country between the Humber and the Tees was reduced almost to a desert by the Normans, after their capture of York in 1069, when William had hastened to the north to quell the rising in favor of Edgar Atheling, who, assisted by a Danish fleet of 240 ships, had taken York, "plundered the holy minster of St. Peter, and entirely destroyed it with fire," says the old chronicler. According to William of Malmesbury, who wrote his *History of the Kings* about sixty years afterwards, during the winter of that year, which the king passed in the North, "he ordered the towns and fields of the whole district to be laid waste, the fruits and grain to be destroyed by fire and water, thus cutting off the resources of this once flourishing province by fire, slaughter, and devastation, so that to this day the ground for sixty miles remains bare, totally uncultivated and unproductive." *Domesday* itself attests the truth of this; for so great was the desolation there, that, on 411 manors that had belonged to the Saxon leaders, only eight cottagers and thirty-five villeins are returned.

The landowners were divided into four great classes, *liberi homines* and *libera femina*—free men and free women; *sochemanni*, or soemen, a class of inferior landowners, whose tenure was permanent under some great lord to whom they owed suit and service, but not of a military nature, and whose name has given us socage, as a law term, for the

tenure by which the great bulk of real property in England is now held, and which Blackstone defines as "a tenure by any certain and determinate service," such, for instance, as that by which the present Archbishop of Canterbury holds Addington, which William had granted to his *grand queux*, or chief cook, who, according to *Domesday Book*, held one carucate of land in Addington, in the county of Surrey, by the service of making one mess in an earthen pot in the kitchen of our lord the king, on the day of his coronation, called *De la Groute*, which *De la Groute*, by the by, is the great and illustrious Norman ancestor of our national plum pudding, and so worthily occupies a place in that great record. Next were the *villeins*, equivalent to the *ceorles* of Saxon times, and whom Archbishop Trench terms chief peasants, because they were attached to the *villa* or farm, and were allowed to occupy land at the will of the lord, upon condition of performing services, uncertain in their amount, and often of the meanest nature, of which plough service still is known among us; but these *villeins* could acquire no property in land or goods, being often subjected to many exactions and oppressions; and yet, according to Sir Edward Coke, villeinage is the forerunner of our present copyhold tenure; and lastly, the lowest class were the *servi* and *ancilla*, corresponding with the Saxon "theow," of whom Gurth, in *Ivanhoe* is a true and faithful type.

The ancient demesnes of the crown consisted of 1422 manors, including the properties of Godwin, Harold, Algar, Edwin, and other great Saxon earls which the king had confiscated. Ten Norman chiefs who held under the Crown possessed 2820 manors; but, liberal as William was to his chiefs, his own sons were not possessed of any land, excepting the illegitimate Peveril, who held one hundred and sixty-two manors in the midland counties. Nor did he forget his chamberlain, his cooks, his forester, his falconer, his steward, or his porter; and from them are descended, suggests Dr. Pegge, the persons who now use these official appellations as their proper surnames.

Domesday Book affords many curious glimpses of the people dwelling in cities

and burghs, and in some instances shows an admixture of Norman and Saxon burghesses living together, and preserving for the most part the ancient customs of the former. The burghesses "possessed" by the king in many towns appear to have been free men, who paid a fixed sum yearly for permission to practice certain trades. As London, Winchester, and several other large towns are not mentioned in the record, it is presumed that a money payment to the king may have freed them from the inquisition. In former times the book was carried about with the great seal, to whatever city the sovereign went, and constant reference was made to it in all cases of disputed possession. It has, however, since been printed in four large folio volumes, by the aid of a parliamentary grant, the first volume appearing in 1783, and the fourth in 1816.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MEMORIES OF MOSCOW.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

RUSSIA is a country about which it is very hard to avoid exaggeration. You may dwell upon its splendor, you may dilate upon its squalor; and each description will be literally true. But yet neither the color of the rainbow on the one hand, nor all the shades of sepia on the other, will suffice to paint Russia faithfully. You have to use both in turn, and avoid all neutral tints, if you wish to produce anything like an accurate portraiture of this extraordinary land. If, indeed, I wished to give any one a view of Russia under its fairest aspect, I should recommend him to travel straight from London to St. Petersburg, making no stoppage on the way; to drive from the Western to the Southern Terminus without casting a glance around him; to take a ticket direct to Moscow, only peeping through the frost-covered window panes from time to time, to see that all around was cold, and bleak, and cheerless; and then, if he could find a closed carriage awaiting him at the station, to drive to the Kremlin Terrace, timing his arrival so that he could see it, as I saw it the other day, in the still glare and pale glitter of a northern sunset. If he failed,

looking on the scene, to feel that the toil, and cost, and weariness of the journey was more than repaid by that wondrous spectacle, the Telemachus to whom I had acted as Nestor must be devoid of the true roaming spirit.

You pass through the Holy Gateway, raising your hat from your head as you do so in obedience to the custom of the place, and then find yourself upon a broad wide terrace. All around you, on every side, there rise minarets and domes of gold. Behind you is a confused mass of battlements, and towers, and spires, which you know can be none other than the Kremlin Palace. At your feet, some two hundred yards sheer below the spot on which you stand, there flows the narrow Moskowa, down whose rapid stream great blocks of snow drift and float sparkling in the sunlight; far away on the flat plain upon the other side of the stream, the city of Moscow lies stretched beneath you. There is not a house in this vast mass of buildings like anything on which you have looked before. The flat green iron roofs are interspersed with countless turrets and domes. Hardly a puff of smoke rises from the silent city; the air is clear, and cold, and still; the only sounds seem to come from the clanging of the church bells, wafted by the wind across the river. In the dim west is the long, low range of the Sparrow Hills, across which Napoleon's armies advanced on Moscow. If the French legions looked on Moscow for the first time on such an evening as that on which I saw it last, when the sky was tinted with a hundred shades of color, fading from warm crimson to cold gray, and when the green roofs shone like emeralds, and the gold domes dazzled your eyes with their exceeding brightness, they must have felt much as the Ten Thousand did centuries ago, when at last they caught sight of the longed-for sea, and laid down their arms, and shouted "Thalatta! Thalatta!"

There are old men still living in the city who can remember what Moscow was before the great fire, in which not only the "Grande Armée" but the fortunes of Napoleon came to ruin; and they say that the town as we see it now is nothing to what it was in the days of their fathers. But old men are apt to see anything through a sort of moral inverted

telescope; and I doubt myself whether threescore years ago the barbaric splendor of the Muscovite capital could have been greater than it is to-day, or the contrast between its gorgeousness and its shabbiness more marked than now. The wooden houses, as you see them in this year of grace, must be very similar to those in which Russians dwelt of old. The walls of the palaces were left standing by the fire, and the wealth of the empire has been employed to make the new Moscow as splendid as the old—not, I think, in vain. Certainly the view of Moscow as I have attempted to describe it, is of its kind unequalled. The views of Prague from the Hradschin Palace, of Pesth from the Blocksberg forts, are similar, but to my mind far inferior.

As long as you keep within the Kremlin, the glitter of enchantment hangs over you. The very ground you tread on is holy ground. About you, you may see peasants turning, time after time, towards the East, crossing themselves with an infinity of signs, kneeling before pictures of the Saviour or the Virgin, lying at times prostrate upon the cold hard stones which surround the sacred shrine. And here it is not as in Catholic lands, where the way-worshippers are chiefly women and children, where grown-up men kneel but seldom in public, and where the prayers recited are gabbled over, like a lesson learned by rote. Here, as elsewhere in Moscow—and to a great, though a less extent, in St. Petersburg—the major part of the population, no matter what their sex, or age, or rank, seem to share in this open-air worship, and pray aloud with a fervor whose accents are unmistakable. Entering the Kremlin shrine, the sense of glamour, of which I have spoken, increases on you. The building you look upon is the kind of edifice you see in dreams, and do not expect to meet in real life. Critics say it is of depraved style, false to every true principle of art, unsightly in construction, barbarous in ornamentation. It may be so; I do not dispute the verdict of experts; I can only say that I do not envy persons who are not carried away at first by its overwhelming gorgeousness. From the pavement to the summit of its lofty domes, supported on its vast porphyry pillars, it is one mass of gold and color.

You can hardly put your hand upon a place not decorated with stones and jewels. Amethyst and onyx, jasper and opals, and all the stones whose names are recorded in the adornment of Solomon's Temple, seem to have been employed to make the shrine more splendid still. Upon the dusky portraits of the Virgin Mother and her child, with which the walls are covered, you see hanging necklaces of diamonds, strings of jewels, each one of which must be worth a fortune. It is a common saying that all the wealth of all the Russians could not suffice to buy the treasures in this the cathedral church of Moscow; and I suppose that, if purchasers could be found to buy all the articles contained there at their nominal price, the amount realized by the sale would be something fabulous. The very walls are wrought of silver; the roof is of solid gold. The odd thing is, that all this gorgeous splendour harmonizes with itself. There is nothing tawdry, or gew-gawish about it at all: the dim twilight in which the church is always sunk subdues the glare of its colors; and when at times, as I chanced to see it, a ray of the setting sun shines through the windows of the lofty cupola, golden beams shoot through the gloom, and are reflected back again by the burnished walls. I recollect a lady telling me once, that she found, in reading the Bible to the paupers in a work-house, that the only parts which served to wake their languid interest were the stories of the new Jerusalem, with its golden gateways and jewelled thrones. And so, I fancy, to the poor, hungry, half-clad peasants, who crowd day by day into the sacred shrine, the glimpses of its glories must have a charm not altogether of the earth earthy.

Not a stone's throw from the Kremlin, at the foot almost of the castellated walls with which the palace is surrounded, you pass into an open square which appears to belong to another world from that you have just left behind you. That immense low block of one-storied buildings, faced with gaudily-painted stucco, peeled and broken from the walls, is the Gostinnoi-Dvor, the great mart of Moscow. Entering by any one of the gateways, you see before you a very labyrinth of dark passages, and hear a confused

jargon of many voices. If you have ever been through Leadenhall Market, and can fancy that the passages were made of stone, and that the place was darkened, you will have some slight conception of the look of this, the greatest bazaar in the whole of Russia. On to the dark corridors, crammed with a dense crowd pacing constantly up and down, open the shops of the merchants. A picture of the Saviour hangs wherever the corridors intersect, and the glare of the lamps suspended before it only serves to make the general gloom more visible. Each corridor is more or less strictly reserved to one class of traders; but there is not much outward display on their open counters; and the interiors of the vault-like shops are so dark that it is difficult to see what sorts of goods are piled up on the long layers of shelves. But, as you pass along, the merchants call to you from their doorways, and offer you wares of every form and class and fashion. I suppose there are not many articles in the world you might not obtain in this enormous *dépôt*; and the traders are ready to do business with you for a kopeck or a million roubles, just as you choose. In one row there are furs enough to clothe all St. Petersburg; in another there are as many shoes and boots as would be found in Northampton and Stafford. There are yarns and cottons and Manchester goods, and Sheffield cutlery, and French silks, and German leather; and every article, in fact, which can possibly be smuggled across the frontiers. Then there are the Persian stalls, where Armenians in high dark fur caps sell Astrakhan wool and Persian silks and arms studded with stones. On other counters there are displayed all sorts of Circassian silver ornaments, cigarette cases, match-boxes, filigree caskets, crosses and amulets; and, if you ask for anything better, and look like a possible purchaser, the shopman will take, from some queer hiding place concealed beneath his clothes, little dirty papers, which, on opening them, are found to contain turquoises and pearls and diamonds. There also are the money-changers, seated behind desks covered with immense piles of silver roubles and copper kopecks. You would think that in this community of

traders, who do business with all parts of the world, you would find no difficulty in making yourself understood in some one of the Western tongues with which most travellers are acquainted. But the impression would prove, on putting it to the test of experience, to be a rash delusion. You are here in Russia proper, and nobody knows any language but the native tongue. With the aid of fingers, and chalking numerals upon the counter, you can with difficulty arrive at the price asked for any article; and then, if you need it, you offer a third of the price demanded, as a mere matter of course. Supposing you are a real Russian, you walk away at the first refusal, pretending not to look behind you; the merchant watches you all the time, trying to look as if he never noticed you; and then you return and walk off again, till at last the game of hide and seek is played out, and you and the vendor have come to some satisfactory compromise. It so happened that, while I stopped in Moscow, I was present at the completion of a contract between an English manufacturer and an immensely wealthy Moscow merchant. The terms which could alone be accepted were stated by our countryman at the commencement of the interview. The purchaser was resolved to buy from the beginning, and yet nearly two full days' negotiations were required before the contract could be completed. Whenever any demand the buyer made was not acceded to, he left the room, declaring he would break off the negotiation, but he invariably returned to say he had thought better of the matter when he discovered the vendor did not send to fetch him back again. Yet, according to my friend's statement, this customer was less troublesome than most of the purchasers he had to do business with.

Supposing you wish to see a yet more elementary phase of commerce than that of the *Gostinnoi-Dvor*, you have only to step across a street or two; and, right in the heart of the town, you find yourself in Jewry-land. There, in a couple of open streets, the old-clothesmen of Moscow carry on their trade. The place has a family likeness to Petticoat Lane, or the *Juden-Gasse* in Frankfort, or the Ghetto at Rome, or any other of the Is-

raelite exchange-marts scattered throughout the world. But yet it has a character of its own. Except that the poor Russian Jews are a shade dirtier, if possible, than their Christian fellows, they are, in dress and manner, and look, the counterpart of ordinary Moujiks. Everybody is screaming; everybody is gesticulating; everybody is bidding down everybody else. The street is so crowded that you can hardly make your way through it: half a dozen hucksters at once pull you by the sleeve, or catch your coat tails, or stand right in your path, or resort to any possible expedient to attract your attention to the quality of the slops they have for sale. You must want something, or else you would not be there at all; and, acting on this preconceived theory, the rival peddlers think that your resolute refusal to look at old hats as good as new, or greasy furs, or patched coats, covers the intention to make some more important purchase.

However, old clothes and fleas have a natural affinity for each other; and it is a luxury to be taken from the noisy bustle of the market into any one of the great traktirs which surround the mart. A traktir is not exactly a restaurant, nor exactly an exchange; it is something between the two—a place very much in its purport like Garraway's or the Baltic Coffee House, if you suppose eating to be the principal, and business the subsidiary, object of these establishments. But, though other lands have eating-houses where business is transacted, nowhere that I know of except Russia can you find a traktir. Take the great Moskovski Traktir, as an example—the place where the chief tea merchants in Russia have, as it were, their house of call. You go up a broad flight of stairs from the street, have the folding doors thrown open to you by a servant in livery, and find yourself in an atmosphere of delicious warmth, after quitting the cold, bleak air without. Servants are waiting at the head of the stairs to take off your furs; and then you look around you. You stand in a long, vaulted room, filled with sofas and with tables. On one side is an immense car; at the end is a monster organ. The place, with its arched roof, and rich hangings, and lamps swinging from the ceiling, and

snow-white divans, has an Arabian Nights' air, which is heightened by the appearance of the servants, who move swiftly and silently about.* All dressed alike in white tunics and trousers, all tall, strong-built men, with long smooth hair parted in the middle—they look like the slaves of an Eastern Sultan, such as one used to fancy them in the days when the Three Calenders and Sinbad the Sailor used to people one's dreams by night. You might eat or drink anything in this traktir, and the cooking is renowned; but tea is the staple article of consumption. Before you have been a day in Russia you learn the words for "a cup of tea;" and indeed the attendants would take it for granted you wanted tea, if they did not understand your pronunciation of the "stack an tchai"—this on the principle of the defunct "Fonetic Nuz," being the nearest approximation I can form to the probable spelling of the words in question. You are brought forthwith two white teapots—one large, the other small; the former containing water, the latter tea. You first—if you wish to follow the proper routine—fill your glass tumbler half full with water; then, when the glass is thoroughly warmed, empty the water, put in a couple of lumps of white sugar; then pour out half a tumbler full of tea, and weaken it with water. Then insert a slice of lemon; and, if your mouth is fireproof enough to drink the beverage while it is scalding hot, you will get better tea than it has ever been my fortune to drink elsewhere. There is no doubt the glass retains the heat much longer than a porcelain or crockery cup would do; but then, as there is no handle, and as the glass is as hot as hot can be, it is not easy to lift it. To avoid this difficulty, you must either put your head down to the glass, or hold the bottom in the hollow of your hand, neither of which methods of imbibing is considered elegant at home. Everybody around you sips his tea placidly; most of the company cross themselves before they raise the glass to their lips; and almost all sip between puffs of smoke. Those who do not, you may be pretty sure, belong to the old Russian Church, which, on the strength of the text that "not what goeth into the mouth, but what

cometh out of the mouth, defileth a man," regard smoking as a deadly sin. Cigars, if you choose to pay fifteen pence apiece for them, are to be had, of good quality enough. Cigarettes are smoked more than any other form of tobacco; but the most luxurious mode of smoking, to my mind, is to be found in earthen pipes, with their long cherry-stick stems. The servant brings one to you, fills it in your presence with the fragrant Turkish yellow tobacco, lights it, inhales a whiff or two to set it well alight, and then, having wiped the mouthpiece carefully, passes it to you. If you draw in your breath steadily and slowly enough, you may make one pipeful last half an hour or more. And, when you are tired with sight-seeing or following in the footsteps of princes out upon a tour—than which I know of no occupation more vexatious to the mind and body—you can hardly, I think, pass time more pleasantly than in sitting on a sofa, sipping tea, and watching the wreaths of smoke curl upwards in the air. The people about do not, as in the eating-houses of all other countries, disturb you by the jingle of their knives and plates, and the chatter of their voices. Russians, I fancy, are not among themselves a talkative people. The peasants—so one who knows them well assures me—sit habitually silent when they are at home. And the Russian accent is by no means a harsh one when spoken. In listening to it it sounds somewhat like English, with all the hard sounds taken away. Though soft as Italian to the ear, it has nothing of its fulness or its strength. It would not, I think, be reckoned well-bred to talk very loudly in a *traktir*; but indeed the buzzing of such conversation as there is is overpowered by the peal of the organ. No true Russian restaurant, however humble, can be without music of some kind. The merchants and brokers and the factors who frequent the "*Moskovski*," would transfer their custom at once to another establishment if any one in Moscow could boast a better organ. The one at this place was built expressly for it in Wurtemberg, at a cost of some three thousand pounds, and plays at least a score of opera tunes. So all day long and any day this great barrel organ grinds forth airs from "*Faust*" and "*Di-*

norah" and the "*Traviata*" and "*La Belle Hélène*." I think, if I were an *habitué* of the establishment, I should grow tired of hearing the air "*Di Provenza il mar di sol*" played two or three times every evening; and it is rather contrary to English notions of business that bankers and merchants should want a barrel organ to play to them when they meet on business. But, after all, if the Russians had no worse failing than a child's love for musical boxes, nobody—except perhaps Mr. Babbage—would hold this trait to be a proof of national depravity.

When you have seen the Kremlin, and the churches, and the bazaar, and the *traktirs*, and the hospitals—for which the city has a high, and I believe deserved reputation—you have pretty well exhausted the actual sights of Moscow. But, to anybody fond of wandering about anywhere in general, or nowhere in particular—it comes to much the same in the long run—Moscow is a town you do not easily get tired of. It is true that a thermometer long below freezing, and an icy cold wind which seems to drive all the blood out of your face, are not favorable circumstances for lounging about an unknown city. But the experienced loungeur accommodates himself to necessity, and makes the best of it. The charm of Moscow to the *flâneur* consists in its never-failing contrasts. The churches are splendid; that of the Kremlin being only the most brilliant of a brilliant company. The theatre, so Muscovites say, is the handsomest in the world. Without allowing thus much, it may be fairly said to be one of the handsomest. Of colossal size, standing alone in the centre of a vast square, it seems to belong of right to a city of palaces. So also the Foundling Hospital, barrack-like as it necessarily is, is still worthy to rank high amid European public edifices. Scattered about the streets there are a number of grand palaces, all built since the great fire, and all therefore placed in their position at a recent date; yet these very palaces are surrounded by the low squalid dwellings of which Moscow is mainly composed. There is not, somehow, any air of absolute misery about the shabby streets and the rows upon rows of dilapidated barn-like dwellings

which run at every angle, and in every direction, right up to the Kremlin itself. Judging simply from an outside glance, I should say the inhabitants had clothing enough to keep them from severe suffering by cold, and bread enough to fill their stomachs, and wodka enough to get drunk upon at all appropriate periods. The strange feature about Moscow is the utter absence of the *bourgeois* houses you see in other towns. If you are a prince you can doubtless get lodged luxuriously enough; if you are a peasant you can pig beneath a roof not more wretchedly than your class does in other countries—better perhaps than you could do in Dorsetshire; but, if you were neither a prince nor a peasant, and required an eight-roomed house or a small flat for yourself, you would hunt about Moscow a long time before you found your want satisfied. In Russia generally, and in Moscow especially, a middle class hardly exists, and therefore no preparations are made to supply its wants. The only persons with moderate incomes in the whole country are the officials, and they are miserably underpaid and poor. An officer of high rank, whom I met travelling the other day, informed me that his pay of £150 was utterly insufficient to support him, and that he should literally be in want, if he did not carry on a private business as a sort of nondescript broker. Rightly or wrongly, every official in the country is regarded as *primâ facie* corrupt; and, considering the price of living, and the scale of government pay, it is impossible they should be regarded as otherwise. It may give you some notion of Moscow prices to say that, at a second-rate hotel, my bill, not including extras or attendance, was £1 a day; and yet the hotel was frequented by English travellers because it was considered to be moderate in its charges.

But I am wandering from the streets. One is the very image of every other. The houses are whitewashed, lined with great strips of red and blue paint, decorated with gilt signboards, showing the nature of the articles sold within. Shops and trades are jumbled together in the oddest juxtaposition. Here there is a French *coiffeur*, where you have your hair brushed by machinery, and can buy Pivot's gloves; next door there is a cob-

bler's stall. Close to a print shop, where you see all the pictures one knows so well by sight in Regent Street or the Rue de Rivoli, is a shed where colored prints of the lives of the saints—prints in the very infancy of pictorial art—flutter in the wind. A milliner's establishment, where *môles de Paris* are advertised for sale, is flanked by a wodka store and a sausage shop. The streets are intersected with ruts, dotted over with holes; and yet the small-built Russian horses drag the droschkis over them at a speed which would astonish a London cabman. Except in the great streets, there is no gas, and even here it is brought round in immense cans, and pumped into the lamps. Some day or other, soon, Moscow is to be supplied with gas works; but Russia is a country where improvements without end are about to be introduced some day or other soon. In a queer, odd, shiftless way, the trade carried on here must be enormous. Every afternoon you see immense strings of one-horse carts, heavily laden with packages, going out into the country. The profit on retail transactions is enormous, and people who understand how to deal with the peasants make fortunes rapidly.

It would be absurd for a man who has only been a couple of weeks in Russia to undertake to express any opinion about the national character. Nobody, I think, can avoid feeling the charm of the manners of the educated Russians; nobody, on the other hand, can avoid the sensation that the common people belong to a lower grade of civilization than any we are accustomed to in the West. If you are to make an objection to the higher classes, it would be that they are too wellbred, and too cosmopolitan in manner. I have heard it said by a friend, given to paradox, that a mutual acquaintance talked too like a clever man to be really clever. And, in much the same way, I have sometimes felt a passing doubt whether the Russian gentlemen I have met with could possibly be so polished, so sensible, and so liberal as I should suppose from their conversation. Proverbs about nations always lead you astray; but still, when you are conversing with educated Russians, you cannot help feeling a desire, provided you are at a safe distance, to see what would be the

result of administering the proverbial scratching process. On the other hand, even the most ardent of philo-Russians cannot attempt, in describing the peasantry, to say anything higher than that they look dirty and degraded.

It is curious to any one who has heard much about the incapacity of the negroes for freedom in consequence of their facial development, and their unwillingness to work except under compulsion, and their inevitable relapse into barbarism if left to take care of themselves, to hear exactly the same argument applied in conversation here to the Russian peasants, whose defects, whatever they may be, do not arise from their being descendants of Ham. I am told here constantly that the emancipated serfs will not work, that emancipation has proved a failure, and that the peasants would be glad to have the old system restored. On the other hand, the foreign resident merchants I have met, who have come here to make money, and are by no means disposed to sentimentalism of any kind, are one and all in favor of the emancipation, because it has already given such an impetus to trade. If we put the two accounts together, the real state of the case seems not difficult to explain. Both parties agree that the Moujiks will work very hard for a time; and both agree that they have fits of insuperable indolence and drunkenness. The truth is, their wants are exceedingly few, and easily gratified. They work hard enough to keep themselves in what they consider comfort, and then, like other workmen, in all parts of the world, they decline to work more. As they become educated and civilized, their wants increase, their notion of comfort is raised, and, in consequence, they work harder. The old proprietors, who can no longer get their work done below the market price of labor, complain that the country is going to rack and ruin. The foreign employers, who pay wages, and have no longer to compete with unpaid labor, are well satisfied with the new state of things. Meanwhile, I heard two facts from reliable sources, which seem to me to show, as far as they go, that the emancipation is not working badly. Since the abolition of serfdom, the population of Moscow has increased by fifty thousand

souls. This influx is solely due to the crowds of serfs who, as soon as they are set free to go where they will, have come into the great cities, where they can get higher wages for their labor. Again, a manufacturer who employs some twenty-odd thousand workmen assured me that, since the abolition of serfdom, he finds it difficult to get labor during harvest time, because all the peasants have taken to cultivate small plots of ground of their own.

But considerations like these lie rather out of the province of an article containing a few random reflections of some three days spent in Moscow. If you want to keep up your illusions about Russia, you should not, I fancy, look much below the surface. If you want to retain your impression of Moscow in all its splendor, you should look down upon the city from above, not descend into its streets. St. Petersburg is strange at its first aspect, and unlike the cities which we know in the West; but, when you come back to St. Petersburg from Moscow, you seem to have come back to a commonplace European city. A foretaste of the East hangs about Moscow; you feel that you are standing on the extreme threshold of European civilization. In St. Petersburg, Europe has conquered Asia; but in Moscow the struggle is still undecided. The water-carriers still ply their trade about the streets; Turks, and Armenians, and Persians may be seen among the crowd at the market places, looking more at home than the German traders in hats and trousers. And, when you leave Moscow behind you, you feel that you have caught a glimpse of a new and unknown world—of a civilization that is other than our own.

BARON LIEBIG.

AMONG the eminent men of science of the present day in Germany is Baron Justus Liebig, whose fine face and portrait we have placed at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*. This distinguished man is well known abroad in the world of science, as well as in his own country, and his portrait can hardly fail of a cordial welcome from our readers. His countenance will speak for it-

self, as far as countenance can be supposed to speak. It will suffice for our present purpose if we offer a brief personal sketch of the original of the portrait:

Baron Justus Liebig was born at Darmstadt, May 12th, 1803. His early predilection for physical science induced his father to remove him from the Gymnasium at Darmstadt to Bonn and Erlangen, where he studied from 1819 to 1822. By aid of a travelling stipend allowed him by the Grand Duke, he removed to Paris, where he continued his studies from 1822 to 1824—contemporaneously with Mitscherlich. Here Liebig read to the Institute his maiden paper on fulminic acid, which attracted much attention. Humboldt was so struck with the views of the young chemist, that he procured his appointment, in 1824, as Professor Extraordinary, and in 1826 as Ordinary Professor of Chemistry, at Giessen. In that town, supported by the Government, he founded the first model laboratory, and raised its small University to eminence, more especially for the study of Chemistry. In 1845, the Grand Duke of Hesse bestowed on him a hereditary barony. In 1852 he accepted a professorship at the University of Munich, as President of the Chemical Laboratory at that place, where a new and important sphere of operation was opened to him.

The works of Professor Liebig are numerous, and have been translated into most of the European languages. His researches are recorded in his own journal (*Annalen*), in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*; also in the *Handbook of Chemistry*, begun in 1836, by Poggendorf. He revised Geyer's *Handbook of Pharmacy*, his section of which may be considered as forming a *Handbook of Organic Chemistry*. Among Liebig's more important works is his *Organic Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture*, which has gone through several editions. This work was translated into English by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who had studied under Liebig at Giessen. In 1850 appeared a translation of Liebig's work by Dr. Gregory. Liebig, in a series of *Familiar Letters*, next developed his views on Chemistry, and its relations to commerce, physiology, and vegetation, with such success that the appearance of the work had the effect of inducing the foundation of several new chemical professorships in Germany. Professor Liebig has frequently visited England, where his presence is always gladly hailed at the leading agricultural meetings. In the recent discussion of the great question of sewage in that country, Baron Liebig has taken much interest, and his views have greatly tended to extend the previously existing knowledge on this important subject.

POETRY.

GIVEN BACK ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

(A mother watches by her sick babe.)

Round about the casement
Wail the winds of winter,
Shaken from the frozen eaves
Many an icy splinter.
On the hillside, in the hollow,
Weaving wreaths of snow:
Now in gusts of solemn music
Lost in murmurs low;
Howling now across the wold
In its shroudlike vastness,
Like the wolves about a fold
In some Alpine fastness,
Hungred by the cold.

(The mother sings.)

Babe of mine—babe of mine,
Must I lose you?
Dare I weep if the Divine
Will should choose you?
Ah, to mourn, as I have smiled,

At the thought of you, my child?

Ah, my child—my child!

Babe of mine—you entwine
With existence!

If one strips the clinging vine

There's resistance—

Shall not I then—? I talk wild,
Seeing Death so near my child:—

Ah, my child—my child!

Babe of mine—heart's best wine—

Life's pure essence!

Gloomy shadows, that define

Death's near presence,

Dim those dear eyes, undefiled

As God's violets—ah, my child!

Ah, my child—my child!

The imperial purple of the night

Is spread, wine-dark, above,

But glistens with no gems of light,

To hint of Heaven's love,

A sombre pall hangs overhead,
Fringed with lurid clouds of lead—
O'er the sleeping earth below
One long wide waste of silent snow,
And the wind moans drearily
As it wanders by,
And the night wanes wearily
In the starlight sky.

(The mother sings.)

Must the dear eyes close?
Must the lips be still?
How I love their speech that flows
Like a wanton rill!
Must those cheeks, soft-tinged with rose
Pallid grow and chill?
Give her back to me, angel in disguise!—
So your mystery I shall learn—yet with
Tearless eyes,
By the pangs, the prayers—
By the mother's glee!
By her hopes, her fears, her cares,
Give my child to me—
Give it back to me!

Quenched the eyes' soft light—
Hushed the cowlip breath!
Going, darling, in the night?
Spare—oh, spare her, Death!
Dying—is it so?

Oh, it must not be!
Can my one poor treasure go?
Give her back to me,
Give her back to me:
Or take me too—left alone
Now my little one is gone;
Ah, my child—my child!

Among the clouds that sail o'erhead
A yellow radiance is shed:
And o'er the hill tops wrapped in snow,
Is born a tinge of rosy glow.
Within the air a stir—like wings
Of angels in their minst' rings,
A tremulous motion, and a thrill,
As with faint light the heavens fill.
Night's sombre clouds are slow withdrawn,
And Nature cries "Awake, 'tis dawn."

About the lonely casement
Blows fresh the breath of day;
The mother, in amazement,
Sees death-glooms fade away!

The blue eyes open once again—
Once more the lips have smiled—
Her tears fell like the springtime rain—
God gives her back her child!

(Footsteps are heard under the window.)

Hush, there are footsteps on the snow,
That pause the lattice-pane below;
While voices chant the carol rhymes,
The Christmas song of olden times.

(Carollers sing an ancient carol.)

Awake, good Christians! Long ago
The shepherds waked at night,
And saw the heavens with glory glow,
And angels in the light.

Hosannah! sing, Hosannah! sing,
Hosannah in the height!

New life they told to all on earth,
New life and blessing bright,
Forewarning of the Saviour's birth,
In Bethlehem this night.
Hosannah! sing, Hosannah! sing,
Hosannah in the height!

New life to all—new life to all—
The tidings good recte!
New life to all, which did befall
At Bethelhem this night:
Hosannah! sing, Hosannah! sing,
Hosannah in the height!

The voices hushed—the footsteps died
In distance far aloof—
It seemed a blessing did abide
Upon that silent roof—
As far away their cheery singing
Upon the frosty air came ringing.

Among the clouds that sail o'erhead
A yellow glory is outspread;
And on the hill-tops crowned with snows,
A rosy blushing radiance grows,
As wider still the warm light glows —
And flooding daylight falls again
From cloud to hill—from hill to plain!

A golden sea of swimming light
Poured o'er the sombre shores of night,
While the glad mother, to her breast
Her child yet close and closer pressed—
Her rescued treasure—newly born—
Her babe—given back on Christmas morn.

T. H.

—London Society.

THE CLIFF SWALLOW.

O'er an eddying pool, and swift wide reach
Of river, flits a speck,
Darts through the rain-squall, skims o'er meads
Which dancing shadows fleck—
My pet cliff swallow! yet their charms
How little dost thou reck!

Five hungry bills, ten beaded eyes
Peer from their airy dome—
That bright red cliff where sunshine sleeps,
And purest breezes come;
Thy hurried flight is all to feed
These little ones at home.

And yet, methinks, at eve's soft glow,
When wakes the vivid green
Above thy colony, that glee
May in thy flight be seen—
That winged with lighter motions then
Thou cleav'st the blue serene!

Or when beneath the vast chalk bluffs,
Daring the crested waves,
Thou sweetest, snatching ocean-joy
Where most the full tide raves;
Surely thy heart within thee leaps
To thread those dripping caves.

A sudden curve—a flash of gray—
Thy merry pinions rise,
O'erleap the cliff, sail down the comb,
Chase burnished dragon-flies;
How sweet to float where willow-weeds
Bend to the brook's low sighs!

Unlike thy kith and kin, no thought
Of man resides in thee;
No partnership of home with us
Thou choosiest, but to be
Alone with nature all thy days,
And as the wild winds free.

We men must slowly change our place;
We live too near the earth,
And yet our souls can rise and claim
Than thou still higher birth;
Can live and work by reason's rule,
And smile with truer mirth.

What brings thee to our northern lands,
In paler sunshine clad?
Cannot the rich-spiced Indian air
Suffice to make thee glad?
Or doth the East's magnificence
Oppress and leave thee sad?

We ask; but thou art silent; e'en
That clime we may not know
Which every autumn thou dost seek,
Where wintry winds ne'er blow;
But lo! next spring our well-loved streams
Thy swift reflection show.

And though thou wilt not trust thy nest
To men, nor near their homes;
Thou fittest closely by him, when
Beside thy haunts he roams;
Thou fittest gently, as might one
To whom no ill thought comes.

The swift may circle round the spire;
The martin hang her nest
Beneath my roof-tree; overhead
The swallow sun his breast;
Yet dearer thy retiring ways,
Thy quick wing scorned rest.

Cliff swallow, ne'er shall hand of mine
Disturb thy silent flight;
I hold thee dear for happy days,
Cheered with thy presence bright;
I call thee friend, though 'neath my eaves
Thou never wilt alight.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE PEACHES.

WHEN summer flowers begin to jade,
And summer leaves begin to fall
One here, one there: in juicy strength,
The peaches redden on the wall.
And so, indeed, hot youth being past,
Our lives should show their fruit fall fast.

The peaches redden on the wall,
Hiding in hollow cells of green,
Where plaited leaves hang thick about,
And scarce permit them to be seen.
And so, in truth, good deeds should be,
Concealed in sweet humility.

The peaches redden on the wall,
Close set upon low branching trees;
And any hand may easy touch
The gifts that the eye easy sees.
And so with us, 'tis well for each
To keep within the other's reach.

The peaches redden on the wall;
They take the kisses of the sun,
The joy-tears of the flying cloud,
The darkness when the day is done.
And thus, well used, the changing hour
Will help us to a larger power.

The peaches redden on the wall,
To drop when chilly winds shall blow;
But careful hands are swift to stay
Their fragrant lives from ending so.
And surely thus a Hand will save
The good from falling in the grave.

The peaches redden on the wall—
But look up higher overhead,
Where all the vastness of the sky
With faintest, calmest blue is spread.
And what is that from where we stand
But blue mist hiding Fatherland?

The peaches redden on the wall,
Though night's dark curtain drips with dew;
The white stars show themselves, and shine
Through mounded cloud and hovering blue.
And oh, to feel "past fruit and tree,
The Lights of home shine forth for me!"

—Chambers's Journal.

PHILOCTETES' FAREWELL.

[SOPH. PHIL. 1452-68.]

FAREWELL! but ere ever I pass from the shore,
I'll call on my island-home;
A long farewell
To the wave-worn cell,
Farewell to its kindly dome!
And ye nymphs who roam from the waters blue
To the green sea-meadows, adieu! adieu!

Once more let me hearken to Ocean's voice,
As he rears his crest on the steep;
Here, here 'twas my lot,
In the shell-strewn grot,
To cower among shadows deep,
When the wild south wind as he smote on the bay
Would drench my brows with the blinding spray;

When cry for cry, and curse for curse,
The echo would give it again
With a mocking might,
From Hermes' height,
As I tossed in a tempest of pain;
But now, O ye fountains and Lycian well,
Hope unhoped for has dawned—farewell! farewell!

Lennox! adieu! to thy wave-girt isle,
And waft me on pinions of peace
O'er the waters wide,
With Fate to guide,
And the friends who gave release;
And high above all the omnipotent God,
Who made me both captive and free at his nod.
—Dublin University Magazine.

THE UNBOLTED DOOR.

An aged widow sat alone
Beside her narrow hearth;
Her silent cottage never heard
The ringing laugh of mirth
Six children once had sported there, but now the
churchyard snow
Fell softly on five little graves that were not long
ago.

She mourned them all with patient love,
But since her eyes had shed
Far bitterer tears than those which dewed
The faces of the dead.
The child which had been spared to her, her
darling and her pride,
The woeful mother lived to wish she had also
died!

Those little ones beneath the snow,
Not lost, but gone before;
Faith taught her all was well with them,
And then the pang was o'er;
But when she thought where Katie was, she saw
the city's glare,
The painted mask of bitter joy which Need gives
Sin to wear.

Without the snow was thick and white,
No step had fallen there:
Within she sat beside her fire,
Each thought a silent prayer,
When suddenly, behind her seat, unwonted noise
she heard,
As through a hesitating hand the rustic latch had
stirred.

She turned, and there the wanderer stood,
With snowflakes on her hair
A faded woman, wild and worn,
The ghost of something fair.
And then upon the mother's neck the withered
brow was laid,
"Can God and you forgive me all? for I have
sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees,
Before the fading fire,
And thanked the Lord, whose loving hand
Had granted her desire.
The daughter knelt beside her too, tears
streaming from her eyes,
And prayed, "God help me to be good to mother
ere she dies!"

They did not talk about the sin,
The shame, the bitter woe:
They spoke about those little graves,
And things of long ago.
And then the daughter raised her eyes, and said
in tender tone,
"Why did you keep your door unbarred when
you were quite alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled
A smile of love and pain:
"I kept it so lest you should come,
And turn away again:
I've waited for you all the while—a mother's
love is true:
Yet is it but the shadowy type of His who died
for you!" I. F.

SATURN.

'Tis noon's bright stillness: on the cliff he lies;
Within his dreamy ears, a hushing sound
Of distant waves; the air and arching skies
Seem breathing ceaseless sighs that die around.

Far down, a summer plain of waters spreads;
Blue from the deep horizon to the bay,
Where the white margo of Ocean's mantle sheds
In lacy folds the seeming-silent spray.

Round him the solitudes of sun-warm downs,
The close minute-flowered turf, more soft than
moss,
Whose breeze-blown wilds the blazing day em-
brown,
Haunt of the light-blue wing that flits across.

O'er the wide pavement of the seas below,
No eyes but his with such lulled pleasure look;
Time knows no other of his shining brow,
His life on Time's vast sands the single brook.

What shall he do who ne'er beheld his like,
But watch the deep to violet change and green;
Or note the sudden gust descend and strike,
Setting the fretted swell with diamonds keen.

Approaching voice or step he ne'er hath heard;
The chalk's white bastions built upon the sea
Send forth the skimming, glossy-purpled bird,
The night-black cormorant, or velvet bee.

The rush of some sea-monster breaks the deeps
Into white flashes of the quarried blue;
The shoal in darkly-rippling thousands leaps;
Or stoops on long gray wings the snowy mew.

And this is all. Within his mind he turns,
Pacing its mighty courts, a silent life,
A searching soul, the lonely flame that burns
Before great Jove, or Earth's Titanic strife.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD STORY.

I was a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whisper'd low when the spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again;
But the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of ruin and tears alone,
And my heart was dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet,
'Twas the same old tale that is often told;
They play'd on the strings of my heart's con-
ceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walk'd to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away with the primrose
spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twere better, I think, for a woman to die,
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the ruin of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of spring
Will return to me again.

C. W. S.

—London Society.

"INCONSOLABLE."

I AM waiting on the margin
Of the dark cold rushing tide
All I love have pass'd before me,
And have reached the other side:
Only unto me a passage
Through the waters is denied.

Mist and gloom o'erhang the river,
Gloom and mist the landscape veil;
Straining for the shores of promise,
Sight and hope and feeling fall
Not a sigh, a breath, a motion,
Answers to my feeble wail.

Surely they have all forgot me
Mid the wonders they have found
In the far enchanted mansions;
Out of heart, and sight, and sound,
Here I sit, like Judah's daughters,
Desolate upon the ground.

Strangers' feet the stream are stemming,
Stranger faces pass me by,
Willing some, and some reluctant,
All have leave to cross but I—
I, the hopeless, all bereaved,
Loathing life, that long to die!

Be the river ne'er so turbid,
Chill and angry, deep and drear,
All my loved ones are gone over,
Daunted not by doubt or fear;
And my spirit reaches after,
While I sit lamenting here.

Happy waters that embraced them,
Happier regions hid from sight,
Where my keen, far-stretching vision,
Dazed and baffled, lost them quite,
Dread, immeasurable distance
Twixt the darkness and the light!

And I know that never, never,
Till this weak, repining breast
Still its murmurs into patience,
Yonder from the region blest
Shall there break a streak of radiance,
And upon the river rest.

I shall hail the mystic token
Bright'ning all the waters o'er,

Struggle through the threat'ning torrent
Till I reach the further shore,
Wonder then, my blind eyes open'd,
That I had not trusted more.

—All the Year Round.

BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Women of the Gospel; The Three Warnings, and other Poems. By the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*. New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1867. A volume of poetry from the gifted author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* is sure to attract notice. And the volume is one of real merit. There is a simplicity and sweetness in some of these poems that make them refreshing. "The Child on the Judgment Seat" was furnished by the author for *Hours at Home*, where we remember reading and greatly admiring it. The lovers of good poetry and elevated sentiment will find this beautiful volume to their liking.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Vols. VII., VIII. Reign of Elizabeth—Vols. I., II. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. We have another instalment of this intensely interesting history, which is said to be rapidly gaining in popularity in England—more of the late volumes having been subscribed for by the large circulating libraries than were even for Macaulay's history. The ninth and tenth volumes have just been published in London, and will soon be reproduced here by Scribner & Co. The previous volumes brought down the narrative to the death of Mary I., of England. The accession of Elizabeth (the point at which the seventh volume begins) being the commencement of a new epoch in the history of the Reformation, the author makes it the beginning of a new series, while the history is continued without interruption. Much new light is thrown on the events of this period by the dispatches of the Spanish ambassadors residing at the court of Elizabeth. The character of Elizabeth is drawn with a master's hand, and, though in some respects less favorable than other historians have drawn it, it is mainly the one, we think, which history will finally assign to her. The historian's sympathies are evidently on the side of the Reformation; and the reader who follows him through these and the succeeding volumes will find his attention all engrossed, and many of his traditional opinions set aside by the rhetoric and the logic of this last but not least of England's great historians.

The Brewer's Family. A Tale of the Great Rebellion. By J. G. FULLER. New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1867. These are both interesting and unexceptionable books for the younger class of readers. The first is a story of English life in the family of a large brewer, while light was gradually breaking in upon his mind, which led him finally to see the evil effects of his business. It is a well-wrought tale. *The Brownings* is a story of Southern life. The scene is laid in Florida at the opening of the late war, and depicts the struggles and hardships which it cost to be loyal. The book cannot

fail to be popular with the young members of the family.

The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By JEAN MACÉ. Translated from the French by MRS. ALFRED GATTY. American News Company. 1866. This is really a popular scientific treatise on the human body, and aptly and ingeniously illustrates and confirms the Scripture declaration that we "are fearfully and wonderfully made." It is an intensely interesting book, the study of which would enlarge the knowledge of most persons not a little on subjects vital to health, comfort, and happiness. Would that books of this class might crowd out the sensational and enervating and corrupting novel which is wasting the time and ruining the morals and the souls of multitudes!

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. With illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. This originally appeared in *Our Young Folks*. It is a capital story, with a good moral. Our lady friends will do well to read it.

The Giraffe Hunter. By Captain MAYNE REID. With illustrations. Ticknor & Fields. This is a narrative of adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and exciting incidents connected with giraffe hunting in Africa, that will delight the young. None can tell such a story better than Captain Reid.

The New Gospel of Peace. By ST. BENJAMIN. American News Company. 1867. We can not get up any admiration for books of this class. As a political satire on the Democratic party and Southern rebels, it may possess merit, and certainly, according to the publishers, it has been received by the public with marked favor in the form in which it first appeared. One serious objection we have to it: Such a use of Scripture language, sentiment, and character, seems to us not only highly irreverent and out of taste, but decidedly objectionable on higher grounds. As a satire, it may convulse with laughter, and hold up to ridicule political persons and parties, but it degrades the Sacred Language—the one vehicle of God's thoughts and instructions to man with reference to his spiritual relations, duties, and interests, and takes from it the sanctity and purity and elevation which form one of the chief elements of its power as the religious language of the world.

The New Birth; or, the Work of the Holy Spirit. By AUSTIN PHELPS, professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale in New-York by Oakley & Mason. 1867. The first four chapters of this little work appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* during the past year. Another chapter is now added, and the whole makes a neat and highly instructive volume. The portions which appeared in the *Bibliotheca* attracted attention for the clearness, ability, and freshness with which this fundamental subject was discussed. This is not the place to judge of it theologically, but we assure the general reader that the book is full of calm and cogent reasoning, clear and searching analysis, beautiful thoughts, chastely and often eloquently expressed, and appeals and sugges-

tions that make it one of more than ordinary interest, and rich in the elements of instruction.

ART.

The Statue of Cœur de Lion.—It may not be forgotten that the bas-reliefs necessary to the completion of the pedestal of this work were not fixed at the time of its erection. One, however, is now in its place; the subject is the story of the pardon of Bertram de Gourdon by Richard on his death bed. The first impression received from this bronze is that of regret that the artist (Baron Marochetti) should have felt himself bound, in compliance with the form of the pedestal, to have expanded lengthwise his composition instead of having concentrated it. We have thus, in consequence of the frieze-like form of the bronze, some of the figures so disposed that it requires argument and calculation to connect them with the leading incident. The relative situations of the king and the aggroupment of the prisoner and his guards are not unlike those in Cross's famous picture; but this is, of course, one of those accidents of continual occurrence in different versions of the same subject. The king lies upon a couch supported by cushions, and with his right hand raised addresses de Gourdon, while the latter is being unbound by command of Richard. For the sake of better forms, the artist has taken some liberties with the military equipments of the time. The shields are too long; the head-pieces are of a pattern long posterior to the time of Richard; there is the two-handed sword of the time of Henry VIII.; and instead of the *gisarme* of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the partisan of a much later date.

Photographs of National Portraits.—The *Journal of the Society of Arts* informs us that "photographs were taken of no less than one thousand portraits in the recent exhibition at South Kensington. This number is within thirty of the entire collection. The owners of some few portraits objected to photographs being made, and there were besides some pictures which, from blackness or other causes, could not be photographed at all. The works, however, thus excluded, did not exceed three per cent. on the entire gallery."

M. Gustave Doré has been engaged to illustrate Edgar Allan Poe's celebrated poem, *The Raven*. The subject is precisely in his wild and fantastic vein.

There is exhibited at the Pantheon a picture of the burning of the Cathedral at Santiago, in which upwards of two thousand lives were sacrificed. The artist, Mr. Hughes, resided seven years at Santiago, and had painted the portraits of many of the unhappy persons who perished in that awful conflagration. It will be remembered that this event occurred during the celebration of a high festival of the Catholic Church—as accessory to which the interior was illuminated with seven thousand lights, and fully festooned with draperies. The artist has composed his picture according to the best descriptions of the catastrophe, and if the interior approached in its dimensions those given in the canvas, it must have been an imposing structure.

Laing's Supplemental Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals.—This noble volume, a worthy companion to its highly-prized predecessor, has just made its appearance, and we congratulate both the author and the subscribers on the excellence of the work. We propose very shortly to place before our readers a group of the most characteristic, and also the most artistic, of the engraved examples of these interesting historical seals, when we shall at the same time explain more fully the aim and purpose of Mr. Laing's volume.

Byron's Statue.—Mr. F. T. Palgrave writes to the *Morning Star*, to state that Thörwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, after lying for a long while in the vaults of the Custom-house, has within the last few years been removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where the poet was educated, and where it now stands in the central aisle of the library. "As the most elaborate likeness taken of the great poet during his life," continues Mr. Palgrave, "the statue has considerable interest, and the college did itself credit by giving a public place to the memorial of its glorious though mutinous son. As a work of art, I am afraid it must always occasion disappointment. The dress is of the usual fancy kind common in poor art—a sort of unwearable cross between that of a tourist and a shepherd boy; the action of the figure, looking up as if to catch an idea which the hand is about to inscribe on a tablet, would suit some sentimental pastoral versifier, but is wholly out of character for the impetuous Byron. The likeness itself is conceived in accordance with the general idea, being only that of a feeble and smoothfaced boy; and it bears very little resemblance to the numerous well-authenticated portraits which we possess. One cannot be surprised that Byron, as recorded in the 'Life,' should have been dissatisfied with this work. An impersonation of an 'Hour of Idleness' but imperfectly commemorates the versatile and energetic author of 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred,' and 'Don Juan.'"

The Photocincographic Process by which Sir Henry James reproduces ordnance maps, and has copied *Domesday Book* and other ancient documents, is to be employed in the Lord Clerk Register's offices at Edinburgh, for the copying of such legal documents as are to appear on the Register. This is a proceeding favorable to accuracy; for if the original paper be accurate, all the copies will be the same; there will be no risk of tearing or blotting the paper, and the cost will be not more than one fourth of papers copied in the ordinary way by hand.

Michael Angelo's Dante.—A critique, in the *London Times*, upon Gustave Doré's illustrations of "The Vision of Hell," by Dante Alighieri, asks, "Can Dante be illustrated?" and answers: "It was once done, we are told, and with such success as to leave little chance for any subsequent attempt. As a compliment to the mind of the greatest Italian poet, nature gave birth to the greatest Italian artist. Michael Angelo was the born interpreter of Dante. The thought to which no man ever gave so forcible an utterance in words as Dante, no man ever so mightily brought out of marble, of color, of masonry, as Michael Angelo; and for a long time the whole

strength of the artist's hand was employed in giving body to the poet's fancy. Michael Angelo was the first illustrator of Dante. A manuscript of the 'Divine Comedy' was his constant companion. It lay on the artist's easel by day, it was thrust under his bolster by night. On the broad margin, as he read, his life-giving hand ran in its own bold strokes. The impression was rendered the very instant it was received; the spark was struck as soul came into contact with soul. Throughout the best years of that busy life there was hardly, perhaps, 'one day without its line.' It was, however, all labor lost. The sacred volume passed from the artist's into other hands. It was sent as a present from one to another of the Medici, a priceless gift—too valuable for either Pope or Grand Duke. It was lost to both—lost to the world. The vessel which conveyed it between Rome and Pisa foundered, and Michael Angelo's 'Dante' perished with it."

M. Bazin, favorably known for his photographic researches, has contrived a very ingenious submarine photographic studio, by which he is enabled to take photographs of sunken ships, rocks, etc. The chamber is provided with lens-shaped, water-tight windows, and by means of the electric light, the objects to be photographed are highly illuminated. M. Bazin is able to remain about ten minutes in his submarine chamber, and has produced several clear and well-defined photographic pictures of objects at the great depth of three hundred feet.

The Prince de Ligne is the happy possessor of a curiosity of literature which ought not to be withheld from the forthcoming exhibition. It consists of a book neither written nor printed, which bears the title "Liber Passionis nostri Jesu Christi, cum characteribus nulla materia composita." All the letters are cut out of the finest vellum and pasted on blue paper, and the reading is as easy as that of the best types. The precision with which these very small characters are cut excites unbounded admiration for the patience of their author. The German Emperor Rudolf II. is said to have offered, in 1640, the enormous sum of 11,000 ducats for this curious work of art. Strangely enough, the book bears the English arms, though it is supposed never to have been in England.—*Full Mail Gazette*.

Archæologists have been thrown into a state of immense excitement in consequence of the discovery last week of an iron box, filled with cartularies and diplomas on parchment, among a pile of old chests in the muniment room of the Louvre. These historical treasures bear the date of the thirteenth century. The work of deciphering them has been intrusted to one of the most talented paleographers of the day, who is, moreover a member of the Institute. The most profound secrecy has been enjoined on this erudite gentleman, who has undertaken to abstain from revealing any portions of these documents till the work of deciphering the whole contents of the chest is finished. He has been requested to work as rapidly as possible, in order that the curiosity of the literary world may be satisfied in the shortest time.—*Paris Correspondence of the Morning Star*.

SCIENCE.

Plants in Egyptian Bricks.—Some curious discoveries have been made by Professor Unger, who has been examining certain bricks from the Pyramid of Dashour (3400 B.C.) The bricks, which must have been made of the Nile mud or alluvium of the period, have been found to contain many vegetable and animal remains. By this discovery Professor Unger makes us acquainted with wild and cultivated plants which were growing in the pyramid-building days; with fresh-water shells, fishes, remains of insects, etc., and a swarm of organic bodies, which, for the most part, are represented without alteration in Egypt at the present time. Besides two sorts of grain—wheat and barley—he found Teff (*Eragrostis Abyssinica*), the Field-pea (*Pisum arvense*), the common Flax (*Linum usitatissimum*)—the latter having, in all probability, been cultivated as an article of food, as well as for spinning. The weeds are of the familiar kinds: wild Radish (*Raphanus Raphanistrum*), Corn Chrysanthemum (*Chrysanthemum segetum*), Warwort (*Euphorbia helioscopia*), Nettle-leaved Goosefoot (*Chenopodium murale*), bearded Hare's-ear (*Bupleurum aristatum*), and the common Vetch (*Vicia sativa*). The relics of manufacturing art consist of fragments of burnt tiles, of pottery, and a small piece of twine, spun of flax and sheep's wool, significant of the advance which civilization had made more than five thousand years ago. The presence of the chopped straw confirms the account of brickmaking as given in Exodus and by Herodotus.—*Popular Science Review.*

Explanation of the Origin of so-called Spontaneous Cow-pox.—M. A. Chauveau has given what appears to us satisfactory proof that there is no such condition as spontaneous cow-pox, and that the train of symptoms to which this term has been given, results from the ordinary virus which has been introduced through an unusual channel. M. Chauveau supposes the power of the vaccine scab to be suspended in the air, and in this way to be introduced into the lungs of cattle. To try this experimentally, he injected the matter directly into the vessels of eight horses: in four animals it was introduced into the blood-vessels, and in four into a lymphatic vessel. The following were the results: In the first series there was no perceptible consequence. In the second, all but one showed, on the seventh to the twelfth day, a fine eruption, having all the characters of what is called "spontaneous horse-pox." This, says the writer, proves manifestly that one can produce what is called spontaneous cow or horse-pox at will, simply by introducing the virus into the lymphatics instead of into the blood-vessels.

A New Magnesium Lamp.—An ingenious form of magnesium lamp, the invention of Mr. H. Larkin, and which was first exhibited at the Royal Institution a couple of months since, was shown at the soirées of the British Association at Nottingham. Instead of the ordinary ribbon or wire of the commoner forms of magnesium lamps, magnesium powder is employed. Hence all machinery is dispensed with, the magnesium being contained in a reservoir, from a hole in the bottom of which it falls like sand from an hour-glass. The powder is allowed to fall upon

the flame of a small gas jet, and by this it is inflamed, giving all its usual illumination. In order that a sufficient quantity of powder may be employed, and that the hole in the reservoir may be large enough to allow of a regular flow, without waste of magnesium, the latter is mixed with fine sand. The size of the aperture is regulated by a stop-cock. When it is desired to light the lamp, the gas is first turned on, just sufficiently to produce a small jet at the mouth of the tube, which small jet, being once kindled, may be allowed to burn any convenient time, until the moment the magnesium light is required. All that is then needed is to turn on the metallic powder, which instantly descends and becomes ignited as it passes through the burning gas. This action of turning on and off the metallic powder may be repeated without putting out the gas, as often and as quickly as desired; so that, in addition to the ordinary purpose to which lamps are applied, an instant or an intermittent light of great brilliancy, suitable for signals or for lighthouses, may be very simply produced with certainty of effect and without the smallest waste of metal. The first evening an objection was made that the blue tone of the light created a cold and somewhat ghastly effect. On the second occasion Mr. Larkin remedied this by mixing with the magnesium a certain quantity of nitrate of strontia.—*Vide Journal of the Society of Arts*, September.

The Disease of the Silkworm.—M. A. Béchamp's experiments and observations on this point are of interest. He states that the disease known as pebrine, is due to the presence in the tissues of the animal of a number of dark vibratile corpuscles. The malady, he says, is not constitutional, it is parasitic. The vibratile corpuscles are only a pathognomonic sign, and are a pathologic condition. The corpuscles are the producing cause of the affection. M. Béchamp states, that when the black spots with which the affected silkworms are covered, are washed or brushed, numbers of those vibratile corpuscles are found. He formulates the following conclusions: 1. The corpuscles are situated on the external surface of the egg; the more the latter is washed, the less the quantity of corpuscles becomes. 2. Larvæ, which have just left the egg, may contain these corpuscles; but washing removes them. 3. The larvæ spotted with pebrine may have no corpuscles in their tissue, although a washing may discover several of them on the outer surface. 4. Even in larvæ in which there are no spots, there may be the characteristic corpuscles of pebrine on the surface, but none in the tissues. Hence, says M. Béchamp, the malady is one derived from without; it is not like the corpuscles of pus, cancer, or tubercle, but is, in fact, a vegetable cellulæ.—*Vide Comptes Rendus*, August 13th.

In a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, Drs. Pécholier and Saint Pierre give an account of a poisonous plant, called Boondoo by the natives of Gaboon. "It is a curious fact," remarks Galignani, "that 'judgments of God,' so common in Europe during the middle ages, exist, and, for aught we know to the contrary, may have existed for thousands of years in Africa. Boondoo is the poison used for the purpose in Gaboon,

The prisoner is made to swallow a dose of it; if he dies, he is deemed guilty, and if he recovers, innocent. Of course this sort of trial is subject to countless frauds, and we doubt not the black gentleman intrusted with the administering of the drug makes a good thing of it."

VARIETIES.

Sponge-fishing in Crete.—The main industry of the island is the sponge fishery which is pursued on its coasts. It is chiefly carried on by companionships of from twenty to thirty boats, for mutual support and protection. The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel, at either the bow or stern, and, placing by his side a large flat slab of marble, weighing about twenty-five pounds, to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (1½ inch), he then strips, and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterwards; thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes, or more, according to the depth; and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him or distract him in any way during the process. When from some sensation, known only to himself, after these repeated long-drawn and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and, after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it like a returning dolphin into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and, by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while, as his safeguard for returning and for making the known signal at the time he desires it. The hauling up is thus effected: The assistant who has hold of the rope awaiting the signal first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same; and soon the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time, and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils, to expel the water and exhausted air, indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes; a word or two is then spoken by one of his companions to encourage him if he seems much distressed, as

is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest state of exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket, to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of the water from his body.—*Captain Spratt's "Travels in Crete."*

Hamlet.—An interesting letter appeared in the last number of *Notes and Queries*, with reference to a passage in "Hamlet," in the great scene between the Prince and his mother, where, according to the early quartos, revised, and greatly altered and enlarged, by the poet himself, we find the lines:

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency."

This reading is followed in the *Globe* edition, the gap being evidently an error of the press in the early quartos, which can be only conjecturally amended. Malone thought the reading should be—"And either curb the devil," etc. Pope and Warburton read—"And masters even the devil," and Mr. Staunton—"And masters the devil," to which he appended the note: "The quartos 1604 and 1608 present this line, 'And either the devil,' etc.; the after one reads as above, which, as it affords sense, though destructive to the metre, we retain, not, however, without acknowledging a preference for Malone's conjecture, 'And either curb the devil,' etc." The correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, however (who signs "F.") and writes from Inverness, would have the passage run:

"Use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either *house* the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency."

He quotes some examples of Shakespeare's use of the verb "to house," and remarks that the evident meaning of the passage is to show that habit will either strengthen or expel the evil part of our nature. "The suggested words, 'master' or 'curb,'" he observes, "carry no force, and are little better than tautology, since to 'curb' or to 'master' an opponent is about the same thing as 'throwing him out.'" The new reading appears to us a very good one; but, of course, it is simply a guess in the dark, though "F." writes about it with the absolute confidence of all annotators.—*London Review.*

Free Library of Hulme, Manchester.—In 1857 the Manchester Municipal Council resolved to open branch free libraries throughout the city. In accordance with this resolve, Hulme was selected as a centre for one of the branches. A dwelling house was hired, and with a library of 8000 vols. the Council commenced operations. The scheme was immediately crowned with success, the issue of volumes for the year being 50,000, or at the rate of 215 per day. Since that period there has been a rapid but steady in-

crease in the number of volumes issued, for in 1862 (the fifth year of its establishment), it issued volumes at the rate of 305 per day, or 91,000 for the year, and in 1865 at the rate of 818 per day, or 96,000 during the year. The library has in the mean time been provided with additional books, which now number nearly 10,000, and comprise all the ingredients of a standard library, a noticeable feature of the collection being a portion of the Holy Scriptures printed in embossed characters for the use of the blind. It may, in conclusion, be stated that the success of the scheme has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and has necessitated the erection of the new building, at a cost of about £2800.

The Indian Portuguese, a Portuguese journal published in Goa, states that great excitement has been caused among the Jews in Bombay by the publication by their Pontiff, H. B. Kohn, "member of the family of Aaron," who had lately come to Bombay from Jerusalem, of a pamphlet under the title "The Voice of the Vigilant," the object of which "Voice" is to persuade the Jews that it is useless waiting longer for the promised Messiah, as the Messiah was Jesus Christ himself, "whose doctrines have been spread all over the world without sword or force."

A book is about to be published by Didier, of Paris, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the political and literary worlds. It is the "Political Correspondence" of the former President of the Council at Turin, who, after Novara, saved at the same time the national independence and the constitutional liberty of his country, and who, with Count Cavour, was the chief author of the emancipation of Italy—the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. His correspondence, written in French, embraces the important period of Italian regeneration, from 1847 to 1865.

Percy's Reliques.—The Early English Text Society has paid liberally for the loan of the original manuscript from which Bishop Percy compiled his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It is an old folio manuscript book containing one hundred and ninety-six pieces (poems, songs, and metrical romances, and some fragments), in nearly 40,000 lines, written in the hand of James the First's reign. Bishop Percy printed only a portion of these manuscripts, and took great liberties with the text. The Society pays £150 for six months' loan, with permission to copy and publish this very curious and valuable collection. It is intended to put the whole of it into type without delay. The copying and printing will cost £350, other expenses £100 more, making, with the £150 paid to the Bishop's descendants for the loan, a sum of £600, which will be fully reimbursed, no doubt, by the sale of the work.

The Exhibition of 1867.—We hear from Paris that rapid progress is making with the works for the grand Universal Exhibition of 1867. Some parts of the huge building in the Champ de Mars, in which the display is to be held, are finished. Some idea of its magnitude may be inferred from the dimensions of the outer gallery, or *grand nef*, as it is called, which is nearly a mile in circumference, more than a hundred feet in width, and eighty in height. Thus it will be the most spacious exhibition

court ever constructed, and we can easily imagine that it has room enough for all the machinery and processes which manufactures may desire to exhibit. Within this great gallery are the other galleries or zones, ranged concentrically round the centre of the ground, which will be laid out as a garden. The gallery intended for the Fine Arts will be of ample dimensions, and near it will be a smaller one, in which the History of Labor is to be illustrated by an exhibition of tools, machines, and implements, ancient and modern. This part of the show will be as interesting to the antiquary as to the artisan, and it may be expected that even ordinary sight-seers will be able, by comparing the tools of the middle ages with those of the present day, to form a notion of the progress made in the appliances of labor. For exhibiting ecclesiastical furniture, a church has been built, in which the articles will appear with proper effect; and as the Sultan is expected to visit the exhibition, a kiosk is to be erected for his especial use. The supply of water will be ample enough for cascades and fountains, for the steam engines and hydraulic machines, and for drinking purposes; and in one corner of the ground considerable spaces are to be prepared for the exhibition of progress in horticulture and in pisciculture. While such are the preparations, we are not surprised to hear that the number of intending exhibitors is already more than ten thousand; but probably some of these will be disappointed, as the commissioners of the exhibition have resolved to be strict in their admission of articles for show.

One very important class in the exhibition series will be that which is to illustrate "the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the population." This class will comprehend seven subdivisions, an enumeration of which will give an idea of its nature and scope: "Materials and methods of infant education; books and materials for adult education; furniture, clothing, and food, combining utility with cheapness; popular costumes of various countries; specimens of cheap, convenient, and healthy houses; productions of all kinds manufactured by workmen, having their own shop, and assisted only by their own family or one apprentice, together with the tools and methods employed by those little masters." It is easy to foresee that this will not be by any means the least interesting part of the exhibition.

Besides all this, the Imperial Commission have announced that they offer ten prizes of £400 each, "in favor of the persons, establishments, or localities which, by a special organization, or special institutions, have developed a spirit of harmony among all those coöperating in the same work, and have provided for the material, moral and intellectual well-being of the workmen." In other words, any tradesman or manufacturer who has striven to do the best for his "hands" as well as for himself, may become a competitor for one of these prizes. And in order to reward any "person or establishment distinguished under this head by a very exceptional superiority," there is to be one grand prize of 100,000 francs—£4000.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Umbrellas in 1773.—Those who walk always carry an umbrella, which is so exceedingly useful that I wonder the people in London do not adopt it; especially as it is so much more the fashion for the better sort to walk there than in Paris, where nobody makes use of their legs but from necessity. These umbrellas are wonderfully convenient for the French beaux, whom I have frequently seen rambling alone on tip-toe in the hardest showers of rain, without disordering a hair of their *toupees*.—*Sir G. Collier's Tour in France.*

Mr. Frank H. Norton, of the Mercantile Library, Brooklyn, N. Y., states that there has recently come into his possession a volume of manuscript which contains so much that is interesting and valuable as a contribution to American history, that, by the advice of many of those best able to judge of the matter, he is induced to issue it in a small edition, that it may thus reach those who would be glad to possess it. The volume in question is entitled as follows: "Journal kept by Hugh Finlay, Surveyor of the Post Roads on the Continent of North America, during his Survey of the Post-offices between Falmouth and Casco Bay in the Province of Massachusetts, and Savannah, Georgia; begun the 13th September, 1773, and ended 26th June, 1774." The manuscript is in eighty-four pages small octavo, closely and neatly written, and illustrated by three maps. The journey was performed chiefly on horseback, and to a considerable extent through a wild and unsettled region. As perhaps the last official examination of the country on the part of the British Government prior to the Revolution, which commenced only a year later, this work is thought to possess peculiar value. There are notes and remarks of the author on the growing disaffection of the inhabitants. His topographical descriptions of the country are said to be graphic, and his criticisms on people and incidents original. It is proposed to print one hundred and fifty copies of the work, which will make about one hundred pages, in small quarto form, on the finest paper, and in the best style of typography; to be published about December 15th. The work will be illustrated by lithograph copies of the three maps.

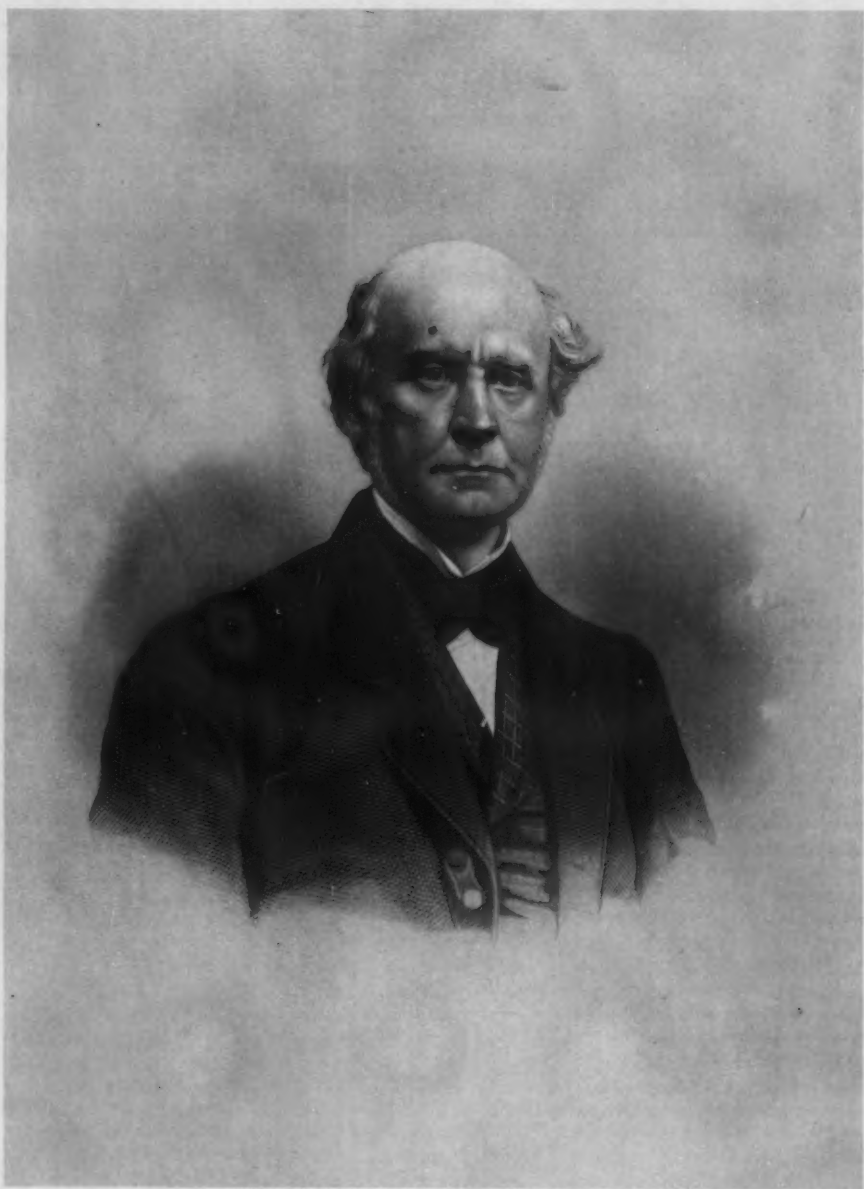
Japanese Fans.—The construction of the fans is worthy of notice. It is exceedingly simple and ingenious. About nine or ten inches of the plain stalk of a bamboo is split down to the joint into sixty or seventy segments. Owing to the grain of the cane being perfectly straight, each of these filaments is of uniform thickness. They are then disposed so as to radiate from the joint, and are kept in their position by a strong packthread, which, interlacing them about two inches above the centre from which they spring, is fastened to the ends of a diminutive bow of bamboo. This, passed through a hole in the knot in precisely the same manner as the bow of a cross-bow, is fixed into the stock, and is of sufficient strength to keep the packthread tight, and consequently to retain the ribs of the fan in a straight line. The plain bamboo below the joint forms the handle, which is six or seven inches long. The skeleton being thus constructed, the fan is finished by pasting paper over the back and front,

cutting it to the proper form, and binding it with a hem, also of paper. Probably no other construction would so completely combine strength, lightness, and elasticity.

National Steam Navigation Company.—In view of the large number of persons who anticipate a visit to Europe in the coming season to see the wonders of the great Exposition in Paris, with excursions to other portions of the Old World, we shall be glad to do a good service to many of our friends, especially to clergymen and their families, by inviting their attention to the noble line of steamships, whose name stands at the head of this notice. The line is composed of some eight to ten noble steamships, of some three thousand to thirty-five hundred tons, built as strong as iron and wood can make them. They are well fitted up, with spacious state rooms and saloon comforts, are commanded by experienced captains, and have a surgeon on board. The price of tickets to Liverpool is low and reasonable. For particulars we refer to a full page among the advertisements in this number of *THE ELECTRIC*. Many of our friends have taken passage in this line of ships, with comfort and satisfaction. F. W. G. Hurst, Esq., No. 57 Broadway, New-York, is the gentlemanly manager. A ship sails every Saturday, at noon for Liverpool.

Eclectic Volumes.—The long series of volumes of *THE ELECTRIC*, now more than twenty years, and numbering sixty-seven volumes, render it an exceedingly valuable addition to any well-selected library. Many of our friends are careful to fill out their sets and have them bound for preservation. In most cases we can furnish back numbers for several years where numbers have been lost. We shall be glad to help our friends complete their sets as far as possible. We have sets of volumes of three or four years continuously, neatly bound, at a low figure, which we can furnish to order.

Families Visiting Europe.—The indications are that many persons and not a few families will make an exodus to the Old World this season, to view the wonders of the great Exposition in Paris and make the tour of the continent. Young ladies and gentlemen derive important advantages in completing and polishing their school-day education, and add rich stores of historic knowledge and the graces of conversational accomplishments, by foreign travel, if well arranged and conducted. But full half of these advantages are often lost by not knowing how to travel. Young ladies and gentlemen need an instructor in their travels rather more than in studies at home. Europe is a great lesson, and well worth a careful study. Parents often take their families abroad on excursions of mere sight-seeing, without any well-digested plan of study and improvement, and thus lose much in the educating of their sons and daughters. If among our readers any family of young ladies are going abroad this season, and need a competent lady of ripe judgment, polished manners, and ample intelligence as a guide and instructress, we can inform them of such a lady, and will give her name and address if desired.



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